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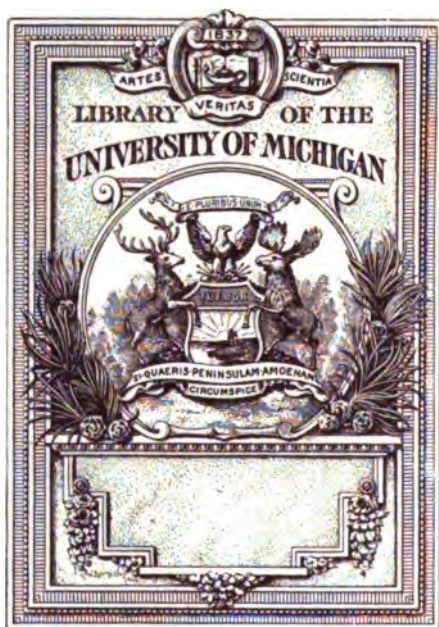
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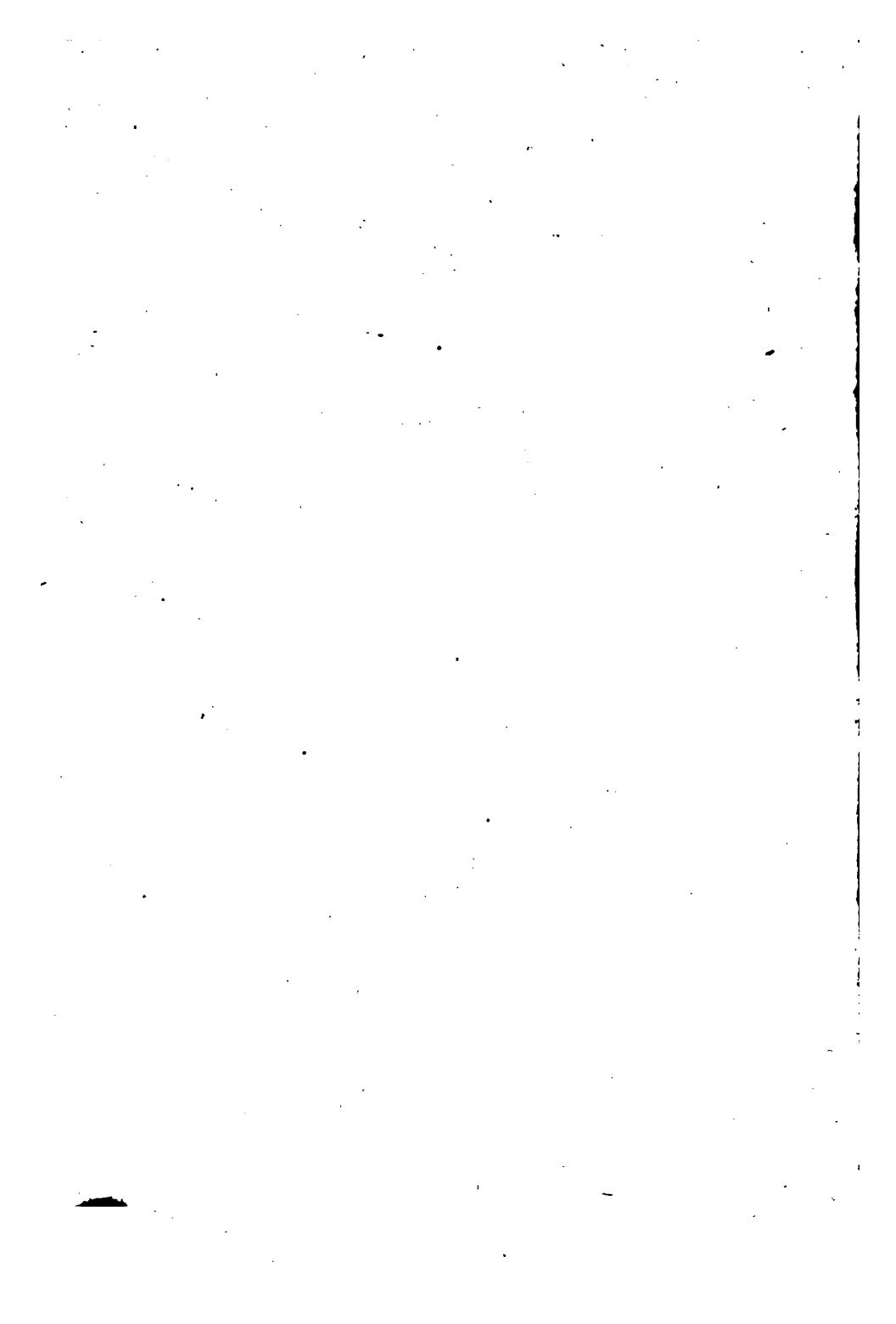
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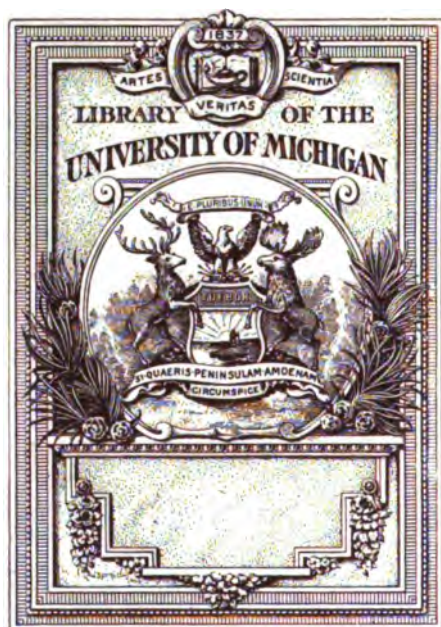


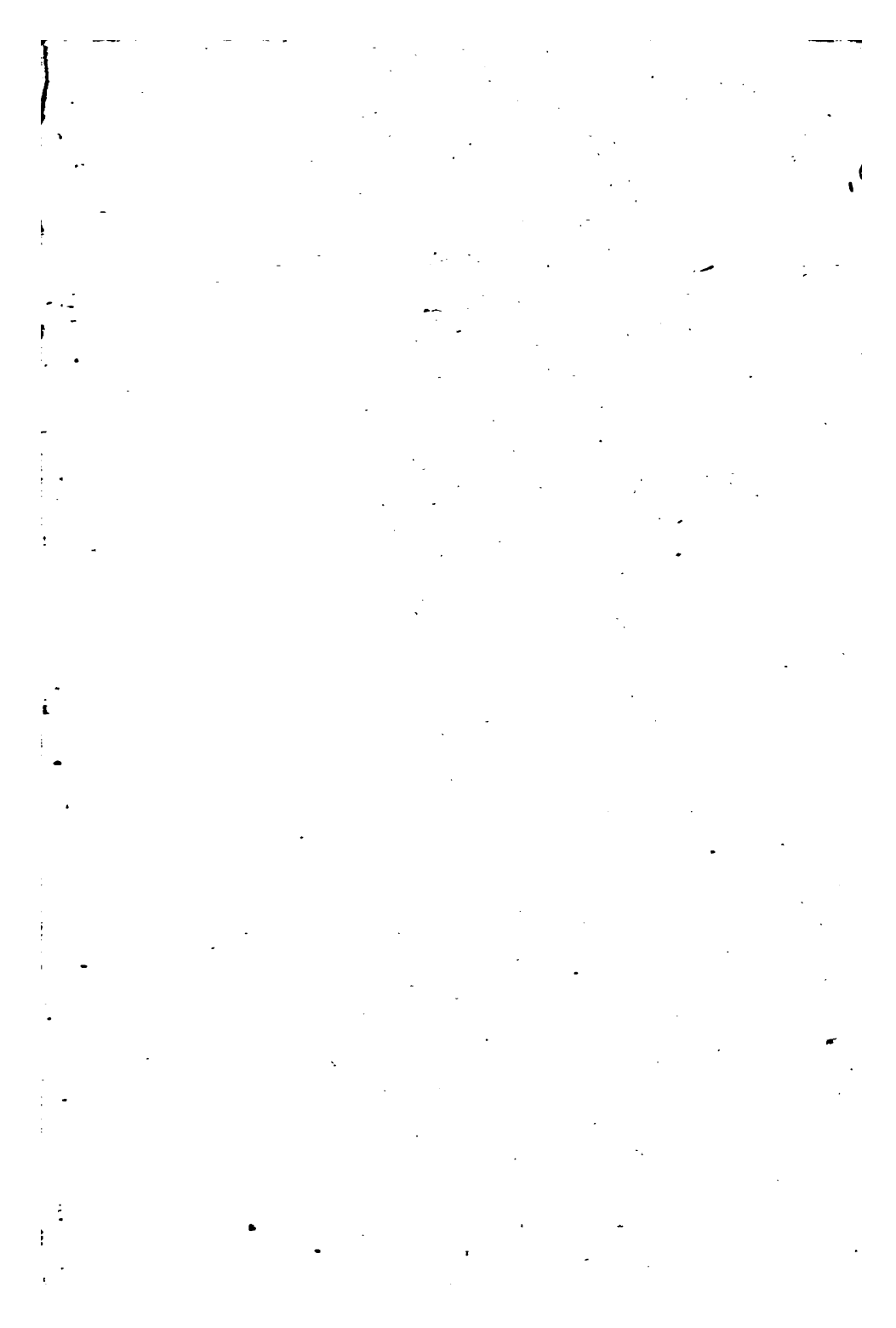
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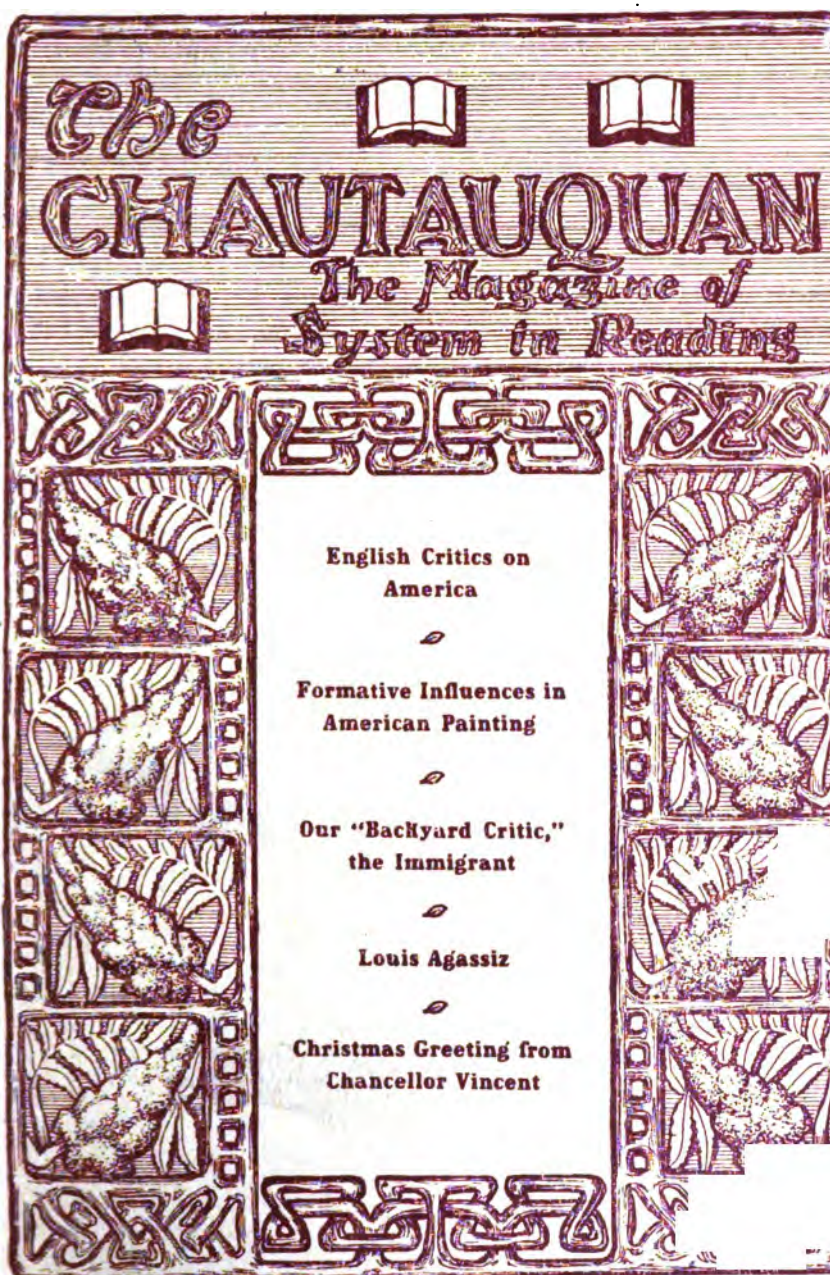




graph Portrait of Wm. Morris Hunt, 69; "Study of Clouds," W. M. Hunt, 70; "The Flight of Night," W. M. Hunt, 71; "Corn Husking," Eastman Johnson, 72; "Washington Crossing the Delaware," Emanuel Leutze, 73; "Boy and Sword," Edward Manet, 74; "All's Well," Winslow Homer, 75; "Raffling for the Goose," Wm. Sidney Mount, 76; "Wedding Feast in Brittany," Henry Mosher, 77; "Head of a Man," W. M. Hunt, 78; "The Quadroon," George Fuller, 79; Landscape, W. M. Hunt, 80; Cannon Rock (Winslow Homer), 365; Gulf Stream (Homer), 366; Coast of New Jersey (William J. Richards, 367; Young Holdstein Bull (Carleton Wiggins), 368; Broad Silent Valley (Alexander H. Wyant), 369; Spring Woods (Henry Ranger), 370; Spring (H. Bolton Jones), 371; Delaware Valley (Inness), 372; Peace and Plenty (Inness), 373; Sheepfold (Horatio Walker), 374; Moonlight (Dwight W. Tryon), 375; View on Seine (H. D. Martin), 376; Gloucester Harbor (Hunt), 377; Venetian Scene (B. H. Neiholls), 378; Indian Encampment (R. A. Blakelock), 380.

PORTRAITS.

Adam, Paul, 194.
 Addams, Jane, 263.
 Agassiz, Louis, 91.
 Archer, William, 195.
 Bourget, Paul, 196.
 Bryce, James, 189.
 Edison, Thomas Alva, 300.
 Herreshoff, Captain Nat, 132.
 James, Henry, 190.
 Kelvin, the late, 309.
 Langley, Samuel Pierpont, 156.
 Lowell, Josephine Shaw, 264.
 Michelson, Prof. Albert A., 410.
 Münsterberg, Hugo, 193.
 O'Rell, Max (M. Blouet), 192.
 Pinchot, Gifford, 407.
 Sweden, the late King of, 309.
 Sweden, the New King of, 309.
 Tennyson, Alfred; three portraits, pp. 137-139.
 Wells, H. G., 191.
 Westinghouse, George, 127.



THE CHAUTAUQUAN

THE MAGAZINE OF SYSTEM IN READING

CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER, 1907

COVER DESIGN

Christmas Greeting from Chancellor Vincent.....	Frontispiece
Highways and Byways.....	3
The Second Hague Conference. Russia's Third Douma. The Second National Trust Conference. The Letters of James Russell Lowell. The Minor Poets. The Samurai Class. Observe the Immigrant. Note and Comment.	
As Others See Us	John Graham Brooks 17
VII. The Mother Country as Critic. VIII. Changes in Foreign Criticism.	
American Painting.....	Edwina Spencer 56
IV. Formative Influences.	
Some Great American Scientists.....	David Starr Jordan 91
IV. Louis Agassiz.	
Greeting from President Judson.....	108
What the Immigrant Thinks of America	Phillip Davis 109
Christmas with American Poets	Alice C. Edwards 119
Library Shelf.....	124
George Westinghouse	126
Lowell's Elegy on Agassiz.....	129
C. L. S. C. Round Table.....	Conducted by Kate F. Kimball 135
Talk About Books	152

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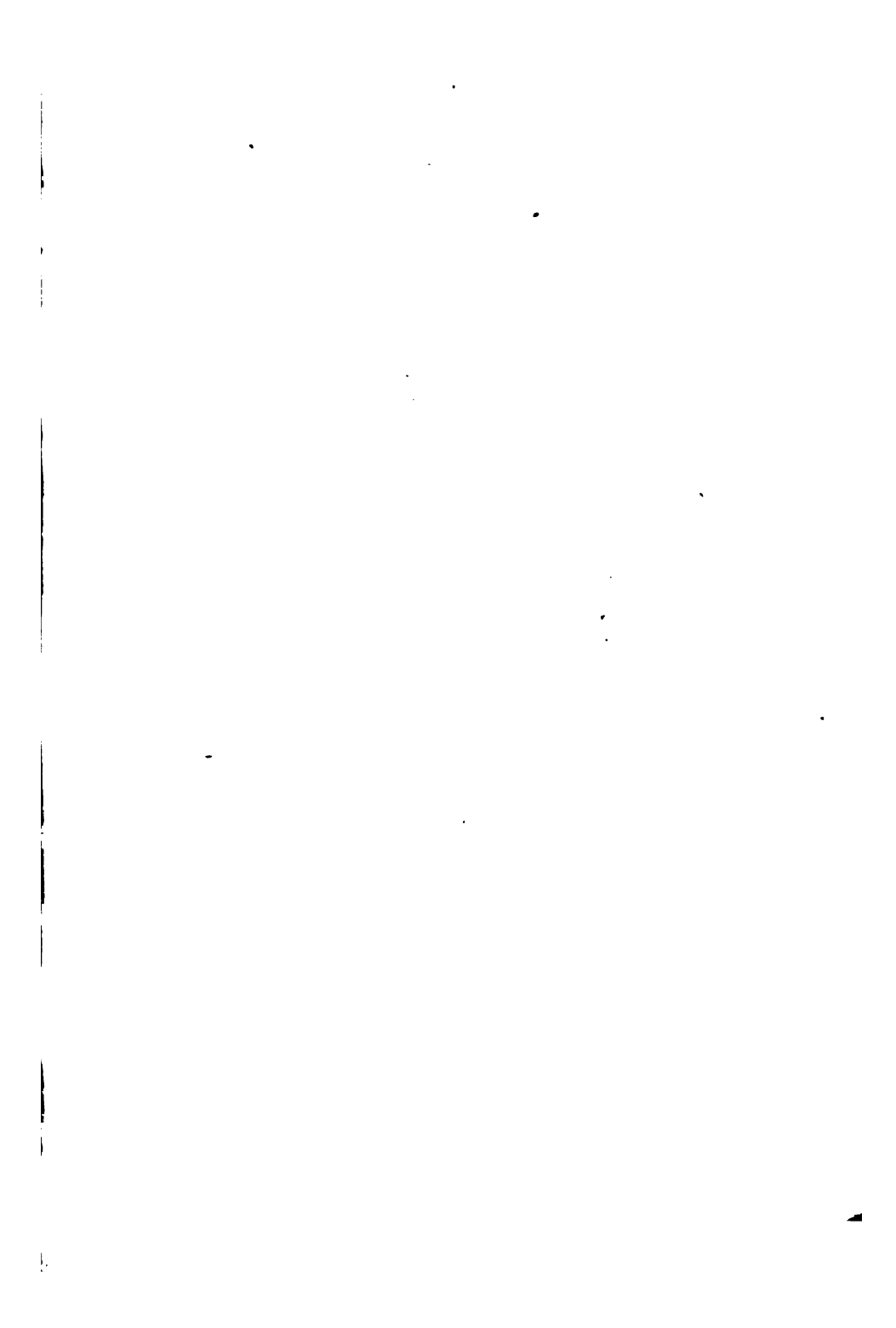
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To the Members of the C. I. S. C.

Dear Fellow Students:

The Chancellor sends you greeting: one and all, young and old, in the United States and beyond the seas!

The most interesting day of the Christian calendar is Christmas Day. Its associations and suggestions are full of domestic and spiritual significance. Christmas is preeminently Home Day. It moreover embraces everything the Church stands for. It is a day of memory, of festivity, of fellowship, of forelook: It is a day in which the most careless soul is compelled to cast a glance or send a thought into the realm supernatural and eternal. Therefore Christmas is a day of enlarging horizon. It embraces the Heaven from which the Babe of Bethlehem came; the Heaven to which the Triumphant Christ ascended; the Heaven toward which little children look and the light of which causes dying saints to brighten with delightful memory and a ravishing hope.

Therefore it is fitting that the members of our great Circle, which is consecrated to intellectual strength, to large hope, to holy purpose and to an immortal life made possible through the death and resurrection of Him who was born on Christmas Day, should lift their eyes with gladness and hope to the opening heavens and recalling the Babe of Bethlehem resolve to seek the sympathy, the sweetness, the nobility of the life which He lived, and the glory of which He made possible to every one of us.

In His name dear fellow students of the C. I. S. C. I extend to you hearty Christmas greetings and New Year salutations.

Faithfully yours,

John A. Vincent.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN

Vol. 49.

DECEMBER, 1907.

No. 1.



WAS the second peace conference at The Hague, which sat from June 15 until October 13, a success or failure? Has it made any notable contribution to civilization, to the law of nations, to the cause of peace?

Opinions differ widely as to the actual results of the conference, but the moderate and reasonable view is that while the conference has disappointed "the man on the street," who had been led to expect great things from it, it cannot be justly considered a failure by those who know the difficulties it had to grapple with and the conditions under which it labored.

The conference did nothing to limit army and naval expenditures or to reduce armaments. It did not establish the much-talked of court of "judicial" arbitration. It did not declare private property at sea immune from capture as such property—when not contraband—is on land. It did not provide for automatic periodical meetings of the conference. These omissions have caused many to overlook the positive results and achievements of the body.

Among such results are: The establishment of an international prize court to decide questions arising out of capture of vessels at sea during war; the indorsement, in principle, of "obligatory arbitration"—that is, of the principles that certain classes of disputes not affecting honor, sovereignty or vital interests might and should be arbitrated in accordance with a general treaty binding all nations of the civilized world; the indorsement of the modified

South American contention that controversies of a pecuniary character arising between nations and individuals of other nations should not give rise to hostile demonstrations or attempts to use force in the interest of the individuals, unless arbitration has been declined by the debtor nations or awards have been ignored by them after voluntary arbitration; the affirmation of the desirability of an international court of arbitration composed of influential judges and empowered to decide cases in harmony with the evidence and settled rules, regardless of purely "diplomatic" considerations.

Hopeless disagreement on the mode of selecting the members of this court prevented a convention for its immediate creation, but the powers are to study the question and, if possible, give effect to the resolution favoring such a tribunal.

Thirteen conventions were signed by the delegations, but nearly all relate to the mitigation and humanization of war, not to the prevention thereof. The conference voted to apply the Geneva convention and the Red Cross rules to sea warfare, to declare the postal service and fishing boats inviolable, to regulate the laying of submarine mines, etc. The treatment of captured crews and the transformation of merchantmen into warships, the rights and duties of neutrals, the protection of undefended and unfortified towns, are also covered by conventions—and all of these are conceived in a spirit of humanity, in the desire to make warfare less cruel.

It is certain, however, that the discussions at the conference have facilitated the settlement of the more difficult questions, and will bear fruit at future conferences. For the first time all the civilized peoples of the world sat, as it were, in grand council, on terms of equality, and deliberated on the problems of peace, arbitration, the building up of a body of enforceable international law, and the avoidance of misunderstanding and friction. The recogni-

tion of South American progress by the European nations is itself a significant fact, and one largely attributable to American influence.

Thus the conference, which was perhaps called prematurely and which suffered from inadequate preparation, was not wholly unsuccessful, even from the narrowest point of view. It is noteworthy that the American press takes a more generous view of the conference than that of Europe, and this in spite of the fact that the most important of the American proposals failed to secure unanimous approval. Our delegates, however, were satisfied with the impression they had produced and the moral support which they commanded from the leading powers.



Russia's Third Douma

The third parliamentary elections in Russia, which occurred in October, resulted in giving the government a "moderate" douma. The first douma was radical in personnel as well as in spirit and tactics. The second was even more anti-governmental in its personnel, the extreme left groups being particularly strong; but the tactics of its majority were reasonable and judicious. The Constitutional Democrats had moral control of the douma and prevented inflammatory oratory or aggressive action against the government. Yet the second douma, like the first, was dissolved for alleged inefficiency and excessive radicalism. The dissolution was technically legal, but it was unjustifiable and arbitrary, and it demonstrated the selfishness, the fanaticism, and the blindness of the bureaucracy and the court.

It would have proved futile, and even worse, however, if the government had not promptly decreed, contrary to the plain letter of the "fundamental laws" or constitution, a radical revision of the suffrage article. That revision was undertaken and carried out with the deliberate purpose of disfranchising peasants and workmen, or of reducing their representation, and giving a decided preponderance to the

large landowners and nobles. The new suffrage law was what Americans call a gerrymander, for it followed no principle or method, and merely strengthened the moderate and conservative parties at every point, correspondingly weakening the advanced liberals, the radicals and the leftists.

The foreseen result of the election under this act is a conservative douma, a douma with a majority composed of rightists, reactionaries, mild liberals, and Octobrists, so-called. The last-named are fairly progressive, but they lack the courage and the firmness to oppose the bureaucracy and to demand genuine measures of political and economic reform. The Constitutional Democrats are in a small minority, and while their ability, their strength with the educated classes and their experience will give them influence far greater than their mere numerical strength warrants, they will have no power to direct legislation and determine policy.

What the douma's majority will do, and how far it will coöperate with the ministry and receive support from it in turn, the events will show. Doubtless Premier Stolypin is a believer in gradual reform, but some of his associates are anti-constitutionalists, and the bureaucracy as a whole would like to see autocracy completely restored and the douma either abolished or reduced to advisory functions merely. Unfortunately, even among the Octobrists and the moderates there are elements that sympathize with the reactionary movement and that have affiliated with members of the "black-hundred" organization which calls itself the Union of True Russians and which is avowedly anti-parliamentary.

The country at large expects little from this "safe" and pliant douma, and has been indifferent throughout the elections and preliminaries. It is possible, however, that the third douma, by its very existence and conservatism, will prove useful to the cause of reform in Russia. The great need there is the establishment of constitutionalism as a principle, as a recognized, permanent factor in political life; any douma is better than none from this point of view.

The Second National Trust Conference

In 1899 a national conference was held in Chicago under the auspices of the National Civic Federation to discuss the question of trusts and combinations. It proved very profitable and educational. It made the public familiar with the idea of publicity in corporate affairs as a preventive of fraud and extortion, and with the further idea of increased federal control and regulation of "interstate commerce" in the practical sense of this much-used phrase.

Since 1899 many things have happened in the political and corporate life of the country. The vigorous enforcement of the Sherman trust act, the adoption of new railroad legislation by the states and by Congress, the advocacy by the administration of federal incorporation and effective supervision over all big corporations, conflicts of jurisdiction between federal and state courts in railroad cases—these and similar phenomena appeared to call for another trust conference to discuss the changed situation, to take stock, and consider the lessons of experience with a view to future action.

The Civic Federation issued a call for a second conference, and it met in Chicago in the last week of October. It remained in session for four days and discussed every phase of the trust and corporation question. Labor, capital, the law, politics, finance and other interests were represented, and, while many differences of opinion were disclosed by the addresses and debates, the conference did not adjourn without action embodying the consensus of opinion among the delegates. Resolutions of a comprehensive character were unanimously reported to and adopted by the conference, recommending:

Legislation permitting railroad agreements for the establishment of reasonable rates so long as all such agreements are placed under the control and supervision of the commerce commission.

Legislation enlarging the scope of the bureau of cor-

porations in the Department of Commerce and Labor, and providing for full publicity in the affairs of all corporations of a monopolistic or semi-monopolistic nature, the publicity to embrace capitalization, stock issues, management, returns, etc.

The creation of a non-political and representative commission by Congress to study the whole problem of trusts and corporations—their uses and abuses—and to consider the advisability of amendments to the Sherman act as well as of additional legislation permitting certain agreements and combination for legitimate purposes, such as labor unions, farmers' alliances, and business-men's agreements, even though such combinations may involve some "restraint of trade," some diminution of competition, and also legislation requiring federal licenses of large corporations and regulating stock and franchise ownership by corporations as a means of controlling other corporations.

The feeling of the conference was that the industrial conditions have so changed since 1899 that thorough revision of our corporation and trust laws has become necessary, and that only an expert and nonpartisan commission could determine the alterations needed to enforce honesty and responsibility without carrying regulation too far.

On such questions as tariff reform, as an anti-trust weapon, injunctions, the conflict of jurisdiction, the conference took no action. The sentiment for increased federal regulation was very strong, but the question of state versus federal regulation was also referred to the proposed commission.

The conference undoubtedly reflected public opinion and its resolution may be given effect at an early day.



The Letters of James Russell Lowell

Few book-hungry children in these days, browsing through the family library, are confronted with those depressing volumes entitled "Memoirs" which were the *bête*

noir of childhood a generation ago. For Sunday reading these were apt to be a sort of first aid to the injured administered by desperate parents when the charms of the sensational Sunday school book had been exhausted. Perhaps it is some melancholy memory of this sort which has imbued certain modern readers with a dread of "Letters." One instinctively recalls the wearisomely pious reflections of estimable men and women of long ago who may have been good to live with but whose "Memoirs" seemed to lack vitality. Even "Biographies" have suffered from the stigma thus cast upon them by a too introspective age.

Happily this state of things is rapidly passing away and one needs but a few experiences with the delightful human documents which are now preserved for us in many a plump volume under the title of "Letters" to open up a new and intimate circle of friends. The varied experiences of such a career as that of Lowell give to his letters a cosmopolitan atmosphere which to the untraveled reader is almost like a journey to Europe under the tutelage of a rarely gifted guide. One gets very close to the heart of a poet also, almost unconsciously sympathizing with him as he woos the sometimes reluctant Muse, rejoicing in his successes and honors and laughing over his jokes and friendly gibes as if he were a personal friend. What a suggestion of the distractions of a diplomatic career is conveyed by his letter to Thomas Bailey Aldrich written from London in reply to Aldrich's request for a paper for *The Atlantic*:

"If I could, how gladly I would! But I am piecemealed here with so many things to do that I cannot get a minute to brood over anything as it must be brooded over if it is to have wings. It is as if a sitting hen should have to mind the doorbell. I speak as of the days of *Æsop*, which I mention lest some critic should charge me with not knowing what a mixed metaphor was—or rather incongruous conception."

Here is a glimpse of Burne-Jones as Lowell saw him:

"I spent two days in the country lately (at the George Lewises) with Burne-Jones and found him delightful. As Mrs. Lewis says, 'If he were not a great artist there would be enough left of him to make a great man of.' His series of *Perseus* (did you see any of

them?) is to my thinking the greatest achievement in art of our time or of any time. It has mannerisms which I don't like, but it is noble in conception and execution. Above all, it has the crowning gift of making an old story as new as if nobody had ever told it before. I feel as if I had heard the waves rustle under the bows of the *Argo*."

His allusion to Carlyle-Emerson correspondence shows his estimate of the two men:

"I have been sitting like Horace's *insticus* waiting for the stream of daily occupations to run dry, to be convinced only of the *labitur et labetur*. So I will prorogue no longer, but write a line to send you my love and to thank you for the Carlyle-Emerson correspondence, which I have read with pathetic interest. You can well imagine how many fading frescoes it brightened in the chambers of my memory. It pleased, but not surprised me in what an ampler ether and diviner air the mind and thought of Emerson dwelt, than those that were habitual to his correspondent."

But such selections could be multiplied indefinitely. One who is fortunate enough to read the letters entire will feel that he has come into contact with a high minded and winning personality and can appreciate in some measure the point of view of the friends who knew him well.



The Minor Poets

Readers of the Chautauqua Course who during the year, will make a study of Katharine Lee Bates' entertaining volume, "American Literature," will find no more enjoyable literary recreation than to explore some poetic by-path. The greater American poets, those whose work is best known by reason of its influence, its high literary standard, and most of all by its *amount*, are sufficiently familiar to all persons of moderate education. Lowell, Bryant, Longfellow, and Poe are on the main traveled roads of culture. It is to other less familiar muses, Lanier, Emily Dickinson, Emma Lazarus, Father Tabb, Edgar Rowland Sill, Richard Hovey, Bliss Carman, and William Vaughan Moody, to mention but a few, that the literary adventurer should address himself.

Repeated pilgrimages of homage to these shrines of

poetry are indeed in some instances rapidly transforming a mountain path to a well annotated thoroughfare. Lanier, we surmise, will soon occupy a place on the walls of many an American schoolroom. But others of those poets are destined never to occupy a "great place" in our literature, if by the phrase we mean to become the object of general admiration. They appeal not to the multitude but to a smaller and more select circle of appreciative worshippers, who find in them a peculiar and unique appeal.

The formation of a taste for some minor poet whose point of view and mode of expression are particularly satisfying is one of the great steps to a true literary culture. The simple poems of Emily Dickinson may contain a truer poetic appeal to many than the poems of Longfellow; Sill, with his broad sympathy and sensitiveness to natural beauty may prove equally as inspiring as Bryant. And of modern singers, William Vaughan Moody, one of the greatest of the younger generation, may seem to many as great a poet as Lowell. For each of us there is probably some one poet whose mind is like ours though greater; who expresses what we should like to express but cannot. Such a one serves often as a guide to beauty, an interpreter of the infinite mystery of life.



The Samurai Class

In the latest romance of an ideal republic, "A Modern Utopia," Mr. H. G. Wells has attempted the solution of a problem at which most social theorists have boggled: How, in a democratic state can the government be controlled, not by the average man, but by the man who is intellectually and morally above the average? Romancers, such as William Morris in his "News from Nowhere," assume that human nature is essentially good and that when freed from the evil restrictions of our governmental systems the noblest impulses of mankind will find effective expression. This is the theory upon which modern Socialists

base their hopes for a better managed world. Its direct opposite is the theory still held by economists of the old school that every man is essentially selfish, devoting himself primarily to his own material advancement. Between these extreme positions there seems some ground for compromise. Such a ground is taken by Mr. Wells in his interesting and scientific attempt to solve the world-old problem of good government.

Mr. Wells, who is a thorough scientist and scholar, a sociologist of great attainments, does not assume for his world state any marvellous transformation of human nature. It is true that in his Utopia many vicious elements of our civilization have been eliminated by a wise penal system and a scientific code of marriage regulations; but there still remain the widely varying types of human nature, good, bad, and indifferent, or—a better classification—selfish and altruistic. To Mr. Wells the political problem of Utopia is how to make use of the forces of altruism which in our ill-governed world of today find inadequate expression.

The recognition by a scientist and sociologist of the possibilities of this characteristic of human nature constitutes a distinct step in social theory. The average citizen has always felt that the devotion which prompts such sacrifice as characterized the life work of Howard, Wilberforce, Florence Nightingale, Arnold Toynbee, and in our day and country Jane Addams, Jacob Riis, and Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell, is illustrative of the best aspirations in human nature, aspirations common in some degree to the greater part of mankind. But the recognition of this altruistic force as one to be counted upon in a high type of political organization is a novel and refreshing departure from the rather unideal conceptions which characterize much social speculation.

In the organization of the forces of idealism in the "Modern Utopia," Mr. Wells develops the most interesting political conception in his book—that of the *Samurai* class.

The Samurai are the men and women, who, with certain educational and intellectual qualifications (attainable by all earnest persons of a good intelligence), devote themselves to the work of government in all its important aspects. The rewards for the work beyond a comfortable living are the work itself, the joy of self sacrifice for the sake of others, and the honor which (in an enlightened society) is of necessity accorded those who, for small material return, do important and difficult work for the race. The class is not hereditary, nor rigidly self perpetuating: all who pass the examinations and adhere to the rules of the order may be members of it. But the rules of life enjoin a certain number of healthful restrictions, abstinence from some minor enjoyments, harmless in themselves but the sacrifice of which involves the exercise of self control and makes for moral health. There are rules of diet—not oppressive—rules involving intercourse with one's fellows, a prescribed amount of travel, a constant amount of intellectual effort, etc. Throughout the regulations the purpose is manifest: to encourage highminded men and women to service for the State, but to encourage them only by appeals to the best qualities within them, minimizing all purely material rewards and sensual pleasures.

Whether or not one agrees with Mr. Wells' theories of society and government, this conception of a *Samurai* class must appeal as novel and interesting, based on a high faith in the possibilities of what is best in human nature.



Observe the Immigrant

In an illuminating passage of her great book, "Newer Ideals of Peace," Miss Jane Addams pictures a striking contrast made possible by the foreign immigrants to America, who, under alien conditions, observe the ancient traditions of their forefathers:

Highways and Byways

"Perhaps the most striking reproach to the materialism of Chicago is the sight on a solemn Jewish holiday of a Chicago River bridge lined with men and women oblivious of the noisy traffic and sordid surroundings, casting their sins upon the waters that they may be carried away."


The theme is fit material for the American Dickens whose advent we await: old world customs of immemorial origin surviving under new skies and in an inharmonious setting.

American cities are rich in such material. The foreign quarters of New York, San Francisco, and New Orleans contain many contrasts fully as striking. In the Ghetto of a great American city the Friday market day with its open fish markets, its loud voiced fruit vendors, affords a continually stimulating picture, strangely out of harmony with American conditions. A Yiddish theater, or an Italian puppet show, a Greek church, or Jewish synagogue offers the same bizarre contrast, and the American citizen who is interested in the fusing process which is making the new cosmopolitan American from the European immigrant, would do well at times to seek out the easily accessible places where the process is now to be studied.


Nor is it necessary to live in a great city to get glimpses of the life of our immigrant classes. Throughout the country colonies of Italians, Swedes, Germans, and Jews are engaged in farming, fruit culture, and the like. The traditions and customs which they bring with them from Europe are well worth study and preservation. A sympathetic encouragement will do much to aid these newly arrived citizens to perpetuate valuable arts and picturesque traditions, elements which will be of worth in the America of the future. And if the interest of the observer take no practical form of encouragement it is none the less of value to himself. The Swedish wedding courier, as he rides from house to house visiting the servant girls, his hat bedecked with gaily colored ribbons, embodies in his gaudy person a wealth of folk tradition which should excite the interest and invite the study of every American.

Note and Comment


In *Charities* for October 19 there is a brief but excellent account of "The New Ellis Island" which Commissioner of Immigration Watchorn is creating. Under Mr. Watchorn's direction every effort is being made to provide comfortable and hygienic quarters for our new immigrants detained for inspection. Improvements have been made in dormitories, dining rooms, hospitals, baggage rooms, etc., and as a result the immigrant will henceforth be lodged in decency and comfort.



Emigrant Steamship Lines—Consul-General S. Listoe reports that two new steam ship lines have lately begun to carry passengers, chiefly steerage, between Rotterdam and New York. Both the lines sail under the Russian flag and have their headquarters at Libau, Russia, from which port their respective steamers start fortnightly for the United States, touching at Rotterdam, which port they generally reach on alternate Saturdays, for coal and passengers. So far, however, their emigrant trade at this port has not been very large, none of the steamers at any sailing having taken on more than 175 passengers, and the number carried from Rotterdam having generally run between forty and 150. The emigrants taken on here, as well as their baggage, are inspected by a consular officer.—*Charities*.



Aiding Baltimore Immigrants—Eight hundred and twelve Jewish immigrants landed at the port of Baltimore during the month of August. The Baron de Hirsch Committee assisted forty-one persons who settled in Baltimore, granted transportation to one and assisted forty others to more distant points.—*Charities*.



The Society for Italian Immigrants, of 17 Pearl street, New York, has issued its news sheet for the six months ending with June. The number of Italians registered at the society's office, to be escorted to their destinations was 16,367; 15,084 left the office with the society's guides, 3,348 left the office with relatives. The news sheet describes typical cases that were helped.

"In the case of Alessi Caloggero the society successfully contended to have him admitted in spite of his tender thirteen years. Alessi was a precocious barber, and during his detention at Ellis Island occupied himself in shaving all the detained men, of whatever nationality, earning thereby much money. The society appealed his case, and pleaded that this kind of a boy would never become a public charge. The appeal was sustained, and the boy is now reported to be employed by one of the best barbers in New York."—*Charities*.

MARCIA ANNUNCIATA AND HER ITALIAN CHILDREN.

What the royal builder of Babylon's famous hanging garden did for his queen, Antonio Destefano who "works with pick and shovel-a" has tried to do for his little sad-faced wife, who says she "no like America" and pines for sunny Palermo. "At Italia I big—so!" she says, indicating by a gesture the generous outlines of the figure she once possessed; "and I looked—so," wreathing her face in smiles, "but in America—" and disconsolately down-curved lips indicated the depths of her homesickness. But in the garden which Mr. Destefano has fenced in on the roof, she became bright and animated.

The home of Antonio Destefano and his wife Maria Annunciata is on the third floor of a shabby house in one of Baltimore's "mean streets." The first floor is occupied by a shirt and overall factory; another Italian family lives on the second floor and the women are sitting waist deep in a pile of pants which are to be "finished" by night. Then passing through Mr. Destefano's rooms, scantily furnished with cheap, aggressively American furniture, and up a steep ladder leading to the roof, one finds one's self in a "little Italy" eight feet wide by twelve feet long. This roof garden has produced a few ears of corn, there are two or three bean pods left for seed on the withered vine, and a sickly looking tomato plant is making a hopeless struggle for existence, but these are only concessions to the practical demands of every-day life in Baltimore. Really it is a garden of sentiment, where gourds, sweet smelling mint and peppermint and bright colored peppers remind Mrs. Destefano of the beloved "Italia" and furnish the Italian element in the daily bill of fare.

The plants grow in shallow boxes arranged along the picket fence which surrounds the enclosure and, when asked whence came the soil they contained, Mrs. Destefano pointed to the street, paved with cobble stones, leaving it to be inferred that the waste and refuse of the street cleaner's cart supplied the earth in which her treasures thrive.

This roof garden is but a further development of the window gardens almost invariably present in the Italian quarter, but it suggests the possibility of turning the tenement roof to good account, in a way which will help to bring the tenement dweller out in the open. Poor Paolo Retaliata is coughing his life away at the door of his house in the adjoining block, breathing air laden with all the manifold impurities of the narrow, ill-kept street. If he had had a roof garden for his hobby and had worked in it in the intervals of plying the shoemaker's trade, it is possible that he might not have been a hopeless consumptive today. For though such roof gardens cannot be expected to supplement to any great extent the food supply of the family, they might serve to induce the voluntary "shut ins" of the tenements to spend a portion of their time in the comparatively pure air which may be found at the roof level of the houses in which they live.—*From Charities.*



A Century of Foreign Criticism on The United States--A Study of Progress.*

VII. The Mother Country as a Critic.

By John Graham Brooks.

IF it is true that no quarrel may take on more virulence than that within one's own family, the fact may account for the extreme rancor of feeling against England that continues a generation after the War of 1812. I do not see in the evidence, a sign that England "hated the United States," as was so often said. Until after the Civil War we were not thought important enough to inspire that feeling. She had merely an unintelligent contempt for us. This led her to ignore or to trample on every sensitive nerve in the national body. Sir George Otto Trevelyan, who justifies our Revolution in three volumes with an extreme of gallantry that excites some astonishment, uses a truer word to characterize the English feeling—"antipathy." He says that the uniform picture of our character was "daubed in colors which resembled the original as little as they matched each other." The men of Massachusetts were "sly and

*Mr. Brooks' series of articles will run throughout the reading year (September-May). The September articles were: I. "The Problem Opened;" II. "Concerning Our Critics. October: III. "Who is the American?" IV. Our Talent for Bragging." November: V. "Some Other Peculiarities;" VI. "American Sensitiveness."

turbulent, puritans and scoundrels, pugnacious ruffians and arrant cowards." That was the constant theme of the newspapers and the favorite topic of those officers of the army of occupation whose letters had gone the round of London clubs and English country houses. "The archives of the Secretary of State were full of trite calumnies and foolish prophecies."* It was the worse because, he says, the governing classes had the least understanding of us. They represented the Americans as a "tumultuous rabble meddling with affairs of state which they were unable to understand."†

The touch of Matthew Arnold is perhaps just as true when he says:

"The British rule which they threw off was not one of oppressors and tyrants which declaimers suppose, and the merit of the Americans was not that of oppressed men rising against tyrants, but rather of sensible young people getting rid of stupid and overweening guardians who misunderstood and mismanaged them."‡

It was this "stupid and overweening" mismanagement and misunderstanding of national feeling in the United States that was England's real fault. On our side there was plenty of rancor and plain hatred. The evidence has to be supplemented by the "national sensitiveness," with which the last chapter dealt, before it is quite possible to appreciate the malignity which early English criticism stirred in this country. It would be ill-advised to call up these chattering ghosts, if both nations had not now grown sensible enough and strong enough to join in the laugh against those musty and heavy-witted animosities. If England exhibited an incredible lack of tact as to everything which concerned popular feeling in this country, we too were often over-fussy and childish about our prerogatives. Under the subject of American supersensitiveness, we have seen how the newspaper habit among our people brought a steady downpour of galling criticism from British sources. Nothing corresponding to this was happening in England, for ordinary folk.

*"The American Revolution," Part I, p. 176.

†*Ibid.*, p. 178.

‡"Civilization in the United States," p. 116.

A small part of the cultivated classes in England read the books written by their travelers.* In the great reviews, men of letters like Sidney Smith and Gifford were using this collected material to put us on the rack. The lengths to which these leaders of English opinion went will be believed by no one who does not look at the record. The *Edinburgh, Quarterly, Blackwood*, and the *British Review* were all in it, as if there were a conspiracy to make the United States an object of common obloquy. It was believed in this country that the Poet Laureate, Southey, wrote one of the most contemptuous of these articles. The great Wordsworth penned lines like the following:

"All who revere the memory of Penn
Grieve for the land on whose wild woods his name
Was fondly grafted with a virtuous aim,
Renounced, abandoned, by degenerate men,
For state-dishonor black as ever came
To upper air from Mammon's loathsome den."

Again he puts into his gentle cadence such opinions about our society as this:

"Big passions strutting on a petty stage
Which a detached spectator may regard
Not unamused. But ridicule demands
Quick change of objects; and to laugh alone
In the very center of the crowd
To keep the secret of a poignant scorn," etc.

This venerable seer did not get his "poignant scorn" from local observation but wholly from what English books and travelers had told him.

We had our own sins in this tradition of ill will. We cannot omit minor irritants like the scandalous behavior of some of our States in the non-payment of their debts. It was this which gave venom to the slurs of Sidney Smith and the Poet Wordsworth.† It was this which rankled in the

*Chevalier says, "Almost all English travelers in this country have seen a great deal that was bad and scarcely anything that is good." P. 106.

†See Sonnets VIII and IX, Vol. IV, Poetical Works, Boston, 1864.

minds of hundreds of English investors and was so savagely reflected in at least ten years of this criticism. Nothing more nettled Americans than the English habit of scourging the entire country for the sins of exceptional States. To include Massachusetts with her honorable record, in the same category with the shame of Mississippi, seemed to inhabitants of the State which paid its debt, an outrage on the country as a whole. Neither can the natural wrath of the English over our long pirating of their books go unmentioned. The historian Sparks had a correspondence with de Tocqueville about the delays and difficulties in getting his book published in this country. He finds it unpleasant to explain why the author could expect no money from the publisher. An English author refuses to set foot in this country because of this "organized national thieving." Kipling reveals this feeling in the following:

"Oliver Wendell Holmes says that the Yankee school-marm, the cider, and the salt codfish of the Eastern States, are responsible for what he calls a nasal accent. I know better. They stole books from across the water without paying for 'em, and the snort of delight was fixed in their nostrils forever by a just Providence. That is why they talk a foreign tongue today."*

These incidental raspings do not, however, account for the main trouble.

As early as 1814 the *Quarterly Review* began this "crusade of vituperation." We were depicted as a people devoid of every common decency. We had neither religion, manners, nor morals. The replies of Timothy Dwight and J. K. Paulding published in New York, 1815, stimulated counter attacks in later English Reviews.

We did not like being told that our ships could not fight; that the "Frolic surrendered without firing a shot;" that we were "the most vain, egotistical, insolent, rodomontade sort of people that are anywhere to be found;" that "the supreme felicity of a true-born American is inaction of body and inactivity of mind." We were "techy," "wayward," and

*"American Notes," p. 20; Boston, 1899.

"abandoned to bad nurses" and like spoiled children "educated to low habits." The *Quarterly Review* printed pleasantries like these. Franklin was idolized among us for gifts that are thus characterized in that Review:

"Franklin, in grinding his electrical machine and flying his kite, did certainly elicit some useful discoveries in a branch of science that had not much engaged the attention of the philosophers of Europe. But the foundation of Franklin's knowledge was laid not in America, but in London. Besides, half of what he wrote was stolen from others, and the greater part of the rest was not worth preserving."*

We were "too proud to learn and too ignorant to teach, and having established by act of Congress that they are already the most enlightened people in the world, they bid fair to retain their barbarism from mere regard to consistency." This insolent ribaldry is not from the pens of hungry journalists. It is the expressed conviction of literary and socially distinguished men. It continued pretty steadily for a generation. Here are a few tid-bits from the *Foreign Quarterly* as late as 1844. We have: "Swagger and impudence," "As yet the American is horn-handed and pig-headed, hard, persevering, unscrupulous, carnivorous; with a genius for lying." We are a "brigand confederation"—"Outrage and disorder and naked licentiousness" were rife, and everywhere was "that depravity that rots like a canker at the core of American society."

Thomas Brothers concludes thus, "I believe there to be in the United States more taxation, poverty, and general oppression than ever known in any other country."†

Three years later Dickens wrote, "That republic but yesterday let loose upon her noble course, and today so maimed and lame, so full of sores and ulcers, that her best friends turn from the loathsome creature in disgust."

There were nearly ten years of this inflamed scurrility before an attempt was made in *Blackwood's Magazine* to

**Quarterly Review*, No. 20.

†"The United States of North America as They Are," p. 228; Thomas Brothers, London, 1840.

counteract the harm done by this English tone. A writer then warned the English that they would "turn into bitterness the last drops of good will toward England that exist in the United States."

A little earlier this magazine said,

"The tendencies of our Constitution toward democracy have been checked solely by the view of the tattered and insolent guise in which republicanism had appeared in America."

One of the most careful of our critics who studied us for three years felt this danger. He cries out:

"Why, in God's name, should we not give every assurance of respect and affection? Are they not our children, blood of our blood and bone of our bone? Are they not progressive, and fond of power, like ourselves? Are they not our best customers? Have they not the same old English, manly virtues? What is more befitting for us Englishmen, than to watch with intense study and deepest sympathy the momentous strivings of this noble people? It is the same fight we ourselves are fighting—the true and absolute supremacy of Right. Surely nothing can more beseeem two great and kindred nations, than to aid and comfort one another in that career of self-ennoblement, which is the end of all national as well as individual existence."*

There is pathos too in the words of Washington Irving:

"Is this golden bond of kindred sympathies, so rare between nations, to be broken forever? Perhaps it is for the best: it may dispel an illusion which might have kept us in mental vassalage; which might have interfered occasionally with our true interests, and prevented the growth of proper national pride. But it is hard to give up the kindred tie; and there are feelings dearer than interest, closer to the heart than pride, that will still make us cast back a look of regret, as we wander farther and farther from the paternal roof, and lament the waywardness of the parent that would repel the affections of the child."

It is clear to us at this distance, that these English reviewers got a genuine pleasure out of the books which most roundly abused us (Fearon, Brothers, Welby, Ashe, Harris, Faux, and Bradbury). We had won our independence and

*James Stirling, "Letters from the Slave States."

made it extremely uncomfortable for England in 1812. Her prestige and national vanity had suffered from these events. She suffered the more because of the trumpet tones in which we bragged over these victories. They were organized into permanent memorials about which the high tides of oratory, song, and editorials flowed and ebbed as if by force of nature. An Englishman, unhappy enough to arrive here a few days before July 4, 1819, writes:

"I know we came off rather lamely in the Revolutionary War, but I never realized before, that we began by being cowards and bullies and ended by being annihilated in every fight. I had always supposed we English whipped them at Bunker Hill, but these Yankees have turned it into a victory that ranks with Thermopolæ and Waterloo. Even our English warships were swept from the sea, and men that I never heard of are greater than Nelson at Trafalgar."

As one follows these Englishmen about, it is impossible to withhold sympathy for them. There was not the slightest hesitation in rubbing in all the old victories and in all ways belittling English behavior in both wars.

Nor was our form of government less irritating, especially when we insisted that the poor foreigner should forthwith admire it. De Tocqueville intimates that his approval would have had freer expression, if he had not been so insistently *expected* to approve. Our democracy was itself an affront to all Tory sentiment. Whether it were to succeed or fail, it was an embodied challenge to the Mother Country. It was not merely the dropping of a King and a hereditary House of Lords, but the separation of Church and State, the doing away with primogeniture and property qualification for the vote, the wide extension of the suffrage, which one and all seemed to strike at what were fundamental and venerated English traditions. There is a strong passage in Trevelyan which runs thus:

"But in order to comprehend a policy which lay so far outside the known and ordinary limits of human infatuation, it must never be forgotten that there was a deeper and a more impassable gulf than the Atlantic between the Colonists and their rulers. If Cabinet Ministers at home had known the Americans better, they

would only have loved them less. The higher up in the peerage an Englishman stood, and the nearer to influence and power, the more unlikely it was that he would be in sympathy with his brethren across the seas, or that he would be capable of respecting their susceptibilities, and of apprehending their virtues, which were less to his taste even than their imperfections."*

The English statesman John Morley has this striking confirmation of these words in discussing Maine's "Popular Government:"

"The success of popular government across the Atlantic has been the strongest incentive to the extension of popular government here. We need go no further back than the Reform Bill of 1867 to remind ourselves that the victory of the North over the South had more to do with the concession of the franchise to householders in boroughs than all the eloquence of Mr. Gladstone and all the diplomacies of Mr. Disraeli.†

We have learned, as in the case of murdered Italians in Louisiana and affronted Japanese in California, that our States are related to the Federal Government in ways that have been an honest perplexity to all foreigners. It was one of Mr. Bryce's great services to make this relation so clear as to render further ignorance of it less excusable.

During the period we are considering there was practically no conception of this relation of state to central government among the critics whose censure was most resented. We can therefore at last not only understand, but make some measure of allowance for the caviler. We can even forgive that shining wit, Sidney Smith, for saying that all our literature was imported; that Franklin's fame might possibly last for fifty years and that "prairies, steamboats, grist mills" were our proper heritage.

This long wordy tiff, with much spite and heart-burning in it, continued until the middle of the century. The shrill note of it begins then to soften, partly, I think, because so many sensible men on both sides became tired and ashamed of it. Its humiliation was that cultivated men

*Part I, pp. 44 and 45.

†"Studies in Literature," pp. 125-6.

should lend themselves to such a cause. Among the average mass of men, anything like international amenity and real understanding is but just beginning on the earth. Think of two nations as advanced as England and France living century after century hard by each other, and until the most recent years having merely contempt for each other, the average Englishman thinking that a Frenchman was a kind of monkey with clothes on, and that chiefly because he had a different manner and speech from the English. Though from the same trunk and with a common speech, there was almost as much misapprehension between England and this country. It was not caused by primitive race antagonism or too close national rivalry, as between England and France. The misunderstanding was, nevertheless, quite as natural and probably as inevitable.

In Chapter VIII we shall see it passing away for reasons that are humorous in their simplicity, chiefly because so many people in both countries have seen each other closely enough and often enough to gain a common respect one for the other. A distinguished Englishman who has just been lecturing in this country put a world of good sense into these words, "I would not have believed that six weeks' good fellowship here in the States could have burned all out of me the amount of ignorance and prejudice that I brought to this country." That has happened to many thousands in both countries since the Civil War. This intelligent sympathy was never increasing so rapidly as at present, and it will continue with growing hopefulness in the future. At least with peoples not too widely separated by cultural stages, this elementary understanding has infinite promise. The possibilities and business necessities of modern travel are rapidly doing this fundamental work of making people so far known to each other, as to train them into neighborly habits and into a toleration of superficial differences.

The chief change in this history of criticism is that we have now reached a stage in which men of enlarged expe-

rience are writing books for the express purpose of creating an intelligent good-will among nations. Into this purposed brotherhood come men like Bryce, Trevelyan, Archer, Muirhead, Münsterberg, Abbé Klein, Von Polenz, De Rousier, with an interpreting message, every line of which is an added tie of friendly feeling and tolerance among peoples isolated by geographic lines but sundered even more by prejudice and ignorance. In the common darkness of this national and race misunderstanding, the Devil's main work is now carried on in our present world. In this misunderstanding are the sustaining roots of the immense stupidity which still assumes that the permanent good of this or that nation is bought at the price of some other people's discomfiture or undoing. From the same source spring the low cruelties of modern warfare. Our continued bungling with defective children, delinquent youth and large classes of criminals will end only when we learn to *understand*. Some brave steps have been taken toward this saving tolerance. Upon its extension at home and abroad depends all that is meant by the word civilization.

VIII. Changes of Tone in Foreign Criticism.

THE changes noted in this chapter are largely English, although French writers like Bourget, Madam Blanc and Paul Adam; Germans like Münsterberg, von Polenz, and Grillenberger indicate a corresponding change of temper. The condescension is gone, or is rapidly disappearing. The visitor is studying a people that may disturb and irritate him, but our rough beginnings have taken on proportions that command a new kind of attention. It is not so much what we have definitely achieved, as it is the unmistakable promise of achievement, that arouses new homage. For a half century there has been no question of our material exploits. These have had compliments and marveling enough.

It is the whole cultural side of life in the United States that has been put in question. Could we create literature, develop science, paint pictures; could we reach first rate educational standards or even learn to appreciate the best music? Values like these, with softened manners and a pleasant voice, were what seemed to older observers rather hopelessly beyond our attainment.

There are many still to deny our entire possession of these gifts, but that we have proved our desire for them and a very encouraging purpose to win them, is heartily conceded by competent Continental judges.

The changes of judgment among the English do not come through any of these refinements. England began really to respect us because of the national strength displayed in the Civil War. The enduring valor, the sacrifice for an idea both North and South; the tenacity of the entire people and the ready acceptance of the result, were one and all arguments that are finalities to practical men of Anglo-Saxon origin. Barring a few holiday skits, the critical atmosphere changes after this date as by some cleansing storm. Mr. Bryce says that philosophers from Plato to Sir Robert Lowe have attributed "weakness in emergencies" to democracies, and further that Europeans had concluded (partly from internal dissensions and our habit of too much blustering) that we "lacked firmness and vigor." The Civil War, he says, undeceived Europe. "The North put forth its power with a suddenness and resolution which surprised the world.*" "The Southern people displayed no less vigor, even when the tide had evidently begun to turn against them." This Saxon trait of bowing to the hard fact of success appeared again when the Spanish ships went to pieces before American guns.

The eye of the foreigner noted other events like that of Northern and Southern armies quietly going to their ordinary tasks after Appomattox. Especially England watched the popular frenzy that raged about the attempt

*"American Commonwealth," Vol. II, p. 437.

to impeach Andrew Johnson. One of the ablest of English publicists, Walter Bagehot, wrote, "Few nations, perhaps scarcely any nation, could have borne such a trial so easily and so perfectly." The effect was no less telling when it appeared that a stupendous national debt was to be honestly met and rapidly paid off. From Gladstone this resolute facing of debts won for us the following tribute:

"In twelve years she [America] has reduced her debt by one hundred and fifty-eight million pounds, or at the rate of thirteen million pounds for each year. In each twelve months she has done what we did in eight years; her self-command, self-denial, and wise forethought of the future have been, to say the least, eightfold ours. These are facts which redounded greatly to her honor; and the historian will record with surprise that an enfranchised nation tolerated burdens which in this country a selected class, possessed of the representation, did not dare to face, and that the most unmitigated Democracy known to the annals of the world resolutely reduced at its own cost prospective liabilities of the State which the aristocratic, and plutocratic, and monarchical Government of the United Kingdom had been contented ignobly to hand over to posterity."

Forty years after the war John Morley wrote:

"Of this immense conflict Mr. Gladstone, like most of the leading statesmen of the time, and like the majority of his own countrymen, failed to take the true measure. The error that lay at the root of our English misconceptions of the American struggle is now clear. We applied ordinary political maxims to what was not merely a political contest, but a social revolution."*

The change here indicated appears at once among the writers who come after the war. They seem for the first time really to *see* the United States. It is as if most writers before this event had been watching, not the United States, but some idea of our country which they brought with them. From now on, there is a new deference; even a good show of modesty in passing judgment on complicated social phenomena. There is not only more regard for American feeling, but a more conscientious attempt to interpret the objects under observation. The old platitudes are questioned;

*"Life of Gladstone," Vol. II, p. 70.

the conventional repetition of supposed peculiarities no longer satisfies. This has to be shown through trivial illustrations and by repeating some of our alleged characteristics. Yet it is these very trivialities that occupy half the space in these travel books. Whatever space is still given to them, there is an altered attitude as to their interpretation. "Why," says one, "should a whole nation set itself so joyously to the rhythmic use of the rocking chair, unless this motion answers some physiological need? I thought at first it was devised for some special form of nervous diseases, but I soon came to find how much solid comfort I could have in it."

A temper like that applied to every phase of a nation's life would give us a new critical standard. It reminds us of Huxley's definition of science, as "organized common sense." Its luminous advantage is that objects and experiences are so studied that one sees them in relation to the social and historic whole of which they are a part. There was in our Civil War an intensity of dramatic effect upon foreign observers that did much to create this new temper. There are many references to it in those who come after 1866. They seem to be saying, "Well, well, we had no idea that there was so much in you; that you had such reserves of strength or that you cared so much for ideals. We shall have to make of you a new study." I heard a German writer say that the United States appeared to him absolutely destitute of all ideals until he followed the story of the war. "Then," he added, "I saw that no people had more stuff for heroism than the American." Our country had only been seen by bits. As a *whole* it had never been the object of study. I do not mean by this, that one must live here twenty years or see every State, but that some conception of the infinite variation of life and problems here is fundamentally requisite. It is requisite for this reason, that without some sense of these differences in social structure and development, no helpful comparison of things that

properly go together is possible. I heard one of the most widely known of living Englishmen say, "There is no scenery in the United States." Our coast line, with one or two slight exceptions (as on the coast of Maine), he thought tame and uninteresting. The character and grouping of our Rocky Mountains, he said, were not "scenery" in any proper sense—and so on.

Now this criticism, true or false, depends upon comparison. The critic had in mind the varied magnificence of Switzerland with its splendor of color in snow, verdure and water effects, or he was bringing together in his imagination other parts of the world side by side with his mental picture of this country. If we could once agree upon a definition of "scenery," these comparisons would assist us just so far as our observations covered the ground. But scenery is an affair of esthetic taste, about which the only certainty is that these tastes will differ. It is not alone a matter of coast lines or mountain groupings. Upon a score of our smaller rivers, with their soft curves and stretching meadows; in a hundred dainty nooks among the New England and Southern hills; in the sweep and perspective of the great plains beyond the Mississippi, what is it that gives the thrill if it is not scenery? This is a composite and inclusive term. Going South from Pueblo, Colorado, the train seems to sink as into a vast shallow cup with the Spanish Peaks on the far outer rim. I saw it once in an evening light so gorgeous in its intensity that it gave one a kind of pain to look upon it, because there was no way to express the pressure of emotion it excited. If that was not scenery, what name are we to give it?

Washington Irving had an eye for natural beauty. He said, "Never need an American look beyond his own country for the sublime and beautiful of natural scenery." Some varieties at their highest we may lack, but other varieties surely are ours.

As we know our country better in quite other than its



American Bookmen Scalping an English Author.
(Cartoon in *Punch* in 1847 Satirizing American Piracy of English Books.)

natural aspects, we shall apply this same test to all these critical decisions. We shall ask in morals, in education, in things social and material, that the comparison recognize this almost measureless diversity in the totality of American life. To see something of this completer relation requires long and concentrated study or an imagination like that of H. G. Wells.

This is a digression, but it should light up a little this point: that the recent visitors (those with even the least competence as critics) seem at last honestly to feel and to confess some sense of the magnitude and diversity of their task.

Let us appeal again to the trivialities. Our "national habit of drinking ice water" was invariably spoken of earlier as an inexcusable freak. Even Stevens in his "Land of the Dollar" continues the tradition:

As Others See Us

"THE CALIFORNIAN OUTFIT."

(Poem in *Punch* in 1849 accompanying cartoon on opposite page. Both verse and drawing illustrate the onetime English conception of the American,—his uncouthness, his lawlessness, and his provincial speech.)

Now Natur's comin' out I guess,
 And puttin' on her vernal dress;
 The blooms on shrub and tree as blows
 Looks like their go-to-meetin' clothes.
 And lawful heart! when I behold
 The sun tinge them young leaves with gold,
 My thoughts to Californy turns,
 The land where every critter earns
 Off his own hook, the least to say,
 A hundred.dollars in a day.
 But he as to the Diggins goes
 In course must have a suit of clothes;
 Well, at our store we sell the best,
 Hat, jacket, trousers, boots, and vest:
 But this aint all you'll want—oh no!
 If you to Californy go.
 You'll want

A RIFLE

Just to keep
 Your diggins clear. We sell 'em cheap.
 At good five hundred yards they kill
 In hands as "draws the bead" with skill.

A PAIR OF GOOD REVOLVERS

Too

Is indispensable to you
 To give your fellow laborers plums,
 To rob your pillow when they comes;
 We do 'em at the lowest figure,
 Just only try one on a nigger.

A BOWIE KNIFE

You'll also need
 Ours are the best—they are, indeed.

A DIRK

Besides you'll useful find,
 To pink a feller in the wind.
 The best and cheapest we affords,
 And likewise recommends our

SWORDS,

Which, if you comes for to our shop,
 I estimate you'll find first chop.
 This is the Outfit for the Diggins
 You gets at Hezekiah Higgins'.



The Californian Outfit.

(Cartoon in *Punch* in 1849 during California Gold Fever.
See Poem on Opposite Page Illustrating English Conception of the
American of the Time.)

"It is more indispensable than a napkin, and the waiter who will keep you waiting ten minutes for bread, will rush wildly for the bottle if your ice-water sinks half an inch below the brim of the glass. Ring a bell at any hour of the day or night—a panting attendant dashes in with ice-water. Sip, sip, sip—men, women, and little children go pouring the noxious stuff into their insides. The effect of this ice-water habit on the national constitution can only be most disastrous."*

We have the new temper of which I speak in Mr. Muirhead's "Land of Contrasts," in which he begs to

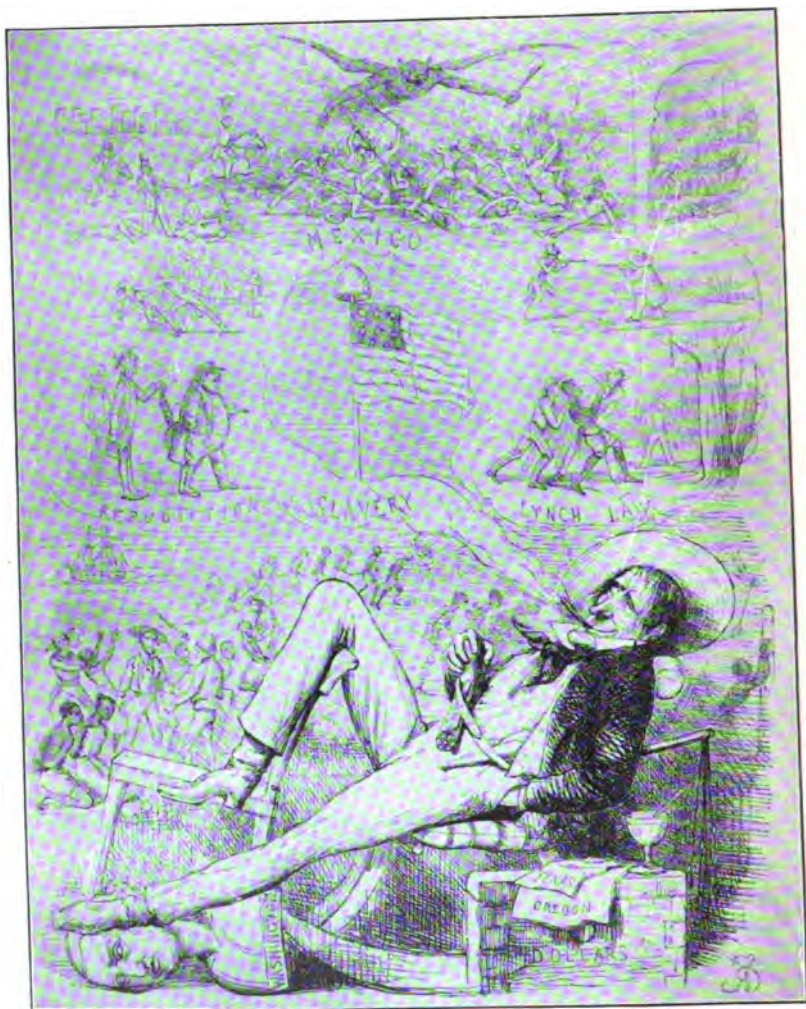
"Warn the British visitor to suspend his judgment until he has been some time in the country. I certainly was not prejudiced in favor of this chilly draught when I started for the United States, but I soon came to find it natural and even necessary, and as much so from the dry hot air of the stove-heated room in winter as from the natural ambition of the mercury in summer. On the whole, it may be philosophic to conclude that a universal habit in any country has some solid if cryptic reason for its existence, and to surmise that the drinking of ice-water is not so deadly in the States as it might be elsewhere."

Yes, it is "philosophic to conclude" that a "universal habit" among a people may have something to say for itself; that it is not to be accounted for by any snap-shot impressions. There is scarcely one of the commonplace parrot phrases that is not now being carefully revised.

"American houses and cars are like a lot of ovens." "You may travel a month without seeing a human being who seems to be at leisure." "Their politicians are invariably below the average in intelligence and morals." "They are gloomily silent." "The American voice has a grating quality that sets every nerve on edge." There is some truth in every one of those statements, and in two of them there is a great deal of truth. That our houses and cars are very generally overheated, we know well. It would be truer to say that we used our heat too jerkily; that it runs to extremes of heat and cold, as on our trains. But here at last comes an Englishman who "sees a great deal of home life in several cities during four months." He says, "I looked



Cartoon from *Punch* in 1846 (during Oregon Boundary Controversy).
 "Ridiculous Exhibition; or, Yankee-Noodle Putting his Head into the British Lion's Mouth."



Cartoon from *Punch* in 1847

"The Land of Liberty, Recommended to the Consideration of Brother Jonathan."

in vain for those stifling houses of which I had read all my life. Upon the whole, I was no more troubled by heat than I have been in London." We think he was pretty lucky, but he should go in as a witness to the change of opinions.

The third observation, that no one of us seems to have any leisure must have far more qualifying. Some recent writers will give no countenance to the generalization whatever. No one will watch the workers, even in such a whirlpool of activity as Pittsburg, without some amazement at the extremely leisurely air of whole sections of skilled workers, as well as among many heads of departments upon whom great responsibility falls. De Tocqueville has much to say of the feverish ardor with which the Americans pursue their welfare; of "the strange unrest of so many happy men, uneasy in the midst of abundance." Until the period of discrimination came, this opinion is repeated by nine out of every ten of our inspectors. Mr. Muirhead does not let the formula pass. He is much more closely accurate in the following:

"If an Englishman has a mile to go to an appointment he will take his leisurely twenty minutes to do the distance, and then settle his business in two or three dozen sentences; an American is much more likely to devour the ground in five minutes, and then spend an hour or more in lively conversation not wholly pertinent to the matter in hand."*

That our politicians are invariably below the average morally and intellectually has a disheartening truth, so far as attention is fixed on certain city and state conditions. In our political life as a whole, there is no sense in which our representatives can be said to fall below the average. Both Bryce and Münsterberg give strong statement to this fact.

What is meant again by the frequent assertion that we are "the most silent people?" I have often heard this said by foreigners and it is many times written. I asked one

*"The Land of Contrasts," p. 90.

A New York paper comments thus: "Everything considered, though, the real dementia Americana is hurryupitis."

of the keenest of our observers what he meant by our silence. He answered, "I mean first, that in all public places, as you travel, sit at table in hotels and restaurants, in your larger stores, on the street and in crowds, you are strangely silent.* I ask a policeman for a street, and all I get is, 'Second turn to your left.' I ask the conductor on the trolley car to let me out at a certain point and, usually, he makes no reply whatever but—*does let me off.*† I ask the girl behind the counter for some article. Oftener than not she serves me without a word, as if I didn't exist." He hears that in our family life it is the exception to have much conversation at meals; that we do not get a pleasure out of common talk; that when the meal is over, the evening paper or whist becomes a substitute for conversation. Dickens says, "No one speaks at meals. They all seem to have tremendous secrets on their minds." One of the critics concludes that our joking habit spoils conversation. "The funny man is a national calamity." Another thinks that we are so busy that our nervous energy is exhausted and therefore we are too tired to talk. A third carries this a step further, saying that "Americans have not yet had time to develop the habits and forms of easy verbal intercourse." Still another says, "The Americans are too afraid of each other to talk much."

I have quoted these views to several of our countrymen who have had large experience. If they reflect with some care on the criticisms, they usually admit their truth as applied to a great deal of our life. On a coast steamer crowded with Americans, I saw a French family sitting together at their meals. Their conversation among themselves was incessant and day after day so full of gaiety that everybody

*Bryce is more cautious in his statement. "They are not a loquacious people." Vol. II, p. 688.

†One wonders if this critic could have read de Amicis on the land of William the Silent. In his chapter on the Hague, he describes at length this characteristic of silence or scanty response to your inquiries. He tells of the great pains they will take to do the things you ask, *but without words*—"sans proferer une parole."

showed a kind of fascination in watching the animated group. An American observing it asked, "Why is it that we haven't sense enough at least to cultivate a habit with so much charm and health in it as that? It would cure us of our dyspepsia and many other national vices."

But with whom are we compared? Do the English people, as a whole, talk more freely than we? Do the Norwegians or the Germans? We know that Latin people have a joy in conversation which northern nations but poorly imitate. We know, also, that to a larger part of the Americans, "silence" is as little a characteristic as skyblue is of the complexion. Professor Janet wishes to set history right on this point by saying, "The Americans talk much more freely than the English and the Dutch."

That "the Americans have the worst voices known among civilized people," is a generalization much nearer the fact than that we are silent. What can have caused such a voice is many times an object of curious inquiry.* Climate, nervous tension, ill health, especially among the women, are the most frequent explanations. Another thinks overstraining of the vocal organs during our long life on the border, when the women had to strain their voices in calling the men folks to meals, accounts for it. More astonishing, is the theory that traces our irritating utterance to the absence of monarchy and a superior class. If we had been civilized enough to keep these hallowed possessions, we should have unconsciously preserved and cultivated a subdued and deferential vocalization. Another, perhaps with the same thought, says we have bad voices because we have a bad government. Believing in democracy and the equalities, we put gruffness, loudness and bluster into the voice! As this is unnatural, it impairs the vocal organs. One other thing is full of inspiration: it is that which attri-

* . . . I once said to a lady, "Why do you drawl out your words in that way?"

"Well," replied she, "I'd drawl all the way from Maine to Georgia rather than *clip* my words as you English people do." *Marryat*. I. 222.

butes this special inferiority to the lack of tipping waiters and dependents. The softening influence of a monarchy we have lost, but the tipping system may be made a substitute. Does it not cultivate graciousness in the giver, and mild and gentle ways in the receiver? We are told that this form of generosity, which acts automatically upwards and downwards, produces an atmosphere of good manners which includes a milder and more pliant voice. At the time of this happy exposition (1840) there was no tipping in sight, nor any hopeful sign of tipping to come. There is no doubt that the remedy is at last ours, or that it has a wide and contagious popularity. We may therefore free ourselves from this special source of worry.

I am not certain that Professor Freeman observed the effects of the tipping cure in its early stages, but he is one of the first to come to our defence in the way of intelligent and truthful observation. Instead of reckless generalization like "Americans speak with an intolerable quality of voice," he discriminates. He uses the comparative method, not alone as applied to one nation with another nation, but, of greater importance, he gets corresponding classes or sections in each country into some relation, section with section, so that a real comparison can be made. The earlier vice was to compare a selected and better class in England with the miscellaneous, rough and tumble life as seen in the American coach, train, or boarding house. We come off less badly as to voice in what Professor Freeman says,

"Some people have the twang very strongly; some have it not at all. Some, after speaking for a long time without it, will bring it in in a particular word or sentence; in others it is strongly marked when a few words are uttered suddenly, but dies off in the course of a longer conversation. And I distinctly marked that is was far more universal among women than among men."

Professor Mills (McGill University), speaking of indistinctness and muffling the voice, says, "It is found in English and German also. English speech is often hard

and guttural. German unduly guttural, if not hard; and American slovenly and horribly nasal.* That method throws a little light on the general obscurity. It does not leave the whole sin at our doors.

At first the American press reporter is "as incredibly ignorant as he is incompetent and ill mannered." The tone is now rather that of William Archer:†

"All the pleasant expectations I brought with me to America have been realized, all the forebodings disappointed. Even the interviewer is far less terrible than I had been led to imagine. He always treated me with courtesy, sometimes with comprehension."

This is the spirit of Herbert Spencer and Dean Hole. Dean Hole says:

"I was interviewed by more than two hundred journalists of both sexes, and so far from being bored by their tedious dullness or exasperated by their inquisitive curiosity—as certain false prophets had foretold—I was universally pleased by their courtesy and instructed by their information."‡

Münsterberg, who has had much discipline at the hands of reporters, thus writes in his "Americans:" "The American journalist is usually a gentleman and can be relied on to be discreet."

A final illustration will mark still better the change of tone. A sturdy volume could be filled with assertions to the effect that beyond all nations we are consumed by the greedy passion for money. Several books bear titles like "The Land of Dollars." Many chapters either give exclusive attention to this mad hunt for lucre, or dwell upon it at great length. It may be admitted that other peoples have an incidental regard to their pecuniary interests, but we Americans make it "a seven-day religion." Harriet Martineau, so far as my record shows, was the first to challenge this criticism.

"I have studied with some care the minds and manners of a variety of merchants, and other persons engaged in commerce,

*"Voice Production," Lippincott, 1906, p. 146.

†"America Today."

‡"A Little Tour in America."

and have certainly found a regard to money a more superficial and intermitting influence than various others.”*

This is cautiously worded, as if she were not quite sure of her ground. Even de Tocqueville had laid this sin of money-loving upon us with a heavy hand. But this man of genius was comparing us to an upper section of European society whose income was, for the most part, earned by their tenants or other people. It has always been easy for such as these to show the most graceful indifference to money. Of the vast majority of hard working Frenchmen he is not thinking. On this point the pages of Balzac are like a mirror.† We look into them and see reflected there such a hungry regard for money and *rentes* as cannot be found in a page of American history. Chevalier was speaking of a wider class still in his country when he said, “Nowhere do you see specimens of that sordid avarice of which examples are so common among us.‡ This accurate truth-telling about the love of money in England is as pitiless in Thackeray’s novels as it is in Balzac. America has no literature which shows the sin in grosser or more prevalent form than in these two masters as they lay bare this passion among their own people.

We can now appeal on this topic to other writers. Professor Münsterberg estimates it as follows:

“The American does not prize his possessions much unless he has worked for them himself; of this there are innumerable proofs, in spite of the opposite appearances on the surface. One of the most interesting of these is the absence of the bridal dower. In Germany or France, the man looks on a wealthy marriage as one of the most reliable means of getting an income; there are whole professions which depend on a man’s eking out his entirely inadequate

*“Society in America,” Vol. I, p. 142.

†These are words we owe to a French economist: “We buy a woman with our fortune, or we sell ourselves to her for her dower. The American chooses her, or rather offers himself to her, for her beauty, her intelligence, or her amiable qualities, and asks no other portion. Thus, whilst we make a traffic of what is most sacred, these shop-keepers exhibit a delicacy and loftiness of feeling, which have done honor to the most perfect models of chivalry.”

‡Page 303.

quate salary from property which he inherits or gets by marriage; and the eager search for a handsome dowry—in fact, the general commercial character of marriage in reputable European society everywhere—always surprises Americans. Everywhere one sees the daughters of wealthy families stepping into the modest homes of their husbands, and these husbands would feel it to be a disgrace to depend on their prosperous fathers-in-law. An actual dowry received from the bride's parents during their lifetime is virtually unknown. Another instance of American contempt for unearned wealth, which especially contrasts with European customs, is the disapproval which the American always has for lotteries. If he were really bent on getting money, he would find the dowry and the lottery a ready means.”*

“The American chases after money with all his might, exactly as on the tennis-court he tries to hit the ball, and it is the game he likes *and not the prize*. If he loses he does not feel as if he had lost a part of himself, but only as if he had lost the last set in a tournament.”†

Earlier still Mr. Bryce wrote, “A millionaire has a better and easier social career open to him in England than in America. In America, if his private character be bad, if he be mean, or openly immoral, or personally vulgar, or dishonest, the best society will keep its doors closed against him. In England great wealth, skilfully employed, will more readily force these doors to open. For in England, great wealth can, by using the appropriate methods, practically buy rank from those who bestow it; or by obliging persons whose position enables them to command fashionable society, can induce them to stand sponsors for the upstart, and force him into society, a thing which no person in America has the power to do.”‡

In general, what has increased this new tone in our favor is unquestionably the advent of the United States as a “World Power.” Whether this new role is to fit us or unfit us, is open to doubt, but the kind of impression it has made abroad, is not open to doubt.

*“The Americans,” p. 231.

†*Ibid*, p. 234.

‡“American Commonwealth,” Vol. II, p. 604.

At the opening of the twentieth century, one of the most brilliant of English journalists begins his Preface with the words,* "The advent of the United States of America as the greatest of world powers is the greatest political, social, and commercial phenomenon of our times." He says, "That the United States of America have now arrived at such a pitch of power and prosperity as to have a right to claim the leading place among English speaking nations cannot be disputed." Then with much power he pleads for a vitalized union of English and American interests. He quotes Balfour's words, "The idea of a war with the United States of America carries with it something of the unnatural horror of civil war." He adds passages from Gladstone and Cecil Rhodes which ring with the same world note. He even reports Lord Derby when in Gladstone's cabinet as saying to Dr. Dillon, "The highest ideal I can look forward to in the future of my country is that the time may come when we may be admitted into the American Union as States in one great federation."† This outsteps Professor Dicey's suggestion of political representation of the United States in the English Parliament.‡

Years before any of these words were spoken Richard Cobden wrote, "Our only chance of national prosperity lies in the timely remodeling of our system so as to put it as nearly as possible upon an equality with the improved management of the Americans." The irresistible journalist, Mr. Stead, is not, however, to be outdone. He will have the Eng-

*W. T. Stead, "The Americanization of the World," London, 1902.

†Mr. Stead reproduces a famous English cartoon which dresses John Bull in Uncle Sam's attire and puts upon the body of the American eagle a lion's head.

‡This profound student of politics uses these words: "The plain truth is, that educated Englishmen are slowly learning that the American Republic accords the best example of a conservative Democracy; and now that England is becoming democratic, respectable Englishmen are beginning to consider whether the Constitution of the United States may not afford means by which, under new democratic forms, may be preserved the political conservatism dear and habitual to the governing classes of England."



Cartoon from *Punch* in 1861.

"Naughty Jonathan—'You shan't interfere Mother—and you ought to be on my side—and it's a great shame—and I don't care—and you SHALL interfere—and I won't have it.'"



"How They Went to Take Canada."

"For the Outrage Offered in the Queen's Proclamation, the United States Will Possess Itself of Canada."—*New York Herald*.

Cartoon in *Punch* in 1861, immediately after the first Battle of Bull Run. The Point of the Cartoon lies in the Ironical Reference to the Quotation from the *New York Herald* of a Short Time Previous.



Cartoon from *Punch* in 1862.

"Miss Britannia: 'There, John! He says he is very sorry, and that he didn't mean to do it—so you can put this back into the pickle-tub.'"

(The Cartoon Refers to the American Apology for the Mason and Slidell Episode.)



Cartoon in *Punch* in 1862

"The Latest from America, or, the New York 'Eye Duster,' to be Taken Every Day."



Cartoon from *Punch* in 1863.

"Latest from Spirit Land: Ghost of King George III.—'Well, Mr. Washington, what do you think of your fine Republic now, eh? What d'ye think?—What d'ye think, eh?'

"Ghost of Mr. Washington: 'Humph.'"



Cartoon in *Punch* in 1864.

"American Literary Intelligence—'Born when the United States and Great Britain were still under the same government and flag, of course Shakespeare can be claimed as an American.'—*New York Herald*."

lish people to whom he belongs unite with us in *the celebration of July Fourth*. If we gasp at this suggestion, he says, "The practice of hoisting flags on the Birthday of the American Republic has been gaining ground in Great Britain and here and there Britons have begun to set apart the sacred Fourth of July as a *fete* day of the race. Not wishing to be over-sanguine, he admits that the "ordinary British subject cannot be expected just yet to enter into this common rejoicing without some hesitation." But he adds, "As year after year passes he will come to celebrate the Fourth of July heartily and ungrudgingly." To remove the lingering prejudices, we on our side must unite on Shakespeare's birthday and on the day when Magna Charter was signed. And one step further in the general healing—we must all unite on the third of September. "It was Cromwell's great day, the day of Dunbar and Worcester, the day on which he opened his Parliaments, the day on which he passed into the presence of his Maker. Cromwell, the common hero of both sections of the race, summoned his first parliament on the Fourth of July, and his inaugural address was *the first Fourth of July oration that was ever delivered*. It was instinct with the conviction of the reality of the providential mission of the English speaking race. In his own words: "We have our desire to see healing and looking forward (rather) than to rake into sores and look backward." If the interchange of courtesies and fete-day shouting is to be made so easy as this, it is not for Americans to hesitate.

In 1813 so responsible a person as the English Ambassador Foster said of us publicly, "Generally speaking, they are not a people we should be proud to acknowledge as our relation." In 1829 the author of "Tom Cringle's Log"* said in *Blackwood's Magazine*, "I don't like Americans. I never did and never shall like them. I have seldom met an American gentleman in the large and complete

*Michael Scott.

Part of Poem by Tom Taylor which appeared in *Punch* in 1865 upon the Assassination of Lincoln (See cartoon opposite).

"*You* lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier!
You, who with mocking pencil went to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

"His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please;

"*You*, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step, as though the way were plain;
Reckless, so it would point its paragraph,
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain!

"Beside this corpse, that bears for winding sheet
The stars and stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for *you!*"

* * * * *



Cartoon in *Punch* in 1865 after the Assassination of Lincoln.
 "Britannia Sympathizes with Columbia." (See accompanying poem by Tom Taylor
 on opposite page.)



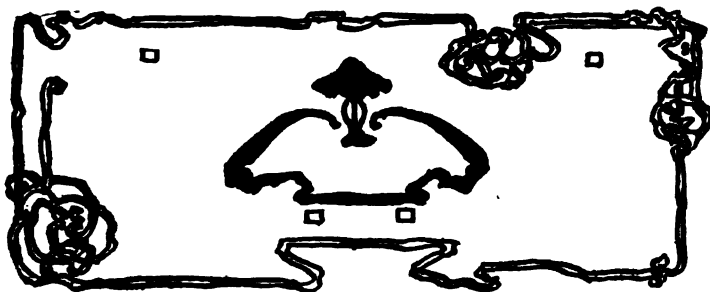
Cartoon from *Punch* in 1866.

(Apropos of the new Transatlantic Cable.) "Neptune (the Heavy Father). 'Bless Ye My Children.'"

sense of the term. I have no wish to eat with them, drink with them, deal with them, or consort with them in any way."

Many and interesting things appear to have happened between this and Mr. Stead's invitation to international fete-days grouped about July the Fourth.

This "journalist who thinks in continents" does not after all take much higher flight than the Oxford scholar, Freeman, who could say, "It is indeed a thrilling thought for a man of the elder England to see what a home the newest home of his people is. The heart swells, the pride of kinship rises, as he sees that it is his own folk which has done more than any other folk to replenish the earth and to subdue it. He is no Englishman at heart, he has no true feeling of the abiding tie of kindred, who deems that the glory and greatness of the child is other than part of the glory and greatness of the parent."





The Story of American Painting*

IV. Formative Influences

By Edwina Spencer

Author of "American Sculptors."

"O clear-eyed daughter of the gods, thy name?"—

Gravely she answered, "I am called Success."

"The house, the lineage, whence thy beauty came?"—

"Failure my sire; my mother, Weariness."

NEITHER in art nor in life, do creative power and joyful labor alone suffice to compel success. The discouragement of failure, the weariness of persistent effort, which belong to spiritual and mental growth,—they also bear their priceless part in the winning of great goals. And painting in America has followed the inevitable path of struggle, aspiration, difficulty, disheartenment, in making gradual progress to the height of its present achievement.

That the young republic, wrestling with manifold problems, had scant leisure for art interests or appreciation, we have seen from last month's review of the years between 1800 and 1850. Yet we have discovered that this period, too generally regarded as entirely quiescent and barren, reveals a steady increase in strength and opportunity,—the "silent harvest of the future" preparing, unheralded, its splendid fruitage. Its quiet growth culminated, in 1876,

*Miss Spencer's series will appear in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* in the months from September to May. The articles heretofore printed are: "Foreword," and "Painting in the Colonies" (September); "The Period of the Revolution" (October); "The Years of Preliminary Growth" (November).

in the art exhibit of the Centennial Exposition, which amazed the public at large by its revelation of what had been accomplished by American painters and sculptors. The stimulus it gave marks the beginning of a new era; and to the next three decades belongs our remarkable contemporary activity in landscape, portraiture, mural painting, and other fields, to which are devoted the remaining articles of our series. This month, however, the earlier period still claims us, for the consideration of another phase of its development; we are interested in tracing those important influences which helped, during the first three-quarters of the nineteenth century, to form the distinctive trend of later painting,—the forces that are more than those of bone and sinew, and lift upward against adverse circumstances like the power which the little philosopher discovered when he announced, "It's my *think* that makes my foot go up, when the ground tries to pull it down!"

The most potent formative influence of the early century was Gilbert Stuart,* whose thirty-six years of uninterrupted work here, during this critical time, were of inestimable service to the art he loved. When he first returned from abroad, in 1792, he had a studio in New York for nearly two years; from there he went to Philadelphia to paint the first President; and after that long-cherished desire was fulfilled he removed to the new capital when the seat of government was transferred to Washington. Here he painted many notables, until 1805, finally settling in Boston, where he remained until his death in 1828—painting magnificently up to the very end.

Stuart's stays of varying length in these four important cities, where he reigned supreme as a portraitist, helped to diffuse his influence; while his genius and his powerful personality made him an oracle to the younger men. His character seems to have been peculiarly lovable, for though his was a sensitive and passionate nature, often imprudent

*For Stuart's earlier career, see "The Period of the Revolution" in the October CHAUTAUQUAN.

and perverse, his generosity, his liberal spirit, his lack of meanness or pettiness, combined with his unusual gifts, to make and hold a host of friends* And they all exemplified a certain small boy's perfectly satisfying definition of friendship, "A friend is a fellow who knows all about you,—but likes you." Stuart had many such! Witty, brilliant, and like Dr. Johnson, a "tremendous companion," he was also one of the greatest geniuses of his time, and without doubt one of the most extraordinary men our country has produced.†

Having the experience of years of exceptional success abroad, the painter of three kings, innumerable famous men and women, and later all the Presidents of the United States, Stuart held throughout the first quarter of the century a unique position of authority here. All the younger artists with whom he came in contact owed much to his influence, and the rest were helped and inspired by studying his works. Dunlap tells us that when he first saw the master's work, "it appeared to the writer as if he had never seen portraits before, so decidedly was form and mind conveyed to the canvas."

It is difficult to condense into a few sentences Stuart's effect on the art of his time; but the crux of the matter lay in his passion for truth, and his keen seizure of the *essentials* in portraying both body and soul. His brain was panther-like in swiftness and sureness, while to this intellectual power were added quick sympathies and the gift of intuition. He divined the inner life of his sitters, presenting to us not only their outward semblance but their actual personalities.

*Stuart's inveterate snuff-taking, his fund of stories and his clever repartee, his humor, his hot-temper, and his impulsive kindnesses, gave rise to myriads of anecdotes, more or less apochryphal. That he was a "three-bottle man" is not strange in that day of much wine-drinking, but it is a remarkable fact that it never in the least impaired the clearness of his vision or the skill of his hand.

†The Encyclopedia Britannica sums up his artistic status as follows: "Stuart was pre-eminent as a colorist and his place, judged by the highest canons in art, is unquestionably among the few recognized masters of portraiture."

His own remark, "I paint the works of God, and leave clothes to tailors!" shows his absorption in the portrayal of character rather than of the details of lace ruffles and brocade. It was an age of many huge, artificial compositions, like West's, when the prevailing idea was not to study nature for itself, but to imitate as closely as possible the way in which the "old masters" like Raphaël and Titian painted. Though working as a student in West's atelier, surrounded by this grandiloquence of "high art," Stuart, with the insight and boldness of genius, turned away from it all, and developed his wonderful powers by a *direct study of nature*. He gave no thought to how other men had worked; he brushed aside the usual artifices employed to enhance the effect,—such as strongly contrasted light and shade, gorgeous costumes and accessories, impressive attitudes,—and thus "casting away the chaff of superfluitie," he put his whole soul into the task of revealing a higher and truer beauty. His portraits, simple, natural, and glowing with the loveliness of life itself, are vital transcripts of character; they give us the individual aspects of humanity,—the fire of young manhood, the flower-like purity of girlhood and womanhood, splendid maturity, dignified old age.

This was achieved by means of that remarkable technical skill which was famous in his own day and has remained unsurpassed,—which he learned from no master, and which was so individual that West used to say to youngsters who tried to imitate his protégé's coloring, "It will not do to steal Stuart's palette, you must steal his eyes!" The freshness of his clear, pure colors,* their richness and brilliancy, are his distinguishing characteristic; his flesh-painting was the finest of his time; and his dominant traits were those

*Stuart never could be induced to use the various mediums and materials advocated by various artists of his day for producing depth and richness of tone, nor would he experiment with varnishes. This good judgment on his part has resulted in the unimpaired brilliancy of his colors, while much of Sir Joshua Reynolds' work, for example, has grown blackened and ruined through the effect of time upon his pigments.

which we usually associate with a later epoch,—originality of thought, independence of vision, and insistence upon the immediate, faithful study of nature.

These studies were profound in their effect on his contemporaries, setting a lofty standard for those who came after. And aside from his work, his qualities as a man were helpful. He was particularly fine in his attitude toward other artists,—his generous and liberal judgments, his contempt for petty jealousies, his lack of envy or professional rivalry, set a rare example to smaller natures. Nor did he ever fail to contend for the dignity and high purpose of art.

Ten years before Stuart's death, another formative influence began to make itself felt when Washington Allston returned from Europe to settle in America; and for the last fifteen years of his life Allston reigned alone as our most important painter. He was twenty-four years younger than Stuart, having been born in South Carolina, in 1779. The manor house* where his family had long lived in old-world state was situated on that strip of land, several miles wide, between the ocean and the Waccamaw River, which was renowned for the splendid hospitality of its few fine old homes.

The boy was, however, sent to be educated at Newport, Rhode Island, (where he first met Malbone,†) and later went to Harvard, where besides his college work he plunged enthusiastically into the study of art. Graduating in 1800, he went to London, becoming a life-long follower and admirer of Benjamin West. He had his own little coterie of followers, even as early as this,—a group of students approaching his age, who, like Morse, were entirely devoted

*Allston's family was a distinguished one, boasting a long line of political and military names. His uncle was a colonel on the staff of General Marion, the "Swamp Fox" of the Revolution; and his cousin, who married Aaron Burr's beautiful and unfortunate daughter, Theodosia, was governor of South Carolina.

†Malbone, two years older than he, was already painting miniatures. They saw much of each other, in Boston, and went to England together in 1801. The friendship of these two fine young spirits, so pure in their lives and noble in their ideals, is one of the many happy details that enrich the story of American painting.

to him. In 1803, he went to Paris, Switzerland and Italy, lingering long in Rome, at that time full of English celebrities,—Byron, Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, the sculptors Gibson and Flaxman, as well as our own Washington Irving. The intellectual delights of life in the Eternal City enthralled him, and not until 1809, did he come home to marry Miss Channing of Boston, the fiancée of his college days.

They soon went to England, and there Allston entered upon the culminating period of his career as an artist. For seven years his success was great; a position of authority and distinction like that of West lay before him. But he turned away from it all, and in 1818 returned permanently to America.* He was enthusiastically welcomed by the elect, and known to the country at large as a name to take pride in; in 1830 he married again, and lived quietly at Cambridge until his death in 1843.

Almost from the time of his return, however, his brush seemed to lag; and the great painting of "Belshazzar's Feast," which was to be his mighty achievement, hung over him like a pall. It was never finished, and became finally the tragedy of his life; for he had vowed to paint nothing else of importance until that was done, yet could never satisfy himself, nor make any serious advance. His creative power seemed dulled, and his sensitive, ardent mind palsied by the lack of stimulus and the crudity of our society at that time; he produced little, and it was his personality, rather than his pictures that exerted the greater influence. His work, at its best, is noble and beautiful,—surely and skilfully drawn, rich and harmonious in color.† He cared

*His wife had died three years before; and he mentions somewhere the "home-sickness which, (in spite of the best and kindest friends and every encouragement as an artist,) brought me back to my own country."

†Allston's color was much lauded in his own day, and after the prevailing fashion of comparison with the old masters, he was called "the American Titian." Its original richness has in many cases faded, owing to certain methods he employed in glazing his pictures. His "Spanish Girl" in the Metropolitan Museum (see illustration in November CHAUTAUQUAN,) shows his simple and refined composition, graceful in line, and rich in the tone of the dark velvet coat, the jewel, the big plumed hat beside her, and the melting background.

most for solemn, often tragically emotional, subjects; like West, he loved to essay the sublime, but he had also the poetic and emotional temperament which West had not.

Still, despite his artistic fame, his work was really a mere attempt at the expression of a personality so unusual that neither art nor literature could afford it full utterance. Allston was an idealist of the purest type; it has been recorded by a friend that "for the high, the lovely, and the perfect, he strove all his days." He was loved with an intense loyalty, by the noblest spirits of his time. Coleridge, who held him dearer than all his friends except the Wordsworths, considered him "gifted with an artistic and poetic genius unsurpassed by any man of his age." Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, and Irving, were his admirers, Thorwaldsen never forgot him,—such among his peers, whose judgment is not to be gainsaid, were dazzled by his mental and spiritual power.

We must realize fully the commonplace and barren environment our country had then to offer, if we are to conceive of what Allston's life and art meant to his contemporaries. He represented sublimity of soul, poetic imagination, beauty, refinement, and all the graces of old-world cultivation. Personally in touch with but few, he lived surrounded by glamour in the popular fancy; and from his quiet home near Boston, his influence radiated through a circle of devoted friends, who revered his noble ideals, and his high aspirations for American painting. Stuart exerted a more direct influence, and came in contact with a much wider circle; he was a living force in his day, and his portraits live after him to delight and teach succeeding painters. Allston's work, (more, after all, that of a dilettante), has lost most of its appeal; a magnificent dreamer, he was never able to make his dreams serve humanity in any definite direction, as certain other great idealists have done. Yet he played a high part in forming the artistic standards of the period. While Stuart supplied the *mental* force and stimulus then

Forging the Shaft, by John F. Weir. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.
(See "American Painting," by Edwina Spencer, page 56.)







Girl and Cow, by Theodore Robinson. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



Portrait of William Morris Hunt at the Age of 42 (in 1866),
Painted by Himself. In the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.



J. F. Millet (1814-1875), the French Painter to whom Hunt was both Friend and Benefactor.



Portrait of William Morris Hunt at Twenty-one (1845), by Leutze.
In the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.



Last Photograph Portrait of William Morris Hunt. In Boston
Museum of Fine Arts.



"Study of Clouds," Charcoal Sketch by W. M. Hunt. In Boston Museum of Fine Arts.



The Original Study for W. M. Hunt's Mural Painting, "The Flight of Night."



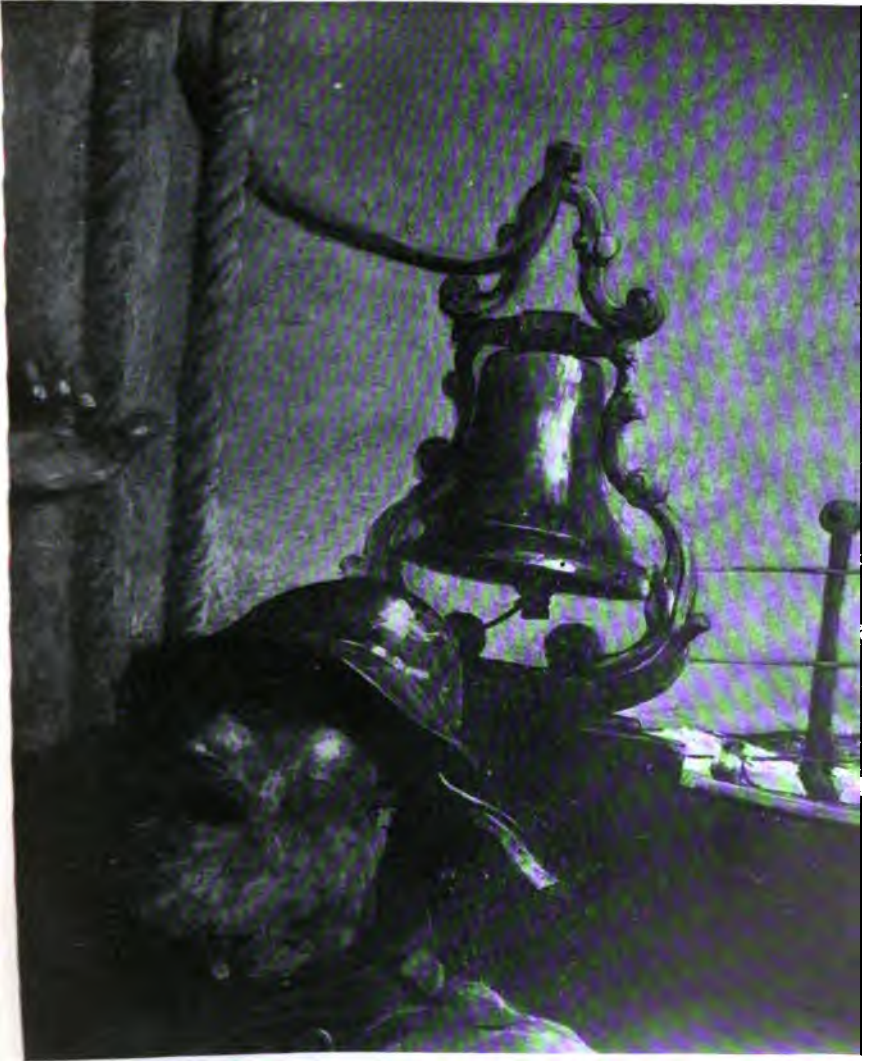
Corn Husking, by Eastman Johnson. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



Washington Crossing the Delaware, by Emanuel Leutze. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



Boy with a Sword, by Edouard Manet (1832-1883), the French Painter who Founded the School of "Impressionists."



The Look-Out—"All's Well"—by Winslow Homer. In the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.



Raffing for the Goose, by William Sidney Mount. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



A Wedding Feast in Brittany, by Henry Mosler. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



"Head of a Man," Charcoal Sketch by W. M. Hunt. In Boston Museum of Fine Arts.



The Quadroon, by George Fuller. In the Boston Museum of Fine Arts,



Landscape by William Morris Hunt. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

needed, Allston's power was *spiritual*. His every quality helped to counteract the encroachments of the sordid and the narrow. His message to the younger craftsmen was that of Mazzini to the young men of Italy, "Love and reverence the ideal.* It is the home of the soul."

Meantime, American art was expanding and broadening. No longer confined to the narrow field of portraiture alone, it was reaching out in new directions,—experimenting, striving, laboring and succeeding, in the face of disheartenment and trial. Another idealist, Thomas Cole, (whose life and work belong to next month's story of our landscape painting), was revealing a new field of beauty and promise in the portrayal of native scenery. He was followed by his friend Durand, his pupil, F. E. Church, by the so-called, "Hudson River school" and the "Rocky Mountain men,"—and in its later growth the movement he originated has become one of our most important artistic manifestations.

Portraiture continued to be a fertile field for our painters, because of the unfailing demand, and the difficulty of pioneering in other directions. Before Stuart's death a large and excellent group of workers were active, such as Frothingham and Neagle, both his pupils; Waldo and Jewett,† who painted together upon the same portraits in a harmonious partnership that lasted for eighteen years; C. B. King, who painted for several decades in Washington, and finally bequeathed a collection of his canvases to the Redwood Library in his birth-place, Newport; and Francis Alexander,

*Few are familiar with Southey's allusion to Allston in the "Vision of Judgment,"—as

"he who returning,
Rich in praise, to his native shores, hath left a remembrance
Long to be honored and loved on the banks of Thames and of Tiber;
So may America, prizing in time the worth she possesses,
Give to that hand free scope, and boast hereafter of Allston."

†*Jewett's* name must not be confused with that of Matthew Harris *Jouett*, (emphasis on the last syllable,) the eminent Kentucky painter mentioned last month. A well-known artist and college professor recently has made this surprising mistake in print,—crediting a certain portrait to "Waldo and Jouett!"

whose very beautiful portrait of Mrs. Fletcher Webster, in the Boston Museum of Fine arts, shows what fine work some of these men achieved.*

John Neagle, a Philadelphian, was one of the best; his portrait of Stuart, painted in 1825, is perhaps our most faithful likeness of that master. Jouett, of Kentucky, who died in 1827, was spoken of last month as important early in the century. The work of both these men owes much to their admiration for Stuart; and that of another early painter, Ezra Ames, bears very favorable comparison with Stuart's canvases. Ezra Ames, (who should not be confounded with *Joseph* Ames, a painter of much less worth,) lived in Albany, New York; and until his death in 1830 was the most noted portraitist in the state, outside New York city. The sure and fluent ease of his brush, his keen characterization, his pure, fresh coloring, are all remarkable for this early period. His portrait of Governor George Clinton, exhibited at the Pennsylvania Academy in 1812, won him wide notice; but he did delightful work some years earlier, and many even finer canvases are scattered through the middle states, in private hands.

Among the portraitists were also such important men as Harding, Inman, Elliott, and Huntington, whose work will be considered later, in connection with our contemporary portraiture. Many of them painted, beside portraits, the anecdotal pictures that began to come into vogue at this time; humorous or pathetic bits of every-day life which appealed to a large audience. Some few men confined themselves to this field, and of these perhaps the most typical was William Sidney Mount. One of three brothers living on a Long Island farm, Mount was quick to appreciate the homely humor of the people about him, and to embody it in paint,—as John Rogers afterward embodied similar aspects of daily life in sculpture. Another phase,—

*Alexander's enterprise was quite that of the twentieth century. When Dickens came over in 1842, the artist went out with the pilot, and boarding the ship before it had sighted land, secured from the famous author permission to paint his portrait!

pretty portrayals of childhood and girlhood—was given by Charles C. Ingham; and somewhat later Eastman Johnson, Winslow Homer, and others painted interesting scenes from the life of New England and the South, negro character, and incidents of the Civil War.*

With this widening of the scope of painting, came our first attempts at serious historical composition, and our first governmental notice of the fine arts. To the art lovers of the country the tendance of its art interests always has been left, and the official assistance received in foreign lands is unknown in ours; for the government maintains the position chosen by that young husband whose exasperated wife, trying to soothe their crying baby, at last exclaimed, "Here, John! Take him and rock him! He's as much your baby as he is mine." To whom John calmly replied, "Well, you rock your half, and I'll let my half holler!"

However, the combination of the building of a new Capitol and the return of John Trumbull from Europe, roused Congress to activity. The artist was one of the "old guard,"—C. W. Peale, Stuart, and he being then the last representatives of the older generation. He had painted Washington a number of times; for, joining the army after the battle of Lexington, he had been made one of the General's aides, and enjoyed then, as well as later, many opportunities for intercourse with him. Though made a colonel at twenty, he resigned his commission and set out to become an artist. After years of study with West, and of diplomatic service abroad, he returned to live in

**Newton* and *Leslie*, two admirable painters of literary subjects, (scenes from Shakespeare and other great authors,) while closely associated with our art, belong properly to England. Gilbert Stuart Newton, (1795-1835) was Stuart's nephew, born in Nova Scotia, of an English father; he spent most of his life abroad and was always a British subject. Charles Robert Leslie (1794-1859) was of American parentage, but born in London. His boyhood was spent in Philadelphia, and he taught a few months at West Point; aside from that he lived in London. His pure, sunny, lovable nature was beloved by many of his fellow-artists here.

America in 1816, bringing an established reputation as an historical painter.*

Soon after his arrival Trumbull was elected president of the "American Academy," organized some time before. And as it was known that he had spent years carefully accumulating studies, notes and sketches for a series of historical pictures which he greatly hoped to paint for the nation, Congress (after some agitation of the question), commissioned him to execute four large works,—“The Declaration of Independence,” “The Surrender of Burgoyne,” “The Surrender of Lord Cornwallis,” and “Washington Resigning his Commission.” Trumbull worked on them from 1817 till 1824, when he superintended placing them in their present position in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. Each measures twelve by eighteen feet, the figures being life-size; and \$32,000 was paid for the four.

Strange though it sounds, it is a fact that in order really to see these pictures we must go, not to Washington,† but to New Haven. There, in the Yale School of Fine Arts, we find the original studies, and the portraits made from life, which alone can show us what Trumbull planned to do, and prove how masterly the work might have been,

*Trumbull's father, Jonathan Trumbull, Governor of Connecticut, was Washington's chief friend and counsellor during the Revolution, and the affectionate name of “Brother Jonathan,” given him by Washington has since become a national sobriquet. His son was a very precocious boy, ready to enter Harvard at twelve, though he was not allowed to do so until he was fifteen, entering then in the middle of his junior year. His father and tutor early agreed that the boy's “natural genius and disposition for limning” could be of no use to him; yet it is that gift for which he is now remembered!

†Trumbull gave all his historical studies, portraits, and miniatures, to Yale College in 1831; receiving in return an annuity of \$1,000 a year until his death twelve years later. He and his wife are buried in the Yale School of Fine Arts, beneath the end of the large gallery where his pictures hang.

We must not confuse John Trumbull, *the painter*, (1756-1843), with his contemporary, John Trumbull, *the poet*, (1750-1831), who was equally precocious, and was graduated from Yale at the same age that the painter was from Harvard.

had the order from Congress found him in the height of his power. He was sixty-eight years of age when he finished the canvases for the Capitol, and the fire of his youth did not remain with him, as it did with Stuart, until the brush was laid down forever. Comparatively early, his hand began to lose its cunning; these huge pictures, with the physical and mental labor they involved, were too much for him, and the result is disappointing. But the small paintings at Yale, done with his early crisp, accurate, spirited touch, are priceless, aside from their value as historical documents. In their brilliant miniature treatment, many of them are as fine as the jewel-like work of Meissonier, and upon this collection rests his real status as a painter.

Trumbull's position and obvious artistic merits entitled him to the government commission; he believed himself still equal to such a task; and the criticism the pictures called forth,* with various controversies into which he was led by an extreme sensitiveness and a somewhat exaggerated estimate of his own dignity, embittered the close of his life. He died in 1843, the same year that Allston left us.

Trumbull's influence upon our forming tendencies was by no means so important as Stuart's or Allston's. Yet as the inaugurator of serious historical painting, he bore a very worthy part; his intense patriotism and conviction of the greatness of his themes set a lofty standard. For years he was our only painter of such subjects; but when he died, in 1843, a group of young men like Healy, Rothermel, Matteson and Leutze, (whose work will be described in a later article), had entered the field.

Emanuel Leutze, who was born in Wurtemberg in 1816 and brought here as a child, became of note through

*Much of the contemporary ridicule heaped upon the paintings was without reason or justice. Though bad in color and rather feebly done, they are dignified and earnest works. The name "shin-pie" applied to the "Declaration of Independence" was malicious and absurd, for a little study of the composition shows how skilfully is arranged the presentation of so large a seated assemblage. See illustrations in the October CHAUTAUQUAN.

his "Washington Crossing the Delaware" and other large historical canvases, painted in the careful, elaborate, academic style of the German school of that day. He was an exponent of the methods taught at Düsseldorf, which were immensely popular about the middle of the century, and which superseded the Italian and English influences brought to bear earlier. Stuart, who was in reality a "modern of the moderns," taught only what he had evoked from nature itself. But the ideas and technique of English and Italian painters had a marked effect upon our work up to 1850. The influence of Düsseldorf, which followed, concerns us next month in its relation to landscape painting.

During the third quarter of the century, the German forces began to be routed by French methods, in a war for greater truth and beauty; and the mighty factor in that campaign was William Morris Hunt. His life and work exerted the most potent influence upon American painting which was felt between Stuart's death and the Centennial Exposition; he roused our first interest in the wonderful Frenchman of Fontainebleau and Barbison; he put his whole high soul into the task of delivering their message to his own countrymen.

Born in Brattleboro, Vermont, in 1824, Hunt inherited his artistic gift from his mother. She was a woman of force and initiative, who employed an Italian painter in Boston, where they were living, to teach her and her five children,—an enthusiastic little class; and when, after a short time at Harvard, Hunt's health declined, she decided to take the family to Europe. Travel abroad was a very different thing sixty years ago, and her relatives did all in their power to dissuade her from a plan they considered "venturesome in the extreme." But the happy feat was accomplished, and after some time spent in Rome, Hunt went to study at Düsseldorf.

There he became so discouraged by the dry, uninteresting and pedantic teaching, that he determined to give

up painting and become a sculptor. Going to Paris for the latter purpose, he chanced to see a picture by Couture then doing notable work, and exclaimed, "If *that* is painting, then I am a painter!" He entered Couture's class and soon learned all that the master could teach him; this was the period during which he gained his facility, and laid the foundation of technical knowledge upon which to rest his more mature ideals.

The second stage of Hunt's art life was that of his intercourse with Jean Francois Millet, the great French peasant painter, whose work, then unrecognized in France,* appealed at once to the young American. He met Millet at Barbison, and finally went to live there; enjoying a privileged intimacy that was accorded to few. During their long walks and excursions together, Hunt learned from the big-souled peasant a new knowledge of humanity,—his nature broadened and deepened,—the divine fire within him leaped into steady flame. Nor did his friendship fail to bless Millet in return; he was the first to appreciate and buy his pictures,† and what his generous enthusiasm meant to the lonely, hungry, French genius would be difficult to express.

About the time of the Civil War, William Morris Hunt returned to America; and the rest of his too short life was spent in as heroic a devotion to his country as any

*Hunt saw the now famous painting of "The Sower" in Paris, and asking a dealer why he did not buy it, was told that "it was too sad, and not worth the 300 francs (\$60) asked for it!" He bought it at once, and soon after met Millet for the first time. Buying numbers of pictures from this despised painter, going about Paris with him, dressed in peasant costume, so that his friend might not feel any difference in their worldly station, Hunt soon came to be called "the mad American."

†His full purse and generous spirit were of direct benefit to Millet's career. It came to be mysteriously whispered in art circles that a "rich Englishman" was buying the Frenchman's work, and a demand for it set in in France. Hunt found him working in a floorless "cellar," his pictures mildewing from the damp. Persuading a Boston friend to buy one of his paintings, Hunt took the 500 francs to Millet, who burst into tears, and holding up the hundred dollar note, said he had never in his whole life before had that amount of money.

soldier-heart could give. In the face of indifference, lack of appreciation, uncongenial surroundings and meagre opportunities for the exercise of his full powers, he taught and painted ceaselessly,—contending always for the highest and best. Had he been spared to fourscore, he would have been one of our great leaders in the present movement; but as it was he paved the way here for the much misunderstood French "impressionist" school, the work of Manet, Monet, and the rest, whose effect upon our painting is to be considered next month.* Hunt's own work will be discussed then, also: his landscapes, his unique charcoal drawings, his methods and ideals, the effect of his teaching and his "talks on art" upon the slowly developing art of his day. Up to his unfortunate death in 1879, he was a vital factor in its formative growth, and his influence is still felt. It was only "sun-up" with us then, and the glory of the full day was still unrevealed; but as the dawn-light crept along the horizon, Hunt's life stood out like a rosy mountain peak, shining with the glow and promise of a new morning.

*His "Anahita" or "The Flight of Night," illustrated here, is the original study for one of his fine wall decorations for the Capitol at Albany, which will be discussed at length in the article on our mural painting. They were destroyed by the faulty construction of the building,—a sad commentary on the results of political graft.

PAINTINGS.

Stuart's accessible works were mentioned in the October number. A long list of his works, including many in private hands, is given in the monograph upon him in the "Masters in Art" series. The Metropolitan Museum has acquired a miniature of Stuart, painted by Miss Goodrich, one of his favorite pupils.

Washington Allston. The Boston Museum of Fine Arts has his portrait of himself, his "King John," "Dido and Anna," and various paintings, with a number of sketches and cartoons, including the sketch for "Belshazzar's Feast." The immense canvas of the "Belshazzar's Feast" itself also hangs there,—a dingy, unfinished, disappointing picture, interesting only for its pathetic associations. The Pennsylvania Academy, Philadelphia, has another large painting,—*"The Dead Man Restored to Life by the Touch of Elisha's Bones."* Yale College owns his "Prophet Jeremiah;" the Metropolitan Museum his "Spanish Girl." One of his most beau-

tiful conceptions in this country is the "Angel Liberating St. Peter" in the Hospital for the Insane, at Worcester. Mass. His famous "Uriel Sitting in the Sun" belongs to the Duke of Sutherland at Stafford House, England. (Its once brilliant color has become much faded.) "Jacob's Dream" is at Petworth House. His portrait of Coleridge, (which Wordsworth said was the only likeness of the poet that ever gave him any satisfaction,) is in the National Portrait Gallery, London.

John Trumbull. His best works are at Yale. The fine portrait of "an artist" in the Wadsworth Athenæum at Hartford is also one of his best; but most of his other works there, (especially the replicas of his early historical works,) are poor. He is represented in the Boston Museum, the Metropolitan, the Lenox Library, N. Y., the New York Historical Society and the New York City Hall. A full-length portrait of Trumbull by George Twibill is owned by the National Academy of Design; a portrait by Waldo and Jewett, as well as a marble bust by Ball Hughes, are at Yale. In Washington, his work may be seen in the Capitol and the National Museum.

Esra Ames. The New York Historical Society has four of his portraits. In the Capitol at Albany, N. Y., are those of Governor Clinton and Herman Bleeker; in the State Library there is his copy of Washington. His work is largely in private hands.

John Neagle. Four portraits in the Gallery of National Portraiture in the Pennsylvania Academy, Philadelphia; the Union League Club of Philadelphia has his full-length of Henry Clay, the University of Pennsylvania has five of his best; others are in the Philadelphia Library and the rooms of the Philadelphia Law Association. The New York Historical Society has several Indian heads.

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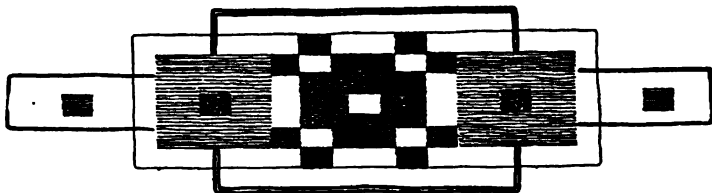
H. Dana, under the title of "Lectures on Art and Poems by Allston," (N. Y., Baker and Scribner, 1850). His novel of Italian life, called "Monaldi, a tale," was published in 1856. A number of his large paintings are well reproduced in the *New England Magazine* for December, 1894, illustrating an article on "Early Religious Painting in America," by Mrs. Clement.

John Trumbull. His "Autobiography, Reminiscences and Letters" were published by him, in 1841, (New York). There is a "Brief Sketch of His Life, with a list of his works," by John F. Weir, (N. Y., 1907) prepared for Yale College, by Mr. Weir, who is Professor of the Fine Arts there. An article on Trumbull by John Durand appeared in the *American Art Review* for 1881. Many interesting side-lights on English and American painting at this time may be gained from the "Autobiographical Recollections" of C. R. Leslie, (Boston, 1860), which also reveals that painter's own attractive personality.

William Morris Hunt. "The Art Life of W. M. Hunt," by Helen Knowlton, (Boston, 1900). The same author has an article on Hunt, (whose pupil she was,) in the *New England Magazine* for August, 1894.

SEARCH AND REVIEW QUESTIONS UPON THE REQUIRED READING WILL BE FOUND IN THE ROUND TABLE SECTION AT THE END OF THIS MAGAZINE.

(End of C. L. S. C. Required Reading for January.)



Some Great American Scientists*

IV. Louis Agassiz

By David Starr Jordan

President of Leland Stanford, Jr., University; Author of "Fishes of North and Middle America," etc.

THIS year of grace 1907 marks the centennial of the birth of Louis Agassiz. Above all others of the great teachers of the nineteenth century, his name is associated with the love of science as distinguished from energy in its prosecution.

His was the perfect joy of the normal man in the touch of his environment. He was the teacher to whom the present moment was the rarest of all moments, "the bit of sod under his feet the sweetest" to him "in this world—in any world."

Louis Agassiz was born in the parish of Motiers in Western Switzerland near the line of the cantons Neuchâtel and Vaud on the 28th day of May, 1807. His father and six generations of ancestors were clergymen, Calvinistic and Huguenot representatives of that best blood of France which was banished by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. From his mother, Rose Mayor, he inherited his love of living things and his delight in the study of their orderly relations.

As a boy he wrote to his father: "I wish that it may be said that Louis Agassiz was a dutiful son and a good citizen and the first naturalist of his time. I feel within me the strength of a whole generation to work toward that end, and I shall reach it if the means be not wanting." Whether first or not matters little. Two years later was born in England the first naturalist of all time so far as

*The first article of this series, "Asa Gray," by Prof. Charles Reid Barnes, appeared in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for September; the second, "John James Audubon," by Prof. Samuel C. Schmucker, in October; the third, "Simon Newcomb," by Prof. Malcolm McNeill in November.

depth of insight into nature is concerned. The main question was that he should make the most of all his opportunities and that Agassiz most certainly did. "The world turns aside to let him pass who knows whither he is going."

It is unnecessary in this brief sketch to give again the details of the life of Agassiz. These you will find in any encyclopedia. His life naturally falls into a number of divisions or episodes, each representing a natural stage in the growth of a great teacher.

First, we have his home life with his little aquaria, his study of fishes, insects, and rocks. Then his career at the University of Munich, with Döllinger as his teacher in embryology and the Brazilian collections of Spix and Martius as the material for study. "I have lived," I once heard him say, "for four years under Dr. Döllinger's roof, and my scientific training goes back to him and to him alone." Of his early life at Munich, Agassiz once spoke in these words:

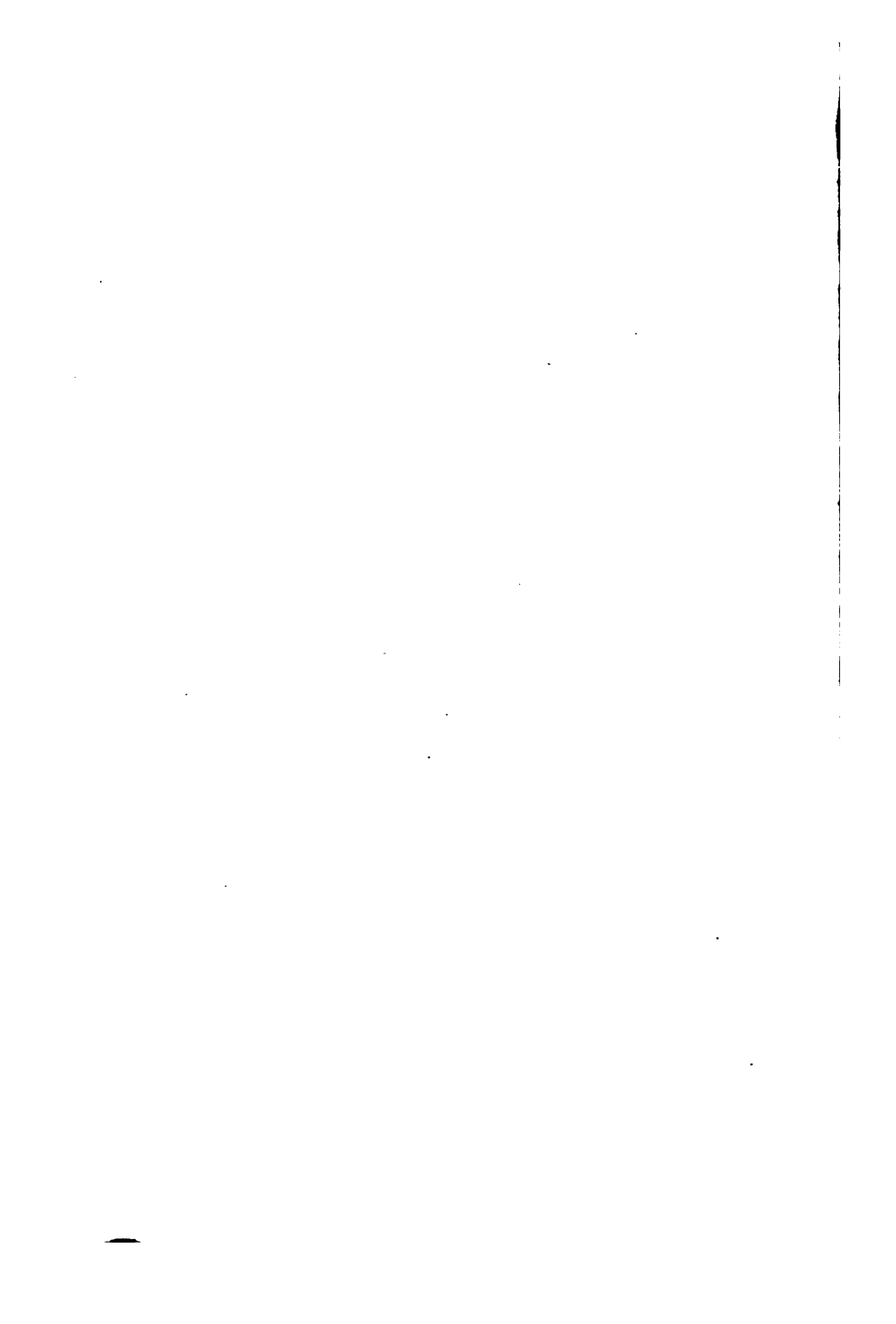
"The University had opened under the most brilliant auspices. Almost all of our professors were also eminent in some department of science or literature. They were not men who taught from text-books, or even read lectures made up from extracts from original works. They themselves were original investigators, daily contributing to the sum of human knowledge. And they were not only our teachers but our friends. The best spirit prevailed among the professors and students. We were often the companions of their walks, often present at their discussions, and when we met to give lectures among ourselves, as we often did, our professors were among our listeners, cheering and stimulating us in all our efforts after independent research.

"My room was our meeting place: bedroom, lecture-room, study, museum, library, fencing-room all in one. Students and professors used to call it the Little Academy."

Next we see Agassiz installed as professor in the little University of Neufchâtel, on a salary on which other men would have starved, but which he found adequate to maintain a museum, a library, a printing press, a bureau of engraving and a staff of scientific cronies and associates. It is true that under these conditions money was scarce and



Louis Agassiz



luxuries unknown, but at the same time the period of tremendous activity of these "comrades in zeal" marked an epoch in this history of science. Equally notable was the "hôtel des Neufchâtelois," a stone hut built on the glacier of the Lauter Aar, where Agassiz and his colleagues set out their stakes and marked the motion of the glacier, with the final result of making clear the origin of the "Drift," and the discovery of the former glaciation of Switzerland, and of the rest of the northern half of the northern hemisphere. "I slept for seven weeks," Agassiz once said to the writer, "in a blanket on the ice of the Lauter Aar, and I have had rheumatism in the right shoulder ever since."

After the strenuous zeal of the professorship of Neufchâtel, (well set forth in Marcous' Life of Agassiz) and after the establishment of the glacial theory of the origin of erratic boulders and drift, on the whole the most important of all Agassiz's contributions to science, we have next the episode of Agassiz at the Jardin des Plantes. This phase of Agassiz's life has been best described by Colonel Theodore Lyman in a memoir too little known, published in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1874.

In Paris, Agassiz lived in poverty in little rooms in the Latin quarter, spending his days in the museum in the study of the fossil fishes of Europe. When he began his work there were barely a score of these known. As his work on the "Poissons Fossiles" went on, the number rose high in the hundreds. This work done in Paris under conditions of the greatest difficulty became the foundation of all subsequent studies of the extinct forms of this class of fishes. Lyman thus speaks of the rooms in Paris where Agassiz did this work: "Those little low rooms, five in number, they should become the Mecca of scientific devotees. Perhaps every great naturalist of the past hundred years had sat in them and discussed the problems of life, those problems which are always inviting solution and which are never solved." Here to this day Agassiz's hand-

writing may be seen on the labels of the bottles beside that of Cuvier, Valenciennes, Blainville, and La Marck, the naturalists of the early half of the last century.

It is said that Agassiz's handwriting, fine and neat, unusually painstaking for a man of his impulsive disposition, was the result of early necessity. "On the backs of old letters and on odd scraps of papers he was forced to copy the contents of books which he needed but which he could not buy."

"At this time," Agassiz once said to the writer, "I was on the verge of anticipating Darwinism. I saw the apparent evidence of deviation of form after form, but this could not be Evolution, because we had our highest fishes first." We see now how easily he was deceived in this regard, that he took the primitive sharks to be higher than the modern fishes, although at the same time they were nearer the original stock. If we recognize that Evolution is not often a steady progress upward but rather progressive adaptation, we can see that the perch and bass are fitted to the details of life in the sea, as the primitive sharks were not.

The most interesting episode in Agassiz's life in Paris was his meeting with Humboldt. The great philosopher, then in the height of his fame, came to Agassiz's modest apartments in the Quartier Latin. Among other things, Humboldt saw on the walls a series of encyclopedias which he regarded with distinct disfavor. "Was machen Sie denn mit dieser Eselsbrücke?" (What are you doing with this ass's bridge?) For he could not conceive that an original worker like Agassiz should need to use these receptacles of cut and dried information. But Agassiz explained that he was forced, for economy's sake, to write articles for this same encyclopedia, and to take a series of the volumes in part payment for his work.

After a time it seemed to Humboldt that Agassiz's greatest need was a good meal, so he invited him to a res-

restaurant on the other side of the Seine in the little square called the Palais Royal. He asked Agassiz to make out his own bill of fare, but Agassiz modestly said that he would fare better if Humboldt, with greater experience, should undertake that task. And to have Humboldt alone with him for half that night was one of the creative episodes in the life of Agassiz.

In the height of his European fame Agassiz came to America. "He came in a spirit of adventure and curiosity. He stayed because he liked the land where a man could think and act as he pleased, a land where nature was rich but tools and workmen few and traditions none."

He put aside the Directorship of the Museum in the Jardin des Plantes. He declined professorships in Germany and France, and accepted a chair in the little Harvard College, the best we had in those days—and in these present days as well, but in 1846 a very little school compared with Heidelberg and Leipzig and Munich. It was moreover as Agassiz rightly said "only a respectable high school where they taught the dregs of learning." In this Agassiz touches the prime and essential fault in all prescribed courses of collegiate instruction. They teach only the dregs of learning. For the living touch one must reach out and find things for himself. There is no higher education that does not involve some degree of independent investigation. But there were wonderful men in the Harvard faculty in those days: Lowell, Longfellow, Holmes, Gray, Peirce, Goodwin, with Emerson and Thoreau just at hand. It was said by the men of this famous coterie that one had less need of an overcoat in passing Agassiz's house than any other in Boston.

Agassiz at once brought about a revolution in the methods of Harvard. Emerson, himself one of the sanest and broadest of men, saw in the work of Agassiz elements of danger, whereby the time-honored symmetry of Harvard might be destroyed. In a lecture on universities, in Boston, Emerson made some such statement as this: That

natural history was "getting too great an ascendancy at Harvard;" that it "was out of proportion to other departments, 'and hinted' that a check-rein would not be amiss on the enthusiastic young professor who is responsible for this."

"Do you not see," Agassiz wrote to Emerson, "that the way to bring about a well-proportioned development of all the resources of the university is not to check the natural history department, but to stimulate all the others? Not that the zoölogical school grows too fast, but that the others do not grow fast enough? This sounds invidious and perhaps somewhat boastful; but it is you," he said, "and not I, who have instituted the comparison. It strikes me that you have not hit upon the best remedy for this want of balance. If symmetry is to be obtained by cutting down the most vigorous growth, it seems to me it would be better to have a little irregularity here and there. In stimulating, by every means in my power, the growth of the museum and the means of education connected with it, I am far from having a selfish wish to see my own department tower above the others. I wish that every one of my colleagues would make it hard for me to keep up with him; and there are some among them, I am happy to say, who are ready to run a race with me."

How Agassiz taught at Cambridge is best shown by the roll of those who were his students. Joseph Le Conte, the oldest of them, with David A. Wells, Steindachner, Wilder, Shaler, Hartt, Clark, Alexander Agassiz, Putnam, James, Scudder, Morse, Verrill, Brooks, Minot, Whitman, Lyman, Garman, Allen, Fernald, Apgar, Hooper, Snow, Faxon, Fewkes—almost the whole roll of those teachers and leaders in American science who were born in the first half of the nineteenth century. And a very large percentage of the naturalists of the present generation are descendants of these in relation of teacher and pupil.

Even as late as 1873, when Agassiz died, the Museum

of Comparative Zoölogy was almost the only school in America where the eager student of natural history could find the work he wanted. The college generally taught only the elements of any of the sciences, "the dregs of learning." Twenty years ago original research was scarcely considered as among the functions of the American college. Such investigators as America had were for the most part outside of the colleges, or at the best carrying on their investigations in time stolen from the drudgery of the classroom. One of the greatest of American astronomers (Daniel Kirkwood) was kept for forty years teaching algebra and geometry, with never a student far enough advanced to realize the real work of his teacher; and this case was typical of hundreds before the university spirit was kindled in American schools. That this spirit was kindled in Harvard forty years ago was due in the greatest measure to Agassiz's influence. It was here that graduate instruction in science in America practically began. In an important sense the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy was the first American university.

The methods used by Agassiz have been described many times but by no one so graphically as by the entomologist, Dr. Samuel H. Scudder.

The last episode in Agassiz's life was the establishment of the summer seaside school at Penikese. It was a short-lived school indeed, but it was the first of its kind, in time, and from its dramatic effectiveness it has served as a model and inspiration to all the others.

The first plan suggested was that of calling the teachers of the country together for a summer outing on the island of Nantucket. Before the site was chosen, Mr. John Anderson, of New York, offered to Agassiz the use of his island of Penikese, if he would permanently locate this scientific "camp-meeting" on the island. Thus was founded the Anderson School of Natural History on the island of Penikese.

Penikese is a little island containing about sixty acres of very rocky ground, a pile of stones with intervals of soil. It is the last and least of the Elizabeth Islands, lying to the south of Buzzard's Bay, on the south coast of Massachusetts. The whole cluster was once a great terminal moraine of rocks and rubbish, brought down from the mainland by some ancient glacier, and by it dropped into the ocean off the heel of Cape Cod. The sea has broken up the moraine into eight little islands by wearing tide channels between hill and hill. The names of these islands are recorded in the jingle which the children of that region learn before they go to school,

"Naushon, Nonamesset, Ucatena, and Wepecket,
Nashawena, Pesquinese, Cuttyhunk, and Penikese."

And Penikese, last and smallest of them, lies, a little forgotten speck, out in the ocean, eighteen miles south of New Bedford. It contained two hills, joined together by a narrow isthmus, a little harbor, a farm-house, a flag-staff, a barn, a willow-tree, and a flock of sheep. And here Agassiz founded his school. This was in the month of June in the year 1873.

From the many hundred applicants who sent in their names as soon as the plan was made public Agassiz chose fifty,—about thirty men and twenty women—teachers, students, and naturalists of various grades from all parts of the country. This practical recognition of coeducation was criticized by many of Agassiz's friends, trained in the monastic schools of New England; but the results justified his decision. It was his thought that these fifty teachers should be trained as well as might be in right methods of work. They should carry into their schools his own views of scientific teaching. Then each of these schools would become in its time a center of help to others, until the influence toward real work in science should spread throughout our educational system.

None of us will ever forget his first sight of Agassiz. We had come down from New Bedford in a little tug-boat

in the early morning, and Agassiz met us at the landing-place on the island. He was standing almost alone on the little wharf, and his great face beamed with pleasure. For this summer school, the thought of his old age, might be the crowning work of his lifetime. Who could foresee what might come from the efforts of fifty men and women, teachers of science, each striving to do his work in the most rational way? His thoughts and hopes rose to expectations higher than any of us then understood.

His tall figure, his broad shoulders bending a little under the weight of years, his large round face lit up by kindly dark-brown eyes, his cheery smile, the enthusiastic tones of his voice, his rolling gait, like that of "a man who had walked much over ploughed ground,"—all these entered into our first as well as our last impressions of Agassiz. He greeted us with great warmth as we landed. He looked into our faces to justify himself in making choice of us among the many whom he might have chosen.

The old barn on the island had been hastily converted into a dining-hall and lecture-room. A new floor had been put in; but the doors and walls remained unchanged, and the swallows' nests were undisturbed under the eaves. The sheep had been turned out, the horse-stalls were changed to a kitchen, and on the floor of the barn, instead of the hay-wagon, were placed three long tables. At the head of one of these sat Agassiz. At his right hand always stood a movable blackboard, for he seldom spoke without a piece of chalk in his hand. He would often give us a lecture while we sat at the table, frequently about some fish or other creature, the remains of which still lay on our plates.

Our second day upon the island was memorable above all others. Its striking incident has passed into literature in the poem of Whittier, "The Prayer of Agassiz."

When the morning meal was over, Agassiz arose in his place and spoke, as only he could speak, of his purpose in calling us together. The swallows flew in and out of the

Great American Scientists

building in the soft June air, for they did not know that it was no longer a barn but a temple. Some of them almost grazed his shoulder as he spoke to us of the needs of the people for truer education. He told us how these needs could be met, and of the results which might come to America from the training and consecration of fifty teachers. This was to him no ordinary school, still less an idle summer's outing, but a mission work of the greatest importance. He spoke with intense earnestness, and all his words were filled with that deep religious feeling so characteristic of his mind. For to Agassiz each natural object was a thought of God, and trifling with God's truth as expressed in Nature was the basest of sacrilege.

What Agassiz said that morning can never be said again. No reporter took his language, and no one could call back the charm of his manner or the impressiveness of his zeal and faith. At the end he said, "I would not have any man to pray for me now," and that he and each of us would utter his own prayer in silence. What he meant by this was that no one could pray in his stead. No public prayer could take the place of the prayer which each of us would frame for himself. Whittier says:

"Even the careless heart was moved,
And the doubting gave assent
With a gesture reverent
To the Master well beloved.
As thin mists are glorified
By the light they cannot hide,
All who gazed upon him saw,
Through its veil of tender awe,
How his face was still up lit
By the old sweet look of it,
Hopeful, trustful, full of cheer
And the love that casts out fear."

And the summer went on, with its succession of joyous mornings, beautiful days, and calm nights, with every charm of sea and sky; the master with us all day long, ever ready to speak words of help and encouragement, every ready to give us from his own stock of learning. The boundless enthusiasm which surrounded him like an atmosphere, and

which sometimes gave the appearance of great achievement to the commonest things, was never lacking. The thing he had in hand was the thing worth doing, and the men about him were the men worth helping.

He was always picturesque in his words and his work. He delighted in the love and approbation of his students and his friends, and the influence of his personality sometimes gave his opinions weight beyond the value of the investigations on which they were based. With no other investigator have the work and the man been so identified as with Agassiz. No other of the great workers has been equally great as a teacher. His great work in science was his influence on other men. He was a constant stimulus and inspiration.

In an old note-book of those days I find fragments of some of his talks to teachers at Penikese. From this note-book I take some paragraphs, just as I find them written there:

"Never try to teach what you do not yourself know and know well. If your school board insist on your teaching anything and everything, decline firmly to do it. It is an imposition alike on pupils and teacher to teach that which he does not know. Those teachers who are strong enough should squarely refuse to do such work. This much-needed reform is already beginning in our colleges, and I hope it will continue. It is a relic of medieval times, this idea of professing everything. When teachers decline work which they cannot do well, improvements begin to come in. If one would be a successful teacher, he must firmly refuse work which he cannot do well. It is a false idea to suppose that everybody is competent to learn or to teach everything. Would our great artists have succeeded equally well in Greek or calculus? A smattering of everything is worth little. It is a fallacy to suppose that an encyclopedic knowledge is desirable. The mind is made strong, not through much learning, but by the thorough possession of something."

"Lay aside all conceit. Learn to read the book of Nature for yourself. Those who have succeeded best have followed for years some slim thread which once in a while has broadened out and disclosed some treasure worth a life-long search."

"A man cannot be professor of zoölogy on one day and of

chemistry on the next, and do good work in both. As in a concert all are musicians,—one plays one instrument, and one another, but all in perfection."

"You cannot do without one specialty. You must have some base-line to measure the work and attainments of others. For a general view of the subject, study the history of the sciences. Broad knowledge of all Nature has been the possession of no naturalist except Humboldt, and general relations constitute his specialty."

"Select such subjects that your pupils cannot walk out without seeing them. Train your pupils to be observers, and have them provided with the specimens about which you speak. If you can find nothing better, take a house-fly or a cricket, and let each one hold a specimen and examine it as you talk."

"In 1847 I gave an address at Newton, Mass., before a Teachers' Institute conducted by Horace Mann. My subject was grasshoppers. I passed around a large jar of these insects, and made every teacher take one and hold it while I was speaking. If any one dropped the insect, I stopped till he picked it up. This was at that time a great innovation, and excited much laughter and derision. There can be no true progress in the teaching of natural science until such methods become general."

As showing Agassiz's method, I copy the following extract from an old note-book, this being part of the last lecture but one ever delivered by Agassiz:

"The present century-old impulse has been to a great extent due to two causes: 1. The French Revolution. 2. The influence of a great poet. In France, after the revolution, all persons of intelligence, not military, turned their attention to learning, and in science we have Lavoisier, La Place, Gay-Lussac, Cuvier, Bischoff, Valenciennes, St. Hilaire.

"The second influence was that of the great German pagan—Goethe. Everything he touched he vivified. He has made the science of botany what it now is, and the spirit of comparative anatomy is due to him. There lived in Jena a certain Professor Bach, who is said to have whispered to Goethe all he ever knew about botany. Goethe's strong mind grasped it and gave it to the world, while else it might have remained unknown in the quiet professor's laboratory.

"Bach once showed to Goethe a plant in which the parts of the flower exhibited such forms and relations that the sepals, petals, stamens, and pistils seemed to be very much alike. Goethe saw it and wrote, 'Die Metamorphosen der Pflanzen.' In this he ascribed to plants a kind of life expressing itself in the leaf pri-

marily and rising to higher excellence in the sepals and petals, and still higher in the stamens and pistils which, by their mutual influence, lead to the production of new plants. This was taken by the world as beautiful fancy, but not as a real fact. Goethe was not satisfied with this, for he had meant it as a mathematical reality, and that it was to be so demonstrated, plant in hand. With roses he showed the transition from leaf to sepal, from petal to stamen, that all the organs of the flower were modifications of the leaves. In short, he originated the science of vegetable morphology. Whether it was first suggested by Bach or not, it was Goethe who proved and demonstrated it.

"He did not stop here, but transferred the theory to animals. Oken, before him, had compared the bones of the head to the vertebrae. Goethe carried this farther to a complete demonstration of their homology. If this be true, to what does the lower jaw correspond? Might it not be to the limbs? But there is but a single bone all around. In youth this bone is slightly divided. But every youth has an embryo. So Goethe examined skulls of embryos and found that there were two entirely distinct bones which afterwards coalesce to form the jaw. Here is Goethe as an investigator, and his work he published as a monograph with plates, in the proceedings of a learned society, just as all anatomists do. It is said that the name of the naturalist was dearer to him than the name of poet. From him this branch of comparative anatomy dates.

"It was he who first saw a meaning in vegetable monstrosities. Botanists have always abhorred and overlooked double flowers and the other products of gardening. They were sports and accidents, and came not under their laws. In them Goethe recognized lawful products under peculiar circumstances."

He often talked to us of the Darwinian theory, to which in all its forms he was most earnestly opposed. Agassiz was essentially an idealist. All his investigations were to him, not studies of animals or plants as such, but of the divine plans of which their structures are the expression. "That earthly form was the cover of spirit was to him a truth at once fundamental and self-evident." The work of the student was to search out the thoughts of God, and as well as may be to think them over again. To Agassiz these divine thoughts were specially embodied in the relations of animals to each other. The species was the thought-unit,

the individual reproduction of the thought in the divine mind at the moment of the creation of the first one of the series which represents the species. The marvel of the affinity of structure—of unity of plan in creatures widely diverse in habits and outward appearance—was to him a result of the association of ideas in the divine mind, an illustration of divine many-sidedness. To Darwin these same relations would illustrate the force of heredity, acting under diverse conditions of environment. The sufficiency of his own philosophy Agassiz never doubted. In this confidence in his own mind and its resources, lay much of his strength and his weakness.

Agassiz had no sympathy with the prejudices worked upon by weak and foolish men in opposition to Darwinism. He believed in the absolute freedom of science; that no power on earth can give answers beforehand to the questions which men of science endeavor to solve. Of this I can give no better evidence than the fact that every one of the men specially trained by him has joined the ranks of the evolutionists. He would teach them to think for themselves, not to think as he did.

In December the end came. In the words of one of his old students, Theodore Lyman, "We buried him from the chapel that stands among the college elms. The students laid a wreath of laurel on his bier, and their manly voices sang a requiem. For he had been a student all his life long, and when he died he was younger than any of them."

The next summer, the students of the first year came together at Penikese, and many eager new men were with them. Wise and skilful teachers were present; but Agassiz was not there, and the sense of loss was felt above everything else. We met one evening in the lecture hall, and each one said the best that he could of the Master. The words that lasted longest with us were these of Samuel Garman, that "he was the best friend that ever student had." There could be no truer word or nobler epitaph. We

put on the walls these mottoes, written on cloth, and taken from Agassiz's lectures:

STUDY NATURE, NOT BOOKS.

BE NOT AFRAID TO SAY, "I DO NOT KNOW."

STRIVE TO INTERPRET WHAT REALLY EXISTS.

A LABORATORY IS A SANCTUARY WHICH NOTHING PROFANE
SHOULD ENTER.

These mottoes remained for fifteen years (this is given on the authority of Dr. Carl H. Eigenmann) on the walls of the empty building, whence they were carried as precious relics to the laboratory at Wood's Hole, which has been the lineal descendant of the school at Penikese.

At the end of the summer the authorities of the museum closed the doors of the Anderson School forever. They had no choice in the matter, for no college could be found which would spare the small sum needed for its maintenance. No rich men came forward as others had done in the past, men who would not stand by "to see so brave a man struggle without aid." For nearly twenty years the buildings stood on the island just as we had left them in 1874; an old sea captain, Captain Flanders of the *Nina Aiken*, in charge of them until the winter of 1891, when he was drowned in a storm. A year or two later the buildings were burned to the ground, doubtless by lightning.

But while the island of Penikese is deserted, the impulse which came from Agassiz's work there still lives, and is felt in every field of American science. With all appreciation of the rich streams which in late years have come to us from many sources, and especially from the deep insight and resolute truthfulness of Germany, it is still true that the school of all schools which has had most influence on scientific teaching in America, was held in an old barn on an uninhabited island some eighteen miles from the shore. It lasted but three months, and in effect it had but one teacher. The school at Penikese existed in the personal presence of Agassiz; when he died, it vanished.

**Greeting to C. L. S. C. Readers From President
Judson of the University of Chicago.**

Dr. George E. Vincent,
President of the Chautauqua
Institution.

My Dear Mr. Vincent:--

It always gives me sincere gratification to know of the progress and prosperity of Chautauqua work. One of the most interesting developments in the intellectual life of our country in the last generation has been the waking up of people of mature years to a proper conception of education. The old theory that reading and study ended with the school days happily has now become obsolete and many thousands of men and women have learned that education only ends with life itself. My cordial good wishes go with all the work of Chautauqua to this end.

Very truly yours,

Fanny Pratt Judson

What the Immigrant Thinks of America

By Philip Davis

Civic Service House, Boston.

I. THE "SWEET LAND OF LIBERTY."

TO our annual million of newcomers, this country is still the "sweet land of liberty." Fundamentally, it is this conception of America which fires the imagination of, and gives birth to the migrating impulse among, the millions of diverse peoples knocking at our gates. A recent new-comer, now a dry-goods peddler, was asked to state his reason for coming to America. His answer, in writing, was as follows:

"When I was home, I always thought that America got in it the eternal desires of Man: Liberty, Brotherhood and Respect to men. On these reasons, I often thought to come to the land which the great Columbus had discovered."

How came this peddler to think that America "got in it the eternal desire of man: Liberty," etc.? Examine the contents of our enormous foreign mail, written in a babel of tongues and forwarded, post-haste, to the four corners of the earth. Its chief message to the whole world is this: "America is a free country!" This message travels with lightning speed from land to land, from hamlet to hamlet, from man to man. The very air reverberates its sound. The plains resound, the hills echo, the valleys re-echo these glad words from the New World voiced in all known tongues.

"America is a free country!" As the bugle call rouses the sleeping hosts at break of day, so have these words roused the Old World peasantry from its slumber of centuries. The whole of Europe is now on the march. Our millions of new-comers are but the vanguard of a tremendous host westward bound under the spell of this bugle call. The European children of today are the American

What the Immigrant Thinks

immigrants of tomorrow. For even as children they learn all about America being a "free country."

"Many years ago," writes a working girl, "I heard about America. Those who returned to the Fatherland all said America is a free country. I was a child then and I had no idea of the meaning of it."

But the words stuck to her, apparently, and their meaning dawned upon her later. For she is here now.

The fact that America is not merely a free country, but is experimenting in Freedom along democratic lines, all the more strongly appeals to the imagination of the European masses, especially of young Russia. A young man of eighteen, now working in a tobacco store for six dollars a week, illiterate upon his arrival, naively wrote these words after eight months of study in the Civic Service House:

"While in Russia, I read much about the United States and its government. At that time I could not understand how people can govern themselves. Now that I have spent nearly eight months in this country, I came to the conclusion that a democratic government is more advantageous than a monarchical."

His "conclusion" is based upon the fact that here the people can "freely express their thoughts and ideas," which he values greatly, having been tongue-tied in his own country.

Moreover, the immigrant learns early that our democratic form of government is not merely a passing phase, subject to the will of a despot, enlightened or unenlightened, but is guaranteed to us by the Constitution of the United States. An immigrant girl of fifteen was asked to write a letter about America. This is what she wrote:

"Boston, July 12, 1907.

"I am only in this country two months. Therefore I cannot write. But I will write a little about America. This country is a for sure free country, for ever. In March 4, 1789, the Constitution go into effect. This country become guarantee at liberty of conscience, free press and free

speech. Therefore the Russian people are coming here because they haven't this in their country. S. R."

Note the impersonal ending. She does not speak for herself. She confidently ascribes her reason for coming here to the entire "Russian people."

II. PILGRIMS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

It is obvious from these simple statements of these latter-day pilgrims that the Freedom which they have in mind is chiefly political. The freedom our pilgrim forefathers sought was mainly religious. But the common love of freedom is still, as it always has been, the great moving force.

Current literature on immigration refuses to recognize this common denominator—this world-hunger for freedom. It insists on pointing out differences. The immigrant of yesterday is lauded; the immigrant of today is tolerated; the immigrant of tomorrow is dreaded. The English in America dreaded the coming of the Irish. The immigrants of Northwestern Europe dreaded the coming of the South-eastern Europeans. Now, the Europeans in America collectively dread the coming of the Asiatics. Strangely enough, the prejudice against the unwelcome stranger is said to be grounded in the fear of his undermining American Liberty.* Yet every immigrant, even the humblest peasant, insists that Liberty is the very thing he came for.

III. ECONOMIC "WAGE-SLAVERY."

But there is another side to this story. The immigrant, shortly after his landing, changes his mind about at least one phase of American liberty. He finds here free speech, a free press, and, most precious possession of all, free education of which he cheerfully avails himself. American religious freedom he cannot gainsay; American political freedom he gravely suspects; American economic freedom he most vehemently repudiates.

"I am not at all so satisfied from this country," writes

*Americans really fear lest the untrained foreigner take "liberty for license."

Jennie Segal, a white-goods worker, but a few months after her landing. "It is very hard to gib away alletime to the work and even then we are not able to make a living because the Bosses are always explotationists and we must work for them for nothing. Yes, the American politic liberty don't makes me so happy when I see that the economic liberty is in such a bed position."

Another working girl, a skirt finisher, puts the case somewhat differently: "When I was in Russia," she writes, "I thought that America is a free country for everybody. Now I see America is only for the capitalist but not for the working people. I know for a fact. I am striking now and when I was going picketting this morning the shop, the poliztman said to me: 'You must go away because I can arrest you.'"

A very intelligent Greek, proficient in half a dozen languages, ready and willing to do everything, was recommended, as a last resort, as waiter in a French restaurant. He came back, as usual, a disappointed man, and sighing said to us by way of comment:

"My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty.
Not for me! not for me!"

He was particularly grieved to find that a knowledge of six languages did not help him to get a "jomb." His feeling about America is fairly representative of the large body of immigrant students, who already constitute an important element of our immigrant population. These ambitious young men learn sooner or later that their education has little economic value in this country and in "greenhorn" rashness conclude there is something wrong about our economics. The most sadly disappointed and therefore the most severely critical are the Hebrew students who come here in the hope of paying their way through college by teaching Hebrew. To whom? The question never occurs to them until they have crossed the ocean only to learn that even the

Hebrew children have a supreme aversion for the Hebrew language and "don't know what it exists for, anyhow."

In this plight, the students are often forced to resign themselves to common labor for long hours and small wages. The long hours give them no chance to study; the small wages no chance to save in the hope of resuming their studies later on. They very naturally despair of their condition. The scheme of life of the famous blacksmith-scholar, who studied eight hours, worked eight hours, and slept eight hours, strongly appeals to every man who has to study and work at the same time. But the immigrant student finds the scheme incompatible with existing conditions. Our present system of industry offers no opportunity for part-time employment. You are either a wage slave or a free man. It is our wage-slavery which lowers our country in the estimation of the new-comer.

The immigrant artist, like the immigrant student, must hire himself out by the day in order to exist. His ideal creations of pastoral scenes of a far away country have no commercial value here. Signor Podogrossi, an Italian artist of remarkable talent, almost starved to death while he was feverishly at work in an attic. His paintings presently attracted Boston artists. They came and saw and admired—and went away. Signor Podogrossi, who was laboring for weeks to give expression in color to the sorrows of an orange woman, as poor as himself, had to give up his noble task and turn common house painter for a living, as though America had not enough of this tribe. Podogrossi expressed his grievance in two words. In Italy he said, casting a last glance on his paintings—"subito!"; in America—"perdita!" meaning, of course, that in his country his works have always found a "quick" and ready market (and among American travelers at that!), while here they are lost on us.

The case of Signor Zingali, an immigrant sculptor, is almost identical. So long as he clung tenaciously to his

lovely creations in clay, he and his wife starved. When he at last submitted to the inevitable and entered the factory he soon came to know the face of an American dollar. Like Charles Haag, who must needs waste his time on clock models for a living, so Signor Zingali must make dog models to keep from starving! Did not Morris Rosenfeld, the immigrant poet, slave for years in a sweat shop? The "Blind Poet" we call him now, feelingly, and buy his works out of pity. But was there any use in the long night work which brought on his blindness? It is this system of work and wages, which recognizes neither training nor talent; which disregards the physical interest as well as the spiritual welfare of the producer, devoting itself solely to the dumb product, which makes artisans of artists, "hands" of men, tools of apprentices, wage slaves of all, that is responsible for the sudden change in feeling on the part of the immigrant shortly after landing. A land which tolerates wage slavery is not a "sweet land of liberty." The immigrant somehow cannot bring himself to reconcile the phrase with the fact; and the patriotism which that phrase was calculated to arouse remains, in face of the fact, still-born.

IV. FREE EDUCATION.

On the other hand, the immigrant's enthusiasm wells up, fountain-like, whenever he thinks of our free system of education:

"I have always had a great desire for education," writes a new-comer, "but in the ole contre I didn't have no opportunity. But here in the contre United States of America we all have the privilege to learn and educate ourselves as far as our ability allows us tu. Therefore I have all the reasons to like this contre, America, for all this from the bottom of my heart. I thank the American people for their kindness in taking an interest in educating us, strangers, and making man of us. S. G."

Joseph Rinaldo, an Italian boy of twelve, is even more

effusive: "When I was a small boy," he writes, "I said to myself I wish I could come and see the New World.

"Come across oceans, seas and rivers to the New World, America. One day I did come to America. When I arrived the boys on the street seemed good to me. Some said come and play; some said let's go in, the school bell rang. That's how I started to go to school. I started to learn more and more each day. You can study more, better and harder in America than in any other continent in the world. There are more schools in America than in Europe or Asia. America also has more libraries, public buildings where to spend the time and become true citizens not old loafers on the street.

"I didn't know a thing when I came from Italy but now I know as much as any boy of my age. I know enough. I will learn more by and by. Because when we become men we must not work with pick and shovel but as cashier or beekkeeper or some other good job like teachers. J. R."

A more reserved form of appreciation—manifestly the result of a limited vocabulary—is the following from Dora Yaffe, a wrapper maker:

"Dear Friends and allso Ladies an gentlemens, I am going to tell yous a little story about America. Perhaps yous now more than I do, But still I am not going to taulk about anybody ells, except about my selfe, because I am not educated to taulk about anybody else.

"I came from Europe tre iers ago so I was very green here in America But still I triede to do my best that I sould not be so green. So I went to look for a little aducation and I am trying to get it and that will do me allot of goot and I advice anybody hoo dos not now how to reads they sould try to lern and I will to.

"I think everybody in this country got to now something because whe get everything free whe get scool and theaccers free. Some people don't know how to apprescheaite all that. But whe peoples nows to be thankful the theaccers for their kindness to us.

"From yours truly,

"DORA YAFFE."

The "apprescheaition" is as genuine as it is universal. As principal of a vacation school, I canvassed, in 1906,

58 Clinton street
New York, Dec. 18, 1899

Dear friend.

The first letter that
I write a letter to you my business
are tailor from knee pens I think that
it is not a bad job. I lett you
know that I go to school every night
and I am very eatisfactory
with the english laingooitch.
what I lirn. I am not long in
this country but I lirn pittty well
and I hope that in the futell I
will improve my larning

A Typical Immigrant Letter.

the most congested neighborhood of the West End, populated almost entirely by Italian and Jewish people. The response was phenomenal. In less than a week we registered 1,300 pupils. But the parents were even more glad to send their children, if possible, than we were to receive them. One mother of a family of six, all self-confessed "greenh," on learning that the principal himself was sent (as I put it) to invite her children, exclaimed, in exultation: "My gott! what America does for mine tchildren!"

V. AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.

So much for American education. What, now, does the immigrant think of American citizenship? A class in citizenship, consisting of a score of young men, all of them of voting age, but few having even their "first papers" (Declaration of Intention), were asked to define American citizenship. They nearly all agreed upon the following: "Knowing the laws of the country and keeping them; also being faithful to the country."

They were next asked to mention some of the things a good citizen was expected to do for his country. The following answers are suggestive:

"He must be honest and truly."

"He must vote for the right officers."

"He must study the history from the United States."

"He must be willing to pay taxes."

"He must stand for his rights."

"He must send his children to school."

"A good citizen should try and change bad laws."

These sentiments indicate a regard for American citizenship which is akin to patriotism. I have for years gathered letters and compositions written by immigrants on the subject of patriotism. These will show, on examination, a true love of country and a sincere regard for its welfare. I quote from a composition entitled "My Impressions of America," by John Flon, written nine months after his landing.

"It is human nature for every brave man to love his country and I would love America anyway because I live here and have no other country, but indeed America made a good impression upon me from the very beginning.

"I will never forget my feelings of pleasure of the first day of my coming here. It was the day of election of our President Roosevelt. I could not understand what kind election it was. I knew the Russian Czar, he is not elected by the people of his country he is a ruler because his father was the same. Therefore I was so glad and wonder-full to see all that was going on here on election day with my own eyes and like Columbus with his friends I felt like kneeling and kissing the soil and with tears give thanks to God for having brought me here."

I will close with another composition on patriotism entitled "My Pride," which is as interesting for its pure patriotic sentiment as it is wonderful for what the writer has accomplished in learning English during the brief interim between February 21, 1905, the day of his landing, and May 28, 1905, the day the composition was written:

"MY PRIDE."

"I came here from Russia on the 21st of February, 1905, on the 'Cymric.'

"On the first day I saw the great difference between my old and new home. That day was the birth-day of George Washington, and many people came together in the Synagogue in his honor.

"When the speaker said 'To day is the birth-day of the great man George Washington' there was a storm of applause every heart thrilled with rapture thinking of the great man, the author of liberty and union in the sweet land of America. He was the first in the world who gave to the old wanderer a place of refuge.

"I take special pride to see the enthusiasm at this time when in my old home in Russia my people are murdered innocently and many of them must leave their old homes and seek for a new home where they can have equality and find a free home in the sweet land of America for which they are very thankful.

"28 May, 1905.

Sam Shapiro

79 Prince Street, Boston."

Christmas With American Poets

By Alice Cogswell Edwards.

THE festivals of a country seem to reflect the heart of the people. Christmas among the Italian peasants has quite a different quality from the Christmas of the land of the Kaiser; so the songs and carols which spring from these festivals carry with them a distinct flavor of the different nationalities which inspire them. Even two countries so closely akin as England and America infuse a certain national atmosphere into the literature of Christmas. In England one may trace the Christmas carol from the quaintest of old folk songs:

"As Joseph was a-waukin',
He heard an Angel sing,
'This night shall be the birthnight
Of Christ our heavenly King.'"

down through a sort of progression of Christmas ideals
in successive centuries to our own time when

"Hark the Herald Angels sing"

seems to embody Christmas joy in English speaking lands
the world over.

Christmas in America has to adjust itself to a different environment from this old world setting. The heroic struggles of our pioneer ancestors tuned the lyre of one of our ballad writers to tell of "The First Christmas in New England." His picture of the forbidding New England coast presents a pitiable contrast to the warmth and cheer which memories of Christmas suggest:

"They thought they had come to their port that day,
But not yet was their journey done;
And they drifted away from Provincetown Bay
In the fireless light of the sun,
With rain and sleet were the tall masts iced,
And gloomy and chill was the air;
But they looked from the crystal sails to Christ,
And they came to a harbor fair,
The white hills silent lay,—

Christmas with American Poets

For there were no ancient bells to ring,
No priests to chant, no choirs to sing,
No chapel of baron, or lord, or king,
That gray, cold winter day."

Then the voyagers remembered the bells of old England which were ringing for Christmas worship and they forebore to devote the day to labor.

"Shall our axes swing on this day of days
When the Lord of life was born?"

But the master of the company perceived that this bleak Christmas might yet hold a memorable place in the world's progress:

"If Christ was born on Christmas Day
And the day by Him is blest,
Then low at his feet the evergreens lay,
And cradle his church in the West,
Immanuel waits at the temple gates
Of the nation today ye found,
And the Lord delights in no formal rites;
Today let your axes sound!
The sky was cold and gray,
And there were no ancient bells to ring,
No priests to chant, no choirs to sing,
No chapel of baron, or lord, or king,
That gray, cold winter day."

The tragedy of the Civil War trailed its shadow over Longfellow's Christmas verse and even his courageous spirit faltered:

"I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

"And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Then echoes of the accursed cannon thundering far
away in the Southland seemed to drown the music of the
bells.

"It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearth-stones of a continent.

* * * *

"And in despair I bowed my head;
'There is no peace on earth,' I said;
For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

"Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
'God is not dead; nor doth he sleep!
The wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men.'"

Whittier, like Longfellow, sang of Christmas during
the country's dark hour, but it was characteristic of his
peace loving nature that his "Christmas Carmen" should
break forth only at the close of the long struggle:

"Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace;
East, west, north, and south let the long quarrel cease:
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,
Sing of glory to God and of good-will to man!
Hark! joining in chorus
The heavens bend o'er us!
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one!"

In Whittier's later poems written "At Sundown" he
records a memorable Christmas in New England when the
cold gray dawn ushered in a day of such "Orient warmth
and brightness" that old and new seemed strangely blended:

"In that pale sky and sere, snow-waiting earth,
What sign was there of the immortal birth?
What herald of the One?
Lo! swift as thought the heavenly radiance came,
A rose-red splendor swept the sky like flame,
Up rolled the round, bright sun!

* * * *

Christmas with American Poets

"The morning's promise noon and eve fulfilled
 In warm, soft sky and landscape hazy-hilled
 And sunset fair as they;
 A sweet reminder of His holiest time,
 A summer-miracle in our winter clime,
 God gave a perfect day.

"The near was blended with the old and far,
 And Bethlehem's hillside and the Magi's star
 Seemed here, as there and then,—
 Our homestead pine-tree was the Syrian palm,
 Our heart's desire the angels' midnight psalm,
 Peace, and good-will to men!"

Snow and winter winds seem to be so closely commingled with Christmas in the minds of English speaking people that many of us are scarcely aware that new traditions of Christmas climate are being built up in parts of our wide country. The poet Sill with his exquisite art paints for us a picture of "Christmas in California."

"Can this be Christmas—sweet as May,
 With drowsy sun, and dreamy air,
 And new grass pointing out the way
 For flowers to follow, everywhere?

"Has Time grown sleepy at his post,
 And let the exiled Summer back,
 Or is it her regretful ghost,
 Or witchcraft of the almanac?

"While wandering breaths of mignonette
 In at the open window come,
 I send my thoughts afar, and let
 Them paint your Christmas Day at home."

And then he recalls the "glitter of ice and glint of frost," the "laughing loads the cutters bear" and when the chattering girls come in to warm their feet the

"Mysterious little bundles queer
 That rustling tempt the curious look."

While the sun with his mellowing smile

"Tips the rough-ringed icicles
 With sparks, that grow to glittering tears."

Until the day grows dark when the firelight shadows dance—

"As if they knew
A thousand things too good to keep."

In contrast with this wintry setting is Christmas as he finds it on the shores of the far Pacific:

"Before me, on the wide, warm bay,
A million azure ripples run;
Round me the sprouting palm-shoots lay
Their shining lances to the sun.

"With glossy leaves that poise or swing,
The callas their white cups unfold,
And faintest chimes of odor ring
From silver bells with tongues of gold.

"A languor of deliciousness
Fills all the sea-enchanted clime;
And the blue heavens meet, and kiss,
The loitering clouds of summer-time.

"This fragrance of the mountain balm
From spicy Lebanon might be;
Beneath such sunshine's amber calm
Slumbered the waves of Galilee.

"O wondrous gift, in goodness given,
Each hour anew our eyes to greet,
An earth so fair—so close to Heaven,
'Twas trodden by the Master's feet.

* * * *

"I am His creature, and His air
I breathe, where'er my feet may stand;
The angels' song rings everywhere,
And all the earth is Holy Land."



The "Narrative" of Jonathan Edwards

A writer in the *Westminster Review* once said of Jonathan Edwards, "From the days of Plato there has been no life of more simple and imposing grandeur." A personality which could so impress itself upon a generation far removed from his own, must have possessed intellectual and personal qualities of a very rare nature. Edwards' spiritual insight gave him not only pre-eminence as a leader among the men and women of his day, but exerted no slight influence upon later New England thought. To get a glimpse of such a man's personality through his autobiography is a privilege, which fortunately in the case of Jonathan Edwards is possible through his famous "Narrative" of his religious history:

"From about that time I began to have a new kind of apprehensions and ideas of Christ, and the work of redemption, and the glorious way of salvation by him. An inward sweet sense of these things at times came into my heart, and my soul was led away in pleasant views and contemplations of them. And my mind was greatly engaged to spend my time in reading and meditating on Christ, on the beauty and excellence of his person, and the lovely way of salvation by free grace in him. . . .

"Not long after I had began to experience these things, I gave an account to my father of some things that had passed in my mind. I was pretty much affected by the discourse we had together; and when the discourse was ended I walked abroad alone, in a solitary place in my father's pasture, for contemplation. And as I was walking there and looking upon the sky and clouds, there came into my mind so sweet a sense of the glorious majesty and grace of God as I know not how to express. I seemed to see them both in a sweet conjunction; majesty and meekness joined together; it

was a sweet, and gentle, and holy majesty; and also a majestic meekness; an awful sweetness; a high and great and holy gentleness.

"After this my sense of divine things gradually increased, and became more and more lively, and had more of that inward sweetness. The appearance of everything was altered; there seemed to be, as it were, a calm, sweet cast, or appearance of divine glory, in almost everything. God's excellency, his wisdom, his purity and love, seemed to appear in everything; in the sun, moon, and stars, in the clouds and blue sky, in the grass, flowers, trees, in the water and all nature; which used greatly to fix my mind. I often used to sit and view the moon for a long time, and in the day spent much time in viewing the clouds and sky, to behold the sweet glory of God in these things; in the meantime singing forth, with a low voice, my contemplations of the Creator and Redeemer. And scarce anything among all the works of nature was so sweet to me as thunder and lightning; formerly nothing had been so terrible to me. Before, I used to be uncommonly terrified with thunder, and to be struck with terror when I saw a thunderstorm rising; but now, on the contrary, it rejoiced me. I felt God, if I may so speak, at the first appearance of a thunder-storm; and used to take the opportunity at such times to fix myself in order to view the clouds and see the lightnings play and hear the majestic and awful voice of God's thunder, which oftentimes was exceedingly entertaining, leading me to sweet contemplations of my great and glorious God.

"Holiness, as I then wrote down some of my contemplations on it, appeared to me to be of a sweet, pleasant, charming, serene, calm nature, which brought an inexpressible purity, brightness, peacefulness, and ravishment to the soul. In other words, that it made the soul like a field or garden of God, with all manner of pleasant flowers; enjoying a sweet calm and the gentle vivifying beams of the sun. The soul of a true Christian, as I then wrote my meditations, appeared like such a little white flower as we see in the spring of the year; low and humble on the ground, opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory; rejoicing as it were, in a calm rapture; diffusing around a sweet fragrancy; standing peacefully and lovingly in the midst of other flowers round about; all in like manner opening their bosoms, to drink in the light of the sun. There was no part of creature-holiness, that I had so great a sense of its loveliness, as humility, brokenness of heart, and poverty of spirit; and there is nothing that I so earnestly longed for. My heart panted after this—to lie low before God, as in the dust; that I might be nothing, and that God might be All; that I might become as a little child."

George Westinghouse

GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE, one of the greatest of American inventors, has, like Edison, made his way to fame and success from small beginnings and despite great obstacles. Born in 1846, he was very young at the time of the Civil War. He nevertheless served in the Cavalry, 1863-1864, and as Assistant Engineer in the Navy from 1864-1865. Of an inventive turn he early devoted his attention to mechanical problems and in 1868 patented his famous air-brake. This great invention was followed by others which applied compressed air and electricity to various safety devices for railroads. Becoming interested in the possibilities of electrical development, Mr. Westinghouse acquired patents, as notably the device for the alternating current system in the distribution of electrical light and power.

With these patents he started the manufacture of electrical machinery and built up the vast series of factories throughout the world of which he is the head. Besides factories in this country he has enterprises in Canada, England, France, Germany, Russia, and Italy. He is President of thirty corporations, the aggregate capital of which amounts to \$120,000,000.

Among his great contributions to economic progress may be named: A complete system for controlling natural gas and conveying it through pipe-lines for long distances; the development of gas engines and the steam turbine; the manufacture of large dynamos, including the first ten dynamos for the power houses at Niagara Falls. Mr. Westinghouse in recognition of his services to industrial science has received decorations from the kings of Belgium and Italy, honorary degrees from German and American universities, and is an honorary member of various engineering and scientific societies.



George Westinghouse, Celebrated American Inventor.
Photographed by Gessfold, N. Y.

Captain Nat Herreshoff

CAPTAIN NAT HERRESHOFF, the builder of racing yachts, is one of the most notable examples of the blind man of genius. A familiar picture of this yacht builder



Captain Nat Herreshoff.

shows him carefully examining the keel of a vessel in dry dock. Slowly, but surely he is searching out with his sensitive fingers every line and curve in the structure and is unerringly estimating the friction of the water upon every point. Mr. Herreshoff has built ten racing yachts and to his genius is due the fact that the America's cup is now in America and not in Eng-

land. He gained his first fame as the designer of the *Gloriana*, the first perfected center boat, a forty-six footer. That was in 1890. Since that date the American public has gloried in the triumphs of the *Vigilance*, the *Reliance*, and the *Defender*, boats whose keels and sails the English could not match.

Nat Herreshoff was graduated in the Boston School of Technology and served an apprenticeship in the Corliss Iron Works. Since childhood he has been designing boats. His first love was the swift sailing steam yachts, and he built a number of small steam yachts that held the world's record. He built the twenty-three knot Cushing torpedo boat and his genius has set the pace for the building of fast boats the world over. This blind boat builder is a grim, silent man. He seldom speaks to his closest friends and he has only this one passion—the building of fast boats. He is now sixty-one years of age.

Lowell's Elegy on Agassiz

NEWS of the death of Agassiz came to Lowell in the winter of 1874 when he was in Italy. He refers to his sense of loss in a letter to Charles Eliot Norton. It was "as if some familiar hill should be gone out of my horizon when I come home and walk down the river-side to the village." Writing from Rome a few weeks later he says:

"I sent you the other day from Florence a long poem (*too* long, I fear), in the nature of an elegy on Agassiz. His death came home to me in a singular way, growing into my consciousness from day to day as if it were a graft new-set, that by degrees became part of my own wood and drew a greater share of my sap than belonged to it, as grafts sometimes will. I suppose that, unconsciously to myself, a great part of the ferment it produced in me was owing to the deaths of my sister Anna, of Mrs. ———, whom I knew as a child in my early manhood, and of my cousin Amory, who was inextricably bound up with the primal associations of my life, associations which always have a singular sweetness for me. A very deep chord had been touched also at Florence by the sight of our old lodgings in the Casa Guidi, of the Balcony Mabel use to run on, and the windows we used to look out at so long ago. I got sometimes into the mood I used to be in when I was always repeating to myself,

"King Pandion he is dead;
All *thy* friends are lapt in lead"—

verses which seem to me desolately pathetic. At last I began to hum over bits of my poem in my head till it took complete possession of me and worked me up to a delicious state of excitement, all the more delicious as my brain (or at any rate the musical part of it) had been lying dormant so long. I couldn't sleep, and when I walked out I saw nothing outward. . . . -Nervous, horribly nervous, but happy for the first time (I mean consciously happy) since I came over here. And so by degrees my poem worked itself out. The parts came to me as I came awake, and I wrote them down in the morning. I had all my bricks—but the

Elegy on Agassiz

mortar wouldn't *set*, as the masons say. However, I got it into order at last. You will see there is a logical sequence if you look sharp. . . . I think there is some go in it somehow, but it is too near me yet to be judged fairly by me. It is old-fashioned, you see, but none the worse for that. . . ."

About this time, Howells became editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* and Lowell's response to his editorial note of congratulation shows how even a poet of his critical powers could distrust his own inspiration:

"My dear Howells,—I was very glad to get a line from you. I should have sent my poem directly to you (for it tickled me that our positions should be reversed, and that you should be sitting in the seat of the scorner where I used to sit); but I happened to see a number of the *Atlantic* in Florence, and in the list of contributors my name was left out. As the magazine had just changed hands I did not know but it had changed minds as well, so I would not put you in a position where your friendship might come in conflict with some whimsey of your publishers. Thank you heartily for the pleasant things you say about the poem. I thought it very well just after parturition, and explained any motives of aversion I might feel by that uncomfortable redness which is common to newly born babes. But since I have it in print I have not been able to read it through—but only to dip in here and there on passages which C. E. N. had doubts about. What a witch is this Imagination, who sings as she weaves till we seem to *see* the music in the growing web, and when all is done that magic has vanished and the poor thing looks cheap as printed muslin! Well, I am pleased, all the same, with what you say, because, after all, you needn't have said it unless you liked."

It is interesting to note that a month later he wrote to another friend: "In the *Atlantic Monthly* for May, 1874, is an Elegy on Agassiz which I suspect is among my best verse." The following selections necessarily omit much which gives charm to the poem especially his characterization of Holmes and other members of the famous Saturday Club. Agassiz, Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, and Holmes sat in turn at the head of the table and many distinguished men were among its honored guests. Lowell wrote from

England in the latter part of his life: "In plain living and high thinking I fancy we have, or used to have, the advantage and I have never seen society on the whole so good as I used to meet at our Saturday Club."

Uprooted is our mountain oak,
That promised long security of shade
And brooding-place for many a winged thought;
Not by Time's softly cadenced stroke
With pauses of relenting pity stayed,
But ere a root seemed sapt, a bough decayed,
From sudden ambush by the whirl-wind caught
And in his broad maturity betrayed.

* * * *

In some the genius is a thing apart,
A pillared hermit of the brain,
Hoarding with incommunicable art
Its intellectual gain!

* * * *

His nature brooked no lonely lair,
But basked and burgeoned in copartnery,
Companionship, and open-windowed glee;
He knew, for he had tried,
Those speculative heights that lure
The unpractised foot, impatient of a guide,
Tow'rd ether too attenuately pure
For sweet unconscious breath, though dear to pride,

* * * *

Patient to spy a sullen egg for weeks,
The enigma of creation to surprise,
His truer instinct sought the life that speaks
Without a mystery from kindly eyes;
In no self-spun cocoon of prudence wound,
He by the touch of men was best inspired,
And caught his native greatness at rebound
From generousities itself had fired;
Then how the heat through every fibre ran,
Felt in the gathering presence of the man,
While the apt word and gesture came unbid!
Virtues and faults it to one metal wrought,
Fined all his blood to thought,
And ran the molten man in all he said or did.
All Tully's rules and all Quintilian's too
He by the light of listening faces knew,
And his rapt audience all unconscious lent
Their own roused force to make him eloquent;

* * * *

Elegy on Agassiz

His magic was not far to seek,—
 He was so human! Whether strong or weak,
 Far from his kind he neither sank nor soared,
 But sate an equal guest at every board:
 No beggar ever felt him condescend,
 No prince presume; for still himself he bare
 At manhood's simple level, and when'er
 He met a stranger, there he left a friend.
 How large an aspect; nobly unsevere,
 With freshness round him of Olympian cheer,
 Like visits of those earthly gods he came;
 His look, wherever its good-fortune fell,
 Doubled the feast without a miracle,
 And on the hearthstone danced a happier flame;
 Philemon's crabbed vintage grew benign;
 Amphitryon's gold-juice humanized to wine.

* * * *

I see in vision the warm-lighted hall,
 The living and the dead I see again,
 And but my chair is empty; 'mid them all
 'Tis I that seem the dead: they all remain
 Immortal, changeless creatures of the brain:
 Wellnigh I doubt which world is real most,
 Of sense or spirit, to the truly sane;
 In this abstraction it were light to deem
 Myself the figment of some stronger dream;
 They are the real things, and I the ghost
 That glide unhindered through the solid door,
 Vainly for recognition seek: from chair to chair,
 And strive to speak and ana but futile air,
 As truly most of us are little more.

Him most I see whom we most dearly miss,
 The latest parted thence,
 His features poised in genial armistice
 And armed neutrality of self-defence
 Beneath the forehead's walled pre-eminence,
 While Tyro, plucking facts with careless reach,
 Settles off-hand our human how and whence;
 The long-trained veteran scarcely wincing hears
 The infallible strategy of volunteers
 Making through Nature's walls its easy breach,
 And seems to learn where he alone could teach.
 Ample and ruddy, the board's end he fills,
 As he our fireside were, our light and heat,
 Center where minds diverse and various skills
 Find their warm nook and stretch unhampered feet;
 I see the firm benignity of face,
 Wide smiling champaign, without tameness sweet,
 The mass Teutonic toned to Gallic grace,
 The eyes whose sunshine runs before the lips
 While Holmes's rockets curve their long ellipse
 And burst in seeds of fire that burst again
 To drop in scintillating rain.



Portrait of Tennyson as a Young Man, by Samuel Laurence.



Portrait of Tennyson, by Mrs. Julia Margaret Cameron.



Portrait of Tennyson, by George E. Watts.



Recognition Day Group at Chautauqua, 1907.

Now forth into the darkness all are gone,
But memory, still unsated, follows on,
Retracing step by step our homeward walk,
With many a laugh among our serious talk,
Across the bridge where, on the dimpling tide,
The long red streamers from the windows glide,
Or the dim western moon
Rocks her skiff's image on the broad lagoon,
And Boston shows a soft Venetian side
In the Arcadian light when roof and tree,
Hard prose by daylight, dream in Italy;
Or haply in the sky's cold chambers wide
Shivered the winter stars, while all below,
As if an end were come of human ill,
The world was wrapt in innocence of snow
And the cast-iron bay was blind and still;
These were our poetry; in him perhaps
Science had barred the gate that lets in dream,
And he would rather count the perch and bream
Then with the current's idle fancy lapse;
And yet he had the poet's open eye
That takes a frank delight in all it sees,
Nor was earth voiceless, nor the mystic sky,
To him the life-long friend of fields and trees;
Then came the prose of the suburban street,
Its silence deepened by our echoing feet,
And converse such as rambling hazard finds;
Then he who many cities knew and many minds,
And men once world-noised, now mere Ossian forms
Of misty memory, bade them live anew
As when they shared earth's manifold delight,
In shape, in gait, in voice, in gesture true,
And, with an accent heightening as he warms,
Would stop forgetful of the shortening night,
Drop my confiding arm, and pour profuse
Much worldly wisdom kept for others' use
Not for his own for he was rash and free,
His purse or knowledge all men's, like the sea.
Still can I hear his voice's shrilling might
(With pauses broken, while the fitful spark
He blew more hotly rounded on the dark
To hint his features with a Rembrandt light)
Call Oken back, or Humboldt, or Lamarck,
Or Cuvier's taller shade, and many more
Whom he had seen, or knew from others' sight,
And make them men to me as ne'er before;
Not seldom, as the undeadened fibre stirred
Of noble friendships knit beyond the sea,
German or French thrust by the lagging word,
For a good leash of mother-tongues had he.
At last, arrived at where our paths divide,
'Good night!' and, ere the distance grew too wide,
'Good night!' again; and now with cheated ear
I half hear his who mine shall never hear.

Elegy on Agassiz

Sometimes it seemed as if New England air
 For his large lungs too parsimonious were,
 As if those empty rooms of dogma drear
 Where the ghost shivers of a faith austere
 Counting the horns o'er of the Beast,
 Still scaring those whose faith in it is least,
 As if those snaps o' th' moral atmosphere
 That sharpen all the needles of the East,
 Had been to him like death,
 Accustomed to draw Europe's freer breath
 In a more stable element.

* * * *

Yet life was good to him, and, there or here,
 With that sufficing joy, the day was never cheap;
 Thereto his mind was its own ample sphere,
 And, like those buildings great that through the year
 Carry one temperature, his nature large
 Made its own climate, nor could any marge
 Traced by convention stay him from his bent;
 He had a habitude of mountain air;
 He brought wide outlook where he went,
 And could on sunny uplands dwell
 Of prospect sweeter than the pastures fair
 High-hung of viny Neufchâtel;
 Nor, surely, did he miss
 Some pale, imaginary bliss
 Of earlier sights whose inner landscape still was Swiss.

I cannot think he wished so soon to die
 With all his senses full of eager heat,
 And rosy years that stood expectant by
 To buckle the winged sandals on their feet,
 He that was friends with Earth, and all her sweet
 Took with both hands unsparingly:

* * * *

The shape erect is prone; forever stilled
 The winning tongue; the forehead's high piled heap,
 A cairn which every science helped to build,
 Unvalued will its golden secrets keep:
 He knows at last if Life or Death be best;
 Wherever he be flown, whatever vest
 The being hath put on which lately here
 So many-friended was, so full of cheer
 To make men feel the Seeker's noble zest,
 We have not lost him all; he is not gone
 To the dumb herd of them that wholly die;
 The beauty of his better self lives on
 In minds he touched with fire, in many an eye
 He trained to Truth's exact severity;
 He was a Teacher; why be grieved for him
 Whose living word still stimulates the air?
 In endless file shall loving scholars come
 The glow of his transmitted touch to share,
 And trace his features with an eye less dim
 Than ours whose sense familiar wont makes dumb.



OFFICERS OF CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE
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MISS KATE F. KIMBALL, Executive Secretary.

Christmastide is the season of all others when the barriers which divide people are least insurmountable; and to Chautauqua readers genuinely trying to get a national feeling toward the newest residents of our country this would seem an opportunity to discover with what unfamiliar and quaint customs our American Christmas is being enriched. Perhaps in years to come these will have become a part of that background of Christmas traditions which now we trace in great measure only to our North European ancestry. Every Chautauqua reader who lives in a community where there are foreigners and there are few places where some families at least may not be found, can with a little ingenuity discover some reason for a neighborly visit at Christmas time. Italian and Polish churches with their always open portals could give us much to think about on Christmas eve, and through settlement workers or other friendly visitors opportunities for glimpses of family celebrations might also be possible. Circles could have reports of such visits at their first meeting for the New Year. It would be a fitting way to remind ourselves as we begin the New Year of the characteristics which Lowell has ascribed to our country:

"She that lifts up the manhood of the poor,
She of the open soul and open door,
With room about her hearth for all Mankind."

AN OPPORTUNITY.

Our attitude toward newer ideals of peace has a good chance to express itself at this time in our plans for Christmas shopping. Earnest efforts are being put forth to do away with the overwork of store employes at Christmas time. Every person who can dispose of Christmas shopping by the end of the first week in December is rendering a distinct service. The Charity Organization Society and the Consumers League are making a widespread campaign to promote better conditions. Note the backward step recently taken by New York State as stated by Mrs. Florence Kelley:

"Since the last holiday season the need of voluntary effort to discourage eleventh-hour shopping has greatly increased. For the highest court in the State of New York has pronounced unconstitutional the statute which for twenty years had forbidden the employment in that state of boys under 18 years and of women after 10 o'clock at night in any factory. And a case, appealed from Oregon, is pending before the Supreme Court at Washington to determine the constitutionality of all such restrictions in all the states."

PORTRAITS OF TENNYSON.

Members of the "Tennyson" Class have doubtless been gathering up during these four years some memorabilia relating to Tennyson which may always be associated with their work as C. L. S. C. undergraduates. There are many phases of Tennyson's life and work which lend themselves to illustration. Among the most notable portraits of the poet are probably the three reproduced here. The painting by Samuel Laurence portrays Tennyson when he was nearly thirty years of age. His friend Fitzgerald said of it, "Very imperfect as Laurence's portrait is, it is nevertheless the best painted portrait I have seen; and certainly the only one of old days. 'Blubber-lip' I remember once Alfred called it; so it is; but still the only one of old days, and still the best of all, to my thinking." The portrait by the distinguished painter George F. Watts, who has given us so many memorable likenesses of England's great men, possesses a certain dreamy character which the genius of the painter perhaps perceived or threw over his subject quite unconsciously.

It is at all events in striking contrast to the photograph of Tennyson taken by Mrs. Julia Margaret Cameron, one of Tennyson's neighbors at Freshwater and a woman of remarkable artistic and social gifts. A little volume entitled "A Child's Recollections of Tennyson" by the daughter of Dean Bradley of Westminster, referred to in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* for March, 1907, pictures very graphically the life of Tennyson's household and his relations with his neighbors in the years of his residence on the Isle of Wight.

AN EMERSON CALENDAR.

When we think of Emerson we instinctively associate with his simple and charming personality, the intellectual qualification of "high thinking" and to some this has an ominous sound. We fear to explore a poet whose thoughts may prove beyond our grasp, and we miss the opportunity of being introduced to nature and life by so rare a master and interpreter as Emerson. Lest there be some Chautauquans who are lingering on the threshold of such an experience, we are hastening the process of introduction by an Emerson calendar for the opening weeks of the new year. Read and reread the poems assigned each for its own day. Mark the thoughts that appeal to you. Copy a couplet or two and let it sing to you in the pauses of the day's work. As the poet says of his own garden where he works day by day, "There's no rood has not a star above it."

- | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------|
| 1—Each and All. | 10—Threnody. |
| 2—The Rhodora. | 11—Threnody. |
| 3—The Humble Bee. | 12—Dirge. |
| 4—The Snow Storm. | 13—The Problem. |
| 5—The Concord Hymn. | 14—Forbearance. |
| 6—Ode—Concord 1857. | 15—The House |
| 7—Fable | 16—The World-Soul. |
| 8—To Ellen—At the South. | 17—The World-Soul. |
| 9—Threnody. | 18—Musketaquid. |

PLAYS ON AMERICAN SUBJECTS.

Some of the Circles whose members are interested in the dramatic rendering of works of literature have asked for plays suitable for an American year. Professor Burton

whose knowledge of the drama gives weight to his judgment recommends as American subjects which have been skillfully handled, "Alabama" by Augustus Thomas, "Giles Corey" by Mary E. Wilkins, and "Esmeralda" by Mrs. Burnett. "Arizona" by the author of "Alabama," "Barbara Frietchie" and "Nathan Hale" by Clyde Fitch and many of Howells' farces are all distinctively American subjects. Circles can hardly do better than to present some of the famous novelist's inimitable characters. (For prices address Chautauqua Press, Chautauqua, N. Y.)

THE STUDY OF LONGFELLOW.

The centenary of Longfellow observed last February brought out many expressions of opinion regarding his personal life and wide-spread influence. A very suggestive article by Bliss Perry in the *Atlantic* for March is well worth the careful consideration of Chautauqua readers who in this American Year are endeavoring while renewing their acquaintance with old favorites to get a larger and juster estimate of them. "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha" and "Miles Standish" are so familiar to many of us as scarcely to call for rereading. But how well do we know Longfellow's incomparable sonnets which as Mr. Perry says are "among the imperishable treasures of the English language," his "Chaucer," "Milton," "The Divine Commedia," "A Nameless Grave," "Felton," "Sumner," "Nature," "My Books," etc. What of those later descriptive poems, "The Hanging of the Crane," and "Keramos," with the fascination of its ever turning potter's wheel—a long look ahead at the ever recurring race problem:

"Turn, turn, my wheel! The human race,
Of every tongue, of every place,

* * * *

Are kindred and allied by birth
And made of the same clay."

We are indebted to him also for translations of many an old world poem. Heine and Uhland and Michael Angelo are but a few of the singers whom he has interpreted for us.

C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

*"We study the Word and the Works of God."
 "Let us Keep Our Heavenly Father in the Midst."
 "Never be Discouraged."*

C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

OPENING DAY—October 1.	SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.
BRYANT DAY—November 3.	INTERNATIONAL PEACE DAY—May 18.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—November, second Sunday.	SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.
MILTON DAY—December 9.	INAUGURATION DAY—August, first Saturday after first Tuesday.
COLLEGE DAY—January, last Thursday.	ST. PAUL'S DAY—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday.
LANIER DAY—February 3.	RECOGNITION DAY—August, third Wednesday.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.	
LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.	
SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.	
ADDISON DAY—May 1.	



OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING FOR JANUARY.

FIRST WEEK—JANUARY 1-7.

- In *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*: "As Others See Us." Chapter VII, The Mother Country as a Critic.
 In Required Book: "American Literature," Chapter III, National Era—General Aspects.

SECOND WEEK—JANUARY 7-14.

- In *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*: "As Others See Us," VIII. Change of Tone in Foreign Criticism.
 In the Required Book: "American Literature," Chapter IV, National Era—Poetry, Bryant to Whittier.

THIRD WEEK—JANUARY 14-21.

- In *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*: "American Painting," IV. Formative Influences.
 In the Required Book: "American Literature," Chapter IV. National Era—Poetry (Concluded).

FOURTH WEEK—JANUARY 21-28.

- In the Required Book: "American Literature," Chapter V. National Era—Prose Criticism (to page 239).



SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLES.

FIRST WEEK.

- Roll Call: Reports on illustrations from *Punch* in this number giving the historical episodes to which they refer.
 Review of "As Others See Us," Chapter 7.
 Reading: Selections from "The Anglo-American School of Polite Unlearning." *Atlantic Monthly*, September, 1907.
 Debate: Resolved, that misunderstanding and not race antipathy is the main cause of our difficulties with the immigrant.

Review of Chapter II in American Literature (See Chapter III in Miss Bates' appendix for suggestions). This review might be conducted by six persons, each of whom should work out his or her own idea of the best way of emphasizing the section assigned. In one case it might be by reviewing some typical book which expressed a particular aspect of the time. Or, again, by brief selections from various works belonging to the period or in the three historical sections Nos. I, III, and V by an analysis of some commanding personality of the period like Andrew Jackson. An interesting line to develop would be the part played by the Irish in our art and literature and politics; Poole's index would give many articles bearing on the subject and the titles of these alone would suggest the various influences exercised by this versatile people. Let the leaders in each case not attempt too much but try to bring some fresh point of view or some of the less familiar specimens of literature to the attention of the circle. Miss Bates gives quite a number of references from which to select.

SECOND WEEK.

Review of "As Others See Us," Chapter VIII.

Book Review: America Today. William Archer.

Roll Call: Quotations from Bryce's "American Commonwealth." One section of this work, "Social Institutions of the United States," was published for The Chautauqua Reading Course some years ago and will be found in many private and public libraries which have not the larger volumes; or Anecdotes from Longfellow's life. By consulting biographies of his contemporaries many such may be found. See recent selections from his letters in *Putnam's Magazine*

For the program on American Poets from Bryant to Whittier it might be better to specialize on one poet, possibly Longfellow in view of the recent centenary and of the fact that he is 1911's poet, trying to gain an understanding of his gifts, his limitations and his place in literature. See his life in the American Men of Letters Series by T. W. Higginson, and also the March, 1907, *Atlantic* for Thomas Bailey Aldrich's poem on Longfellow and a very delightful and discriminating article by Bliss Perry. The points brought out in this study would make a good basis for a Longfellow program. See also Howells' "Art of Longfellow," *North American*, 184:472-85, March, 1907; an account of the Longfellow celebration at Cambridge, *Nation*, 84:219-20, March 7, 1907; Longfellow's Conquest of England, *Outlook*, 85:355-9, February 16, 1907; Youth of Longfellow, *Independent*, 62:416-9, February 21, 1907. (See also paragraph in Round Table.)

THIRD WEEK.

Review of article on Agassiz in this number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN. Reading: Holmes' "A Farewell to Agassiz;" Longfellow's poem on Agassiz; Whittier's "The Prayer of Agassiz."

Roll Call: Quotations from Lowell's poem Agassiz (See The Library Shelf or Lowell's poems).

For the third week's study the circle might specialize upon Emerson's poetry. Emerson is probably less known to the aver-

age reader than any other New England poet, yet he had a great message. Read and reread his poems (see suggestions in the Round Table). Then let each member note some of the great thoughts which they suggest. Bring these to the Circle meetings and have them read and discussed; appoint one or two persons to select from lives of Emerson some of the passages which vividly portray his individuality. Let another member give some selections from the Carlyle-Emerson correspondence if this is accessible to the Circle.

Review and discussion of article on American Painting in this number of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*.

FOURTH WEEK.

- For this week's study three lines of work are open to circles. 1. Emerson and others of the transcendental group; 2. Holmes and his influence; 3. Lowell as poet, critic, and man of affairs.
- Miss Bates gives many suggestions for those who have library facilities. Circles without them will find pleasure in enlarging their acquaintance with Emerson's prose which one cannot know too well. In *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* for March, 1900, is a critical essay on Emerson's "Self Reliance" and this may be supplemented by short oral reports on the members of the Brook Farm group: Margaret Fuller, Alcott, George Ripley, etc. See a humorous magazine article entitled "The Newness" in *The Century*, 17:24, Nov., 1889; also the delightful "A Girl of Sixteen at Brook Farm" in *The Atlantic* 85-394 (1900).
- For Holmes a Circle cannot do better than to spend an evening with the genial "Autocrat." Assigning the "Autocrat" the "Poet" and "Professor" respectively, to each of three groups. Let each group prepare a brief program covering: 1. The character of the book; 2. Studies in the philosophy of the Autocrat or Poet or Professor; 3. Selections from the poems embodied in these works and the occasions which led to them. Some one might supplement these with reminiscences of Dr. Holmes. If the Autocrat Series is well known, studies of several of the author's novels could be made the basis of the evening's work.
- For Lowell, his "letters," always an unfailing index of an author's personality should be reviewed and selections read. Certain of his literary essays should be assigned to different members. Let these report on the general character of the essay, distinctive traits of the author as they appear in his comments, his humor, his nice distinctions, his use of language, his style, the range of his knowledge as shown by allusions, etc.



ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON DECEMBER READING.

1. Professor of psychology in Harvard University. He is the author of "Psychology and Life," "American Traits," "The Americans," "The Principles of Art Education," and various works in German.
2. He was sent by the French Government to study the penitentiary system in this country.
3. They are masterly descriptions of the life and aspects of foreign countries and cities, showing scholarly discrimination.
4. Novels portraying middle-

class life in Sweden. Several books of travel, including "Homes in the New World." In her later works, "Hertha," and others she embodies her opinions on philanthropy, religion and the equal rights of women. 5. As a captain in the British army he was serving on the St. Helena Station when Napoleon died. 6. Editor of the *North American Review* 1824-31; Professor of History at Harvard 1849-53; Founder and first editor of the *American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge* (1830-61). 7. A French novelist and critic born at Amiens in 1852. He has attracted much attention by his work in criticism and his novels in which he embodies much of the pessimism of his time with delicate and subtle art.

REVIEW QUESTIONS ON "AS OTHERS SEE US," CHAPTER VII "THE MOTHER COUNTRY AS A CRITIC."

1. What in general was the cause of America's ill feeling toward England after the war of 1812? 2. Illustrate the attitude of cultivated classes in England toward America at this time. 3. What were some of our own sins which justified this feeling? 4. Show how reaction in England expressed itself. 5. How was our democracy "an affront to Tory sentiment?" 6. What striking remark was made by John Morley concerning the effect upon England of our Civil War? 7. What two influences have brought about a favorable change in public opinion between the two countries?

CHAPTER VIII—"CHANGES OF TONE IN FOREIGN CRITICISM."

1. What in general is the form of criticism which England now makes of America? 2. What circumstances connected with the Civil War inspired respect for America in England? 3. What was Gladstone's tribute at this time? 4. How is the change of attitude shown in the kind of criticisms which were made after 1866? 5. Illustrate the necessity for a large point of view by the Englishman's comment upon our scenery. 6. What form does the discussion of the American "lack of leisure" take? 7. What do the English mean by their characterization of us as a "silent" people? 8. How far does this criticism apply to other nationalities? 9. How is the American voice accounted for? 10. What do later critics say of the American press reporter? 11. How do certain competent French and German critics estimate our attitude toward money? 12. What did Bryce say of the social influence of the millionaire in America? 13. What do these foreign comments indicate as to the new relation of the United States to other nations? 14. What surprising suggestions have been made as to Anglo-American fete-days?

REVIEW QUESTIONS ON AMERICAN PAINTING.

1. How did Gilbert Stuart's ideas about painting differ from those of his time? 2. What were some of the chief characteristics of his work? 3. What was Washington Allston's character? 4. What was his message to younger painters? 5. Who were some of the portrait painters of the period? 6. With what section of the country is Ezra Ames associated? 7. Who was William Sidney Mount? 8. What new fields did American painting enter upon at this time? 9. What was the work of John Trumbull? 10. Describe the circumstances under which his paint-

ings for the Capitol were undertaken. 11. Why are the original studies of these pictures important? 12. Why was W. M. Hunt an important factor in our forming art? 13. What were the three stages of his artistic activity?

SEARCH QUESTIONS ON "AS OTHERS SEE US."

1. Who was Chevalier? 2. Who are Madam Blanc and Paul Adam? 3. What were the reasons for the impeachment of Andrew Johnson? 4. For what writings is Walter Bagehot known? 5. How is the "imagination" of H. G. Wells shown in the books which he has written? 6. Who is de Amicis?

SEARCH QUESTIONS ON "AMERICAN PAINTING."

1. What artist painted a portrait of Queen Victoria, his daughter posing for the Queen? 2. What artist beginning as a clerk decorated the margins of his account books "until they resembled the old illuminated manuscripts?" 3. What portrait painter was told by his grandfather that he was swindling "to charge forty dollars for one of those effigies?" 4. What artist's book learning in early manhood consisted of the Bible and "Children of the Abbey?" 5. When was the "National Academy of Design" in New York City founded?



NEWS FROM READERS AND CIRCLES.

The large number of new delegates from the Class of 1911 made a distinct impression upon other members of the Round Table, as they gathered for the last meeting of the old year. "It's a case of 'Amalgamation and Assimilation,' as Mr. Commons would say," remarked a member of the Class of 1909 surveying the assemblage with interest. "I remember so well my experience as a new delegate only two years ago and already I feel like a veteran." Pendragon opened a copy of the March *Atlantic* which lay on the table. "You will all find it worth while," he said, "to read Bliss Perry's article on The Centenary of Longfellow. One phrase which he uses has come to me many times since I read it, and I think you will discover how it applies to our present situation. He says of Longfellow that 'he escorted the Muses to the banquet hall without stepping on their robes!' It will behoove us to see that there are no muses at our Round Table who fail to sing for lack of encouragement!"

"While you are referring to the *Atlantic*," remarked a Massachusetts member, "do let me urge you all to read 'The Anglo American School of Polite Unlearning' by Rev. Samuel McChord Crothers in the September number. For sparkling humor and keen thrusts of satire and genial good-will I don't know anything in recent literature that equals it. It's a description of an imaginary school for removing prejudices from English people about to visit

America! The methods adopted were unique. Do let me read you this bit. The principal of the school thus describes its methods to an American visitor:

"A great deal of our time is spent over the bare rudiments. You may have noticed as you came in, in the little class room to the left, a gentleman unwillingly engaged in studying a large wall map of Oklahoma. He is an Oxford man who makes his living writing for reviews. He lately expressed the intention of visiting America. His friends felt that he was not in a fit state, and advised him to take a short course in our school simply as a precautionary measure. You have no idea how hard it is for him to unlearn, he had learned everything so thoroughly. . . . We have found that the best way is to give him set tasks. We have dissected maps of Europe and America drawn to the same scale, and we make him put the map of Great Britain into the map of Texas and calculate the marginal area. Then we have memory work, having him from time to time repeat the length of the Missouri-Mississippi, and the number of vessels passing every year through the Detroit River. We set before him the latest railway map of the United States and ask him to tell at sight which railways belong to Hill and which to Harriman, and since when. When he asks what difference it makes, we rebuke his impertinence, and keep him after school."

Brief reports from many different sections of the country showed how the Circles were adding to their membership, working out suggestions and otherwise using their faculties to the utmost: "We have a strong circle this fall of thirty-two members," reported the delegate from the Outlook Circle of Mt. Vernon, New York. "It has taken us six years to bring the Circle to where it stands today in our community. But I like to think that the result will be worth while." "These Chautauquans," commented Pendragon, "have promised to give us an account of their visit to John Burroughs last summer and we hope to have it for the next meeting of the Round Table. The Edelweiss Circle in the same town publishes its president's interesting summary of the last year's work which you may like to look over. The members of the Circle were personally conducted through England by one of their number, Mr. Dale, a most capable and painstaking guide, and their quizzes and reviews and drills by competent teachers took the form of 'Wars of the Roses,' each member belonging to either York or Lancaster. The contest seems to have projected itself over into the new year as you will notice from this report of their first meeting in September:

"As in actual history, the Yorkists won, the greatest number of credits being accorded them for the work of the year. Last evening, however, the Lancastrians had all donned the beloved red rose again and announced a final effort to gain the royal standard

(a diminutive English flag had been the actual trophy of these battles). Red and white roses bearing slips, with written questions were distributed and in the resulting "quiz" the Reds actually did gain a victory, but it was followed by a reversal of the triumph in a supplementary "quiz" for which more roses, this time with mysterious hearts, were distributed. At the close of the contest the hearts of the roses were pulled out and proved to be imitation almonds, each of which contained a trifling memento of the modern "Wars of the Roses." "

Pendragon glanced through a sheaf of newspaper clippings which were handed him by a messenger. "More reports from new circles," he said. "They are just getting under way so there are few details except general facts of size, enthusiasm, etc. The territory covered, I see, reaches from Idaho eastward. We shall look for some original experiences from these new centers. By the way, this word from the Pierian Circle in the Stillwater prison should be read here. It shows how firmly entrenched that circle is. For seventeen years it has been a recognized feature of the educational work of that Institution yet it is a wholly voluntary organization. The secretary writes:

"In making a report of the proceedings of the Pierian Circle during the past half-year, perhaps the most striking feature has been the continual change in the membership. Only eight of the twenty-six who constitute the Circle at this time were members at the same time last year, while nine have become members during the last quarter. In spite of this unsettled condition, dependent as it is on the environment of our circle, regular fortnightly meetings have been held all through the summer, and fifty-two papers have been read, dealing with such varied subjects as the following titles, chosen at random, indicate: "The Life and Works of Henrik Ibsen," "Socialism," "An Excursion into Poetry," "The Chinese Herder," and "The Transportation Problem." "



"The Plus Ultra Circle of Jamestown, N. Y., a graduate circle," said Pendragon, "is specializing this year on the course in American Painting. You will enjoy seeing one of its early programs just received:

"Responsive Reading.

"Roll Call, current criticisms of American art.

"Arts and Sciences During the Colonial Period," Mrs. E. K. Pardee.

"Minute Text Study of Article on Early American Painting." In September CHAUTAUQUAN, pages 53-33; general discussion.

"What Subjects were Chosen by American Artists?" General discussion.

"Art Centers in and near Boston: Copley Square, Cambridge, Plymouth, Salem, Worcester, etc." Mrs. Adah Hatch.

"Natural Scenery of the United States." (a) "New England," Mrs. Anna Fairbank; (b) "Coast Line from Nova Scotia to Roanoke," Mrs. Emma Y. Bootey.

"'Jamestown, 1607-1907," Mrs. F. W. Palmeter.

"'Indian Tribes," Mrs. L. W. Fowler."

"While you are hearing from Jamestown," remarked a 1911 delegate, "may I report for our new circle? We organized at the Y. M. C. A. in October and make the fourth Circle in our city. The Stoddard and Melioro, the older Circles, started early with their work and with such enthusiastic neighbors we feel that we shall not lack encouragement."



"Will somebody tell me, please," ventured another member, "a good biographical dictionary which also gives the pronunciation of the names? Mr. Brooks refers to Bagehot and I haven't the least idea how to pronounce his name. I've asked several persons, most of them didn't know and those who thought they did pronounced it differently. I live in a small village with no library."

"The name which puzzles you," said Pendragon, "is pronounced Bâj-ot. Walter Bagehot was a very able English economist and writer. His essays upon distinguished men, Gladstone, etc., are of the invigorating sort that make one think. As to a dictionary, of course, the larger dictionaries like the Standard in two volumes, Webster's International, etc., contain supplements giving the pronunciation of proper names; but if your village has no library your circle can't do better than to club together and buy the Century Cyclopedia of Proper Names. Some day you may make this book the foundation of a town library. The Chautauqua Book Store, Chautauqua, N. Y., can give you styles and prices."

"At the beginning of the year," he continued, "let us remind ourselves of the educational value of word study. It enlarges not only our vocabulary but our contact with life for it opens new doors to us. Watch for unfamiliar words in your reading and in the daily papers. Can you define and pronounce and give the definition of say, dirigible, seismograph, threnody?"

"It reminds me," commented an Emerson enthusiast, "of what Lowell once said of Emerson. That in his judgment no man had a greater mastery of English. Perhaps I may read the passage, it is right here in Lowell's letters: 'Emerson's instinct for the best word was infallible. Wherever he found one he *froze* to it, as we say in our admirable vernacular. I have sometimes found that he added to his cabinet the *one* good word in a book he had read.'"

"We shall all admit," added Pendragon, "that there is a difference between storing our minds and exercising them. It's the square meal versus the gymnasium. Both are important. Now let me show you at this point what the course is doing for a member of the Class of 1910 in Missouri. I will read her letter:

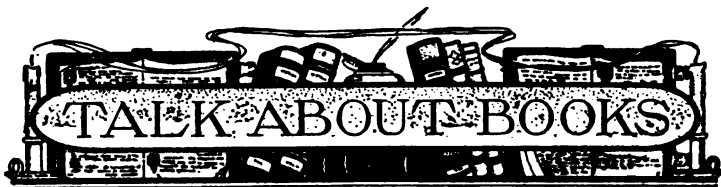
"I began the C. L. S. C. Reading Course with the English year. I cannot express in words how much it "lightened labor and brightened life" for me during the year. I think I will never again read at random. I am a busy mother and housekeeper and I scarcely knew at the beginning of the year how I would manage to keep up the course. But I did, and for the sake of other mothers I want to tell you how I managed: I am the mother of four young children and I never have a moment through the day that I can call my own; so I arise an hour before any other member of the family and in the quiet of the morning I have an hour for reading. This is all the time I get for that purpose; but it is at a time when my mind is clear and gives me a theme for thought during the secular toil of the day. I also managed to organize a Circle of five busy mothers. We didn't do much Circle work, but did some good reading at home. We live in a suburb of Kansas City and are entering the American year with great anticipations."

"As we haven't quite got away from last year yet may I tell of our closing meeting," said the delegate from Orange, New Jersey. "It proved a delightful occasion for we were honored by having with us Rev. H. C. Stone, who gave us an instructive talk on the English government. Mr. Stone is a graduate of Oxford and possesses a keen knowledge of English affairs in general, and his observations were most valuable to the student of English political and social life. We had a number of invited guests for we made the occasion a sort of seed sowing for our new year's membership. You shall hear later of our progress with American topics."

The delegate from Clark, South Dakota, gave at this point a picturesque account of her town up in the Northwest country. "We got so much more out of last year's work than the one before," she said. "My home is over my husband's place of business. It is cozy and far better adapted to our needs than when our circle was larger and we had to meet in a hall. I must tell you that we had never, any of us, studied Shakespeare's plays, thinking them beyond us, but we were surprised at what we got out of them and were so interested that we worked in an extra one, 'Twelfth Night.' We hope other plays will come when we take up our next English year."

"It's an epoch in anybody's life to make Shakespeare's acquaintance," said Pendragon, "and I am sure this inspiring message from the land of the Dakotas makes us realize that just ahead of each one of us there is always some door ready to swing open when the right time comes. You remember Longfellow's 'Agassiz:'

"And whenever the way seemed long
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvellous tale."



"America Today," by Mr. William Archer (Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.25), belongs to that new school of British criticism of which Mr. Bryce is a shining example. Whether it be Mr. Archer's Scotch birthplace or his cosmopolitan London training that gives him his liberal and sympathetic outlook one need not attempt to decide. Such a writer exerts a distinctly wholesome influence upon the country which he subjects to his scrutiny. In pointing out certain aspects of America which deserve commendation he shows such insight into their real bearing upon the life of the country, that we are awakened to a new sense of their value. On the other hand, his open-minded and frank attempts to appreciate certain other phases of our civilization give one a deeper feeling of responsibility for conditions which need looking into. The first half of the book is a series of ten letters recording a very keenly observant traveler's experiences. They are delightful reading and at once put us *en rapport* with our critic. Then we turn to the "reflections" which follow with such confidence in his ability to see us steadily that his analysis of our national possibilities is an experience to be remembered. In the first group of chapters he discusses "North and South." The broad judgment which he displays in discussing the fundamental issues involved is suggested in the sentence: "The United States of America, let us say, is a rehearsal for the United States of Europe, nay, of the world." The chapters on "Republic and Empire" reveal the impression which we make upon an enlightened Englishman who may be taken as typical of the best thought of his nation. They are chapters worthy of much reflection. His discussions of the American language and literature are pervaded with such kindly humor and just appreciation that his occasional home thrusts prove just the sort of tonic that one ought to get from such an author. Altogether "America Today," though written ten years ago, is essentially modern in its tone, a book for Americans who want to get a larger and juster view of themselves.

POLAND, THE KNIGHT AMONG NATIONS. By Louis E. Van Norman. Introduction by Helena Modjeska. Pp. 360. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.

"While my own dear France was the missionary of civiliza-

tion," said Victor Hugo, "Poland was its Knight." She defended Europe against the barbarism of the non-Christian East for centuries. What she received in return has been division, practical denationalization—"one of the crimes of the ages." The Poles dream of and agitate the world over for the establishment as a national and political entity of what is now divided among Russia, Austria, and Germany. The author suggests that dismembered Poland presents much more of a problem than independent Poland possibly could today by reason of revolutionary propaganda and that she becomes the national intermediary between the East and West on that account.

Readers of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* will recall Mr. Van Norman's article "On the Threshold of Russia" in the "Reading Journey Through Russia," the substance of which appears in pages of this volume.

The book is entertainingly written and will appeal to the sympathies of liberty loving Americans while rendering a service in grouping information concerning notable contributions of Poland to world-civilization. The chapter on "The Poles in America"—numbering nearly three millions—is interesting supplementary reading for the current Chautauqua year.

WALT WHITMAN. By Bliss Perry. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1907. Price \$1.50.

Out of the mass of contentions and conflict, comment and criticism on Walt Whitman, this book by Mr. Perry is welcome for its simple lucidity and for its lack of inclination to quibble over any unessential points. Mr. Perry spends no time discussing the eccentricities of the poet, or even his vital offences against social conduct. These are interesting, but not to the point in a literary discussion. As to Whitman's form, however, the book contributes interestingly and convincingly a chapter which demonstrates that he was a master of a kind of versification which he chose to adopt, and this in spite of the fact that as a young man he had shown ability to write in the conventional way. The essential points in the poet's career as they affect his authorship are elaborated with sympathy and clearness, and the book, as a whole, in spite of the frenzied protest of the conservative group who feel that a bad man should be condemned for his virtues as well as his vices, is a distinct contribution to American literary biography.

MEXICO AND HER PEOPLE OF TODAY. By N. O. Winter. Pp. VII-405. Boston: L. C. Page and Company.

A collection of intrinsically interesting data and of personal observations by an American with his eyes open to developments as well as lack of developments in Mexico, particularly from an

industrial standpoint. It is the author's desire that this record of travel and reading as well shall aid in a better mutual understanding and furtherance of the progressive movement in Mexico. Mexican customs, habits, amusements, history, antiquities and resources are reviewed, and fifty full pages of original illustrations by the author and C. R. Birt are a striking feature of the attractively bound and printed volume. "Nearly all lines of commerce and industry are in the hands of foreigners," he says. "The Germans monopolize the hardware trade; the French conduct all the dry goods stores; the Spaniards are the country's grocers; and the Americans and English control the railroad, electric and mining industries. All these interests center in the City of Mexico."

"The same method (of courting a woman) pursued in the United States would either result in a man being sent to the lunatic asylum as suffering from a 'brain storm' or to the workhouse." "Mexico lagged behind so long that she has had quite a distance to go, and it will be a long while before she can entirely catch up with the head of the procession." "Today I do not believe that any country is more free from graft in high places than our southern neighbor."

FROM GREYNA GREEN TO LAND'S END. A Literary Journey in England. By Katharine Lee Bates. Pp. 380. 5¼x8½. Cloth, \$2, net. Postage, 20 cents extra. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co.

Under this title appears in extremely attractive book form an expanded edition of the "Reading Journey in English Counties" which Miss Bates contributed to THE CHAUTAUQUAN during the past year. The book has a cover of red and gold; it contains 25 full page original photographs, and the volume is unusually well printed. To readers of this magazine no comment on the character of the text will be necessary. This travel series emphasized the literary associations of the western counties of England concerning which the author was exceptionally qualified to speak. To the specialist in English literature and the tourist or imaginary traveler who would know literary things worth while seeing in England and why, the book becomes both companion and interpreter.

GETTING THERE. WHERE? AND HOW? Sketches from "The Life Class," by Ninguno Santo. Pp. 56. 5x7. 30 cents. Philadelphia: The Nunc Licet Press.

This book has a curiously effective appeal. It is journalistic rather than literary, as the title indicates; but it arrests attention, and, in short, gets there. To many, young and old, the sketches must prove suggestive for everybody living on a higher plane. It belongs to the wholesome nugget class of gift booklets.

BOY WANTED. By Nixon Waterman. 106 pp. \$1.25. Chicago: Forbes & Co. 1906.

"Boy Wanted" is the title of a practical and inspiring volume of cheerful counsel written by Nixon Waterman. The *Boston Globe* says, "To have such a wholesome book on hand where the whole family can get at it is a wise provision on the part of any home-maker." The book abounds in stimulating advice, dealing with such live subjects as "Opportunity," "The Value of Spare Moments," "Cheerfulness," "Dreaming and Doing," "Real Success," etc., and is heartily commended to all young people.

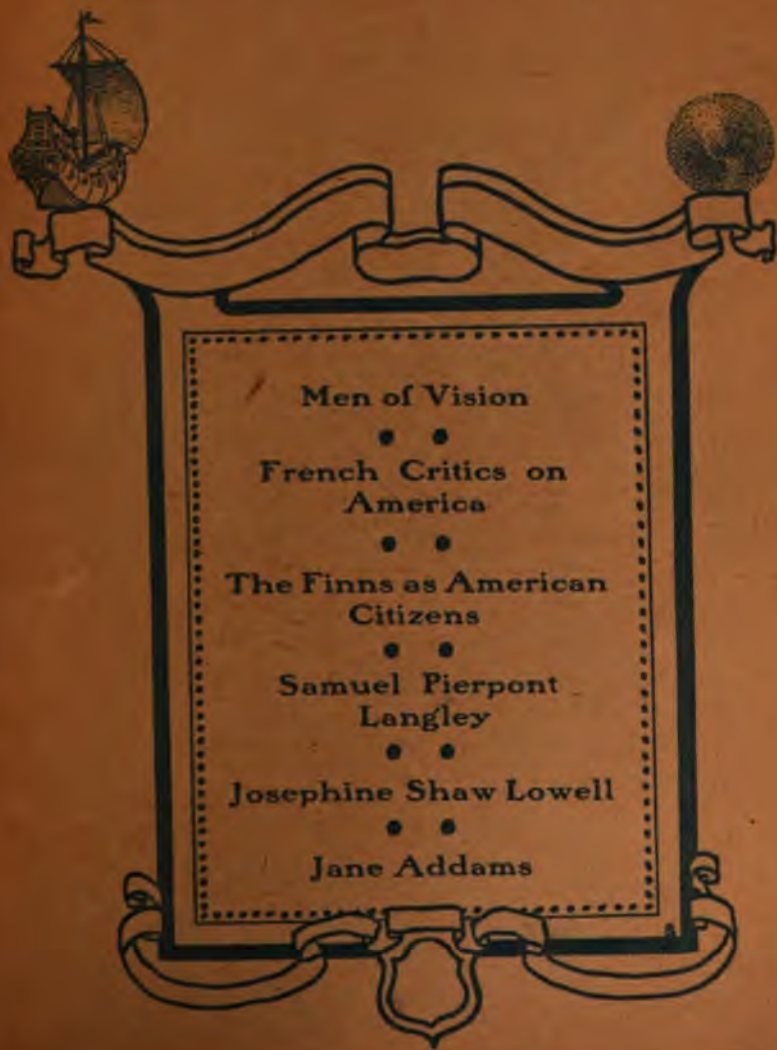
THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN PAINTING. By Samuel Isham. Pp. 573, 133 illustrations. (History of American Art edited by John C. Van Dyke.) Macmillan & Company. \$5.00 net.

The author of this volume has shown how skilfully so large a subject may be handled in comparatively small compass and still leave with the reader a clear impression of details. In the case of each distinct development of the art of this country he has so emphasized the historic background that the life of the times stands out vividly and the artist and his work naturally becomes part of this historic whole. Sometimes the result is accomplished by skilful description and again by treating the biography of the artist so fully and picturesquely that one realizes from his experiences in what social atmosphere he moved. This is especially true in the case of the earlier articles where the events are more remote from us and where the dangers of merely cataloging achievements would be greater. Another important feature of the book is the attention given to the founding of the great art organizations of this country, the National Academy of Design, and others. The dependence of American Art upon that of Europe, English, German, French, etc., is traced with so sympathetic an appreciation of the reader's point of view that the significant aspects of this development stand out clearly in spite of the overlapping of counter influences due to the comparatively short space of time in which our national growth in painting has run its course. An entire chapter is devoted to men like LaFarge and Whistler whose influence it is manifestly important for the reader to understand. The treatment of the work of modern artists is attended with evident difficulties but the historian has avoided the temptation to attempt completeness, which would be a futile task, and has indicated the tendencies in our own day as illustrated by the work of different groups of individuals. Throughout he has aimed to make clear how the differences in technique of different men or schools may be noted. The book

is thus a valuable guide to the student who has access to any of our great picture galleries. The abundant illustrations though of necessity lacking the one great essential of any painting, its color, help to familiarize the reader with the subject and stimulate his desire to make the acquaintance of the original works.



THE CHAUTAUQUAN



THE CHAUTAUQUAN

THE MAGAZINE OF SYSTEM IN READING

CONTENTS FOR JANUARY, 1908

COVER DESIGN

Samuel Pierpont Langley	Frontispiece
Highways and Byways.....	167
The Panic of 1907. Candidates and Issues. Corporate Policy and Legislation. The Navy in the Pacific. The Advance of Prohibition. Note and Comment.	
Men of Vision : The Need of Them in America	Charles D. Williams 170
As Others See Us	John Graham Brooks 184
IX. Higher Criticism. X. Other French Visitors. XI. Democracy and Manners.	
Some Great American Scientists.....	William F. Magie 237
V. Samuel Pierpont Langley.	
Greeting from President King	246
The Finns as American Citizens.....	W. Frank McClure 247
The Vesper Hour.....	Chancellor John H. Vincent 255
Jane Addams	259
Josephine Shaw Lowell.....	265
Library Shelf.....	268
C. L. S. C. Round Table	Conducted by Kate F. Kimball 276
Talk About Books.....	296

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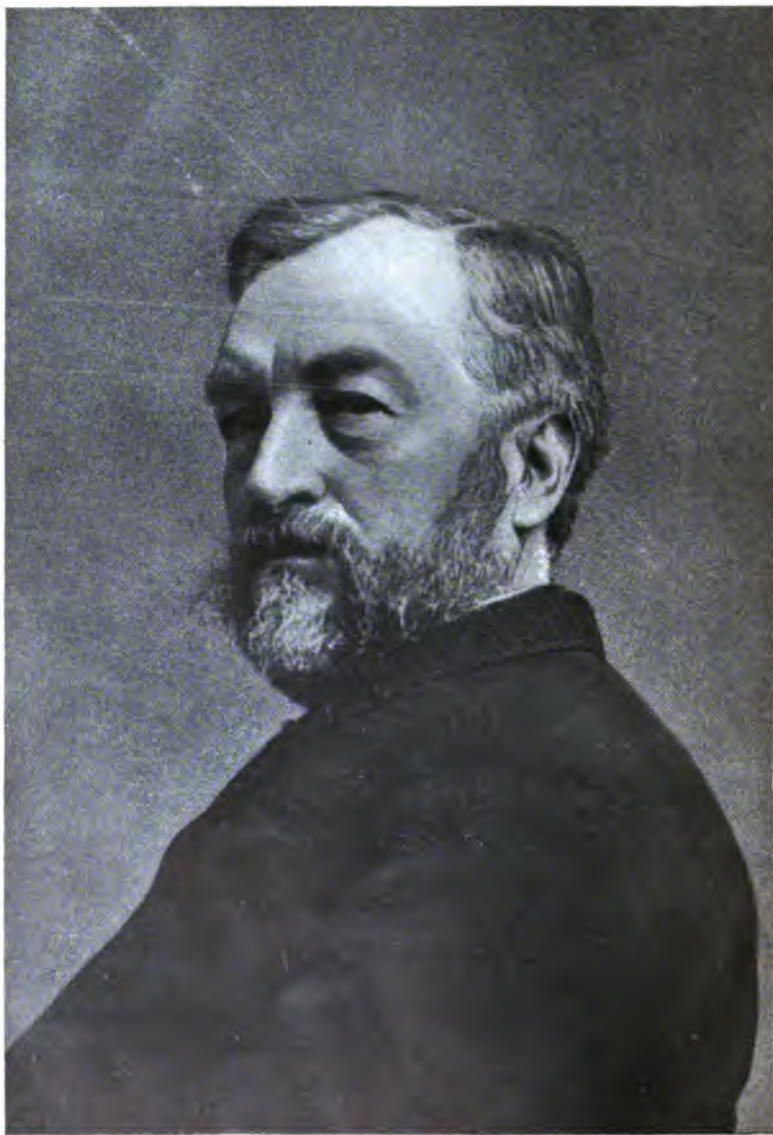
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The late Samuel Pierpont Langley, celebrated Physicist and Experimenter in Aerial Navigation. At the Time of His Death, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution

(See "Samuel Pierpont Langley," by Prof. William Magic.)

THE CHAUTAUQUAN

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JANUARY, 1908.

No. 2



FOR over a year sober-minded financiers have been predicting a "recession" in business and urging conservatism in banking and in the promotion of new enterprises. All agreed that the "pace" in speculation and business had been too rapid, that too much capital was being converted into fixed forms, too many extensions and improvements were being made in the hope of increased demands for goods, and that too much money was being advanced on securities—stocks and bonds—of corporations of the loose sort. But few were prepared for the collapse and the currency famine which overwhelmed Wall Street, New York, and the country in general during the last days of October, and the effects of which continued to be felt for weeks. Sensational declines in stock values, suspensions of several banks and trust companies, suspension of specie payments in certain cities, the use of Clearing House certificates in all the leading cities for the purpose of settling bank balances without the use of gold, the issue of checks by the same institutions to facilitate business and the payment of wages, complaints that currency was being hoarded, a premium on paper money—these were among the phenomena that quickly followed. Many were seriously alarmed and thought a period of depression and hard times had been ushered in, and the discharge of workmen by railroads and construction companies seemed to confirm that pessimistic view.

But the majority of bankers, business men and editors felt that no industrial reaction need be feared, and that the

financial and industrial conditions in the country were fundamentally altogether sound. The crops were satisfactory, the export trade had shown an increase, the supply of currency was adequate for all actual needs, the banks were solvent—in short, there was nothing in the facts to warrant a panic. All that was necessary, in the opinion of these observers, was common sense on the part of the bank depositors, investors, and the general public.

The government fully shared this view, and from all sides efforts followed to bring about the desired restoration of confidence. The government first increased its deposits in the national banks. Then it invited additional issues of notes by the banks and made certain concessions to them to encourage that relief measure. Private men of wealth also poured millions into the New York money market to check the panic. Finally, the government announced a \$50,000,000 issue of Panama Canal bonds—such an issue having been contemplated, and Congress having provided for this method of obtaining money for the construction of the great waterway—and Treasury notes or certificates of indebtedness, paying 3 per cent. interest, to run for a year, to an amount not exceeding \$100,000,000.

The need of the last "heroic" measures was questioned by some bankers, who thought the situation was gradually improving without further intervention, but it was recognized that their "moral" effect could not fail to be beneficial. They showed the confidence of the government in the soundness of the financial system as a whole and they tended to reassure the distrustful, who were disposed to hoard and withdraw money from circulation. The great essential was confidence, and the Treasury's action was eminently calculated to restore it.

Yet the readjustment of all industry and commerce must take place if normal and healthy activity is to continue and we are to escape disaster. All admit that there has been too much speculation, too much extravagance on the part

of public bodies and private citizens, too great an advance in prices of necessities, too much risk and inflation. While some opponents of President Roosevelt believe or affect to believe that his policies and proposals were responsible for the panic, the weight of intelligent opinion is that feverish promotion, monopolistic oppression of the consumers, unsound banking, and corporate recklessness and dishonesty were the real and inevitable causes of the flurry. This view clearly suggests that hard times can be avoided only through the practice of the old-fashioned virtues of honesty and prudence in the business life of the country.



Candidates and Issues

As the result of President Roosevelt's southwestern speechmaking tour, bringing as it did reiteration of his determination to enforce the laws against rich and poor alike, to continue the campaign for railroad and corporation reform, and to secure fair play and equal opportunity for all under established principles, the "third-term" sentiment is giving strong evidence of a revival. All other "booms" and candidacies are at a standstill, practically, and on every side we hear predictions of an enthusiastic and unanimous nomination of Mr. Roosevelt by the next Republican convention. In the event of such a nomination, it is argued, it would be simply impossible for the President to adhere to his pledge against another term.

At the same time some of Mr. Roosevelt's supporters say that, if anything can induce him to change his position and accept another nomination, it is not the enthusiastic and faithful devotion of his friends, or the demand of the rank and file of his party, but rather the persistent scheming of the reactionaries against his policies. We have been told that the reactionaries will concentrate their strength on Speaker Cannon or on Senator Foraker of Ohio, who has placed himself in the field as a candidate, and will, for the sake of expediency, give the vice-presidency to Gov. Hughes.

fraud and crookedness that are as startling as anything disclosed by former "muck-raking," so-called. The commission undertook to investigate the New York traction situation solely for the purpose of obtaining information that might serve as a basis for proper action in its line of duty. It at once encountered evidence of "high finance," juggling, dishonest book-keeping and looting of stockholders' money. The multiplication of securities representing nothing but the ability to oppress passengers and deceive investors, the combinations and mergers of the last several years, have involved the surface lines in financial difficulties and insolvency, and if there was any doubt as to the causes of this collapse, the inquiry of the public service commission has removed it. Inflation, "yellow-dog" payments, bribery of politicians and other influential persons, attempts to manufacture public opinion and work up opposition to rivals, plunder of all kinds—these are the things which have brought about the present situation. Criminal and civil proceedings are talked of as likely by-products of the inquiry, though the commission itself will only seek to improve the transportation facilities and insure publicity and honesty in the management and in the book-keeping of the traction companies.

It is fortunate that New York has enacted a strong act for the regulation of common carriers and public service corporations—an act under which fraud, the looting of treasuries, the inflation of securities and the maltreatment of the public will be impossible in the future. But New Jersey has failed to enact a proposed similar law, owing to the lobbying of corporate attorneys, and in other States the question is not even as far advanced as in New Jersey. It is a serious question whether the holders of stocks and bonds and the patrons of the privileged corporations will wait patiently for the action of the many State legislatures. Such revelations as the New York commission has given the people breed unrest, suspicion, and hostility to all cor-

porate enterprise. They shake the confidence of investors in our securities, especially in Europe, and tend to undermine prosperity. Nothing is more vital and essential to national progress than the "peopleizing of corporations," the enforcement of honest standards and full publicity in their management and financiering.

There are differences of opinion as to the desirability of federal incorporation and federal regulation of all railroads and corporations doing business in more than one state, but there can be none as to the necessity of such effective regulation, by some competent power, as shall make investments secure against deliberate fraud and limit the opportunities of gamblers and frenzied financiers. The negligence of the States, the apathy of financial interests, the disposition of some of these interests to assail and misrepresent the efforts of President Roosevelt along the lines of needed reform, cannot fail to strengthen the popular demand for drastic and sweeping federal measures.



The Navy in the Pacific

Speculation is still rife abroad concerning the real object of the cruise of the American battleship fleet to the Pacific coast. Why, it is asked, is the American navy going to the Pacific? What is the real meaning of this remarkable expedition?

It was first spoken of months ago, when, as readers are aware, we had a "Japanese question" on our hands and when there were persistent and alarming reports of possible trouble over the San Francisco exclusion of Japanese from white schools. Official denials of the most positive character were given to these reports, but newspapers all over the world affected to believe that these denials were insincere and "Pickwickian." The theory that found most credence was that the United States wished to overawe, or, at least, impress Japan, by a display of great force in the Pacific, so as to silence her jingoes and aggressive poli-

ticians. This theory is still current, and so important an organ of European opinion as the London *Times* says that, if the cruise is not intended as a menace or warning to Japan, then it is regrettable as an unwise move, since foreign opinion has misconstrued it and will inevitably continue to misconstrue it, and a great power should reckon with the opinions and apprehensions of the world. Other foreign newspapers have been even more severe and emphatic in their comments on the projected cruise.

President Roosevelt took occasion in one of his speeches on his southwestern tour to set all such disturbing speculation at rest by reminding the world that "California, Oregon, and Washington have a coast line which is our coast line, just as emphatically as the coast line of New York and Maine, of Louisiana and Texas," and that our fleet is going from "home waters to home waters," so that there is no occasion for excitement or dread. As to the purpose of the cruise, Mr. Roosevelt said this:

"The best place for a naval officer to learn his duties is at sea, by performing them; and only by actually putting through a voyage of this nature, a voyage longer than any ever before undertaken by as large a fleet of any nation, can we find out just exactly what is necessary for us to know as to our naval needs and practice our officers and enlisted men in the highest duties of their profession."

In spite of these assurances, however, even certain American newspapers, especially papers that are opposed to the trust and corporate policies of the administration, continued to assert that the project was a most dangerous and reckless one, and that it might involve us in serious mischief. One New York organ actually warned the people that the transfer of the navy "meant war with Japan," not perhaps in the sense that our government wants or expects war, but in the sense that our navy once being in the Pacific, complications and collisions are inevitable and war the fatal outcome of them.

However, such talk is now discredited by the people and by the majority of the newspapers and public men,

the cruise being regarded as nothing more than a magnificent practice expedition. Whatever originally suggested it, today no one here seriously apprehends an international difficulty by reason of it. Even Japan discourages alarmist speculation concerning the cruise.



The Advance of Prohibition

No feature of the November election was more striking or significant than the sweeping victory of the Prohibition forces. It was not a local victory, but a national one. The gains were as great in Illinois and other Northern States as they were in the South. Wherever county, township or other forms of local option prevail, the voters have taken advantage of their opportunities and have greatly restricted the liquor area. The following little table illustrates the steady progress of the anti-liquor movement in the country, as it gives the numbers and percentages of persons in prohibition territory at various periods:

	Number	Pct.		Number	Pct.
1870	3,500,000	9	1900	18,355,000	25
1880	7,100,000	14	1907	40,000,000	50
1890	11,300,000	18			

In the South, it has been said, the strong drift toward prohibition is the result of the observed effects of drink on the lower elements of the colored population. The exclusion of the saloon there is considered a measure of protection, a necessary safeguard of order, safety, and elementary morality. In the North, of course, the anti-liquor vote indicates a deliberate determination to promote temperance and eliminate the evils associated with the saloon.

The Prohibition movement is no longer "political" in the narrow sense of the term. Republicans, Democrats, Populists, and Independents vote against saloons and the manufacture of intoxicants on moral and social grounds, and the issue is generally presented on its own merits, without reference to parties, candidates, and differences on other questions. It is the referendum and autonomy that have so greatly helped the cause of prohibition.

The leaders of the movement are confident that the new campaign, the new forces and the new methods will before long bring about national prohibition. One of the most telling arguments made for such prohibition is that in spite of the recent advances of the movement under local option and state laws the drink bill of the country is still appalling and the number of saloons immense.

The victories of the Prohibitionists, organized and unorganized, have given pause to the better-informed and open-minded friends of the license system, and even to the saloon interests themselves. The comments of the abler organs of the liquor trade are interested. The facts are frankly recognized, and the moral drawn from them is as follows; to quote a typical utterance:

"We believe that our business should be so regulated by legislation that those few dealers who by a persistent violation of the law contrive to bring upon our business odium and criticism may be denied the privilege of further continuing in the business.

"We believe that the dealer who violates the law is the greatest menace to the welfare of our business and the most serious obstacle to its establishment on a plane merited by the general character of the great majority of those engaged therein.

"We believe that the burden is upon those engaged in the industry so to purge it of its attendant evils that it will no longer be subject to the attacks and criticism of those who are seeking to uplift its moral tone."



Note and Comment

GERMANS IN THE UNITED STATES.

The *Literary Digest* for November 2, 1907, translates portions of an article which appeared in the *Koelnische Zeitung*, a German organ which is supposed to contain articles inspired by the German government. The theme of the article is the importance and influence of the German immigrants to the United States and their patriotic love for the mother country, Germany. The article includes the following hopeful remarks which will doubtless cause some surprise even among the German Americans themselves, whose love for the mother country we take to be based on sentiment rather than upon admiration for its political organization:

"In a country like America, where the nations are flung into a common crucible, that people will eventually be predominant which knows how to preserve its original race characteristics. Any day may bring Germanism in America into the peril from which School Commissioner Guggenheimer delivered it by providing that his native language should be taught in the public schools. May there never be wanting a man like him to maintain for his countrymen the weight and influence which their numbers and importance should command. There was never a time more favorable than the present for the proclamation, from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, of Germany as the model and pattern to be copied by the American Republic."

Contrast with this, two quotations from a recent article by James F. Muirhead in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Muirhead quotes from two famous German visitors, Professor Lamprecht and Ludwig Fulda:

"One naturally turns with interest to what this distinguished German [Professor Lamprecht] has to say about his own countrymen in America. Like Professor Münsterberg, we find him somewhat discouraged at their position; and his frank criticism has given no little offense to the Germans in Europe. He asserts that the American German soon forgets his nationality, that he shows little skill in adapting himself to his new conditions, that politically he is a factor of little importance in his adopted country (Carl Schurz being a rare exception), and that he shines only as a thrifty farmer or as a useful member of an orchestra. The childishly pleased frequenters of such banal places of entertainment as the beer-gardens of Milwaukee are hardly fitted, writes Professor Lamprecht, for success in the intellectual competition of America. He notes how easily they change their language, though he leaves it to Professor Münsterberg to make further and subtler observation that it is Americanisch, and not English, for which they so willingly renounce their native tongue. In fine, any influence that Germanism exercises upon America comes not from the German settlers but from the scholars and teachers still in the Fatherland itself."

And again:

"His [Ludwig Fulda's] treatment of the German-American is somewhat gentler than that of Professor Lamprecht; but he also has to confess that his countrymen in the United States can hardly be said to have taken a place corresponding to their numbers, and he recognizes that the German element can look forward to no independent future. He notes that the children of German settlers actually acquire the German language through the medium of English; and he is naturally horrified to find his kinsmen using such barbarous Anglo-German as 'ich gleich es' for 'I like it,' and 'ich habe einen kalten gefangen' for 'I have caught cold.' He is philosophically resigned to the fact that the German-American would fight for the Stars and Stripes even against the Prussian Eagle, and finds it all right that a man should stick to the country of his adoption just as a man should champion his wife against his blood relations."


REAL LIFE IN THE AMERICAN NOVEL.

Of all the arts practised in this country that of the novelist comes nearest to expressing the national spirit. In making this assertion, the writer, who signs himself a "staff reviewer," of the *New York Times*, point out that his reference is chiefly to "the material facts and conditions of American life," for "of spiritual aspiration," he declares, "art of any sort finds very little in this country to put into enduring form." Of these material facts, then, that which strikes the writer as the most remarkable and interesting is the exposition of "the wide variety of American life in both locality and condition." The activity of fiction-writers in this respect is thus exhibited:

"Every year one notes the bringing forward of new localities and new conditions, and every year one finds also in the novelists a keener eye for the artistic features and the dramatic possibilities of the material with which they deal. The North, the South, the East, the Middle West, the plains, the mountains, the desert, the Pacific Coast, the Alaskan regions, the island possessions, the city, the country, the growing town, the village—there is hardly a corner but has furnished the scene of some novel. The same is true of the different classes. There are stories about life in cities from the depths of poverty to the luxuries of millionairessdom; about life among the workers in mines and in manufactories—their homes, their problems, and their strikes; about the women, the farmers, the townspeople of New England, the West, the South; about political and financial schemes; about soldiers and sailors and authors and burglars and teachers and hoboos and artists and lawyers and day laborers and preachers and merchants. And apparently all sorts of these novels are read with pleasure by pretty nearly all sorts of men and women. Surely they must make for a people more closely knitted together, for the keeping down of class lines and antagonisms, for a better and more sympathetic understanding between different sections and different interests."

One outcome of this close touch with actual life that our novelists exhibit, the writer discerns, is a tendency among the more recent "to take up the theme of race amalgamation." The importance of this theme for the novelist is seen when present conditions of life lead this writer to surmise that in future centuries "the chief claim of the United States to historical interest will be the vast experiment which we are making in the amalgamation of all the races of the earth." Then there is pointed out "the growing appreciation among newer novel-writers of that spirit of equality which is the soul of our national existence." Rather frequently of late do we find stories founded upon "this basic feeling of human worth and human equality, which is to uncounted thousands of our people as much a part of life as the air they breathe." Proceeding in his analysis the writer notes an "apparent unconsciousness" on the part of authors of the presence of this element in their

work. Its frequency, indeed, contrasts strikingly with the rarity of this characteristic in older work. When it did appear, we read, "it was lugged in so conspicuously and intentionally and treated with such self-consciousness that the result belied the reality and had the effect of caricature." Another point made is that the "problem" novel has left off concerning itself with sex relations, and is occupied with economics.—*The Literary Digest*.




When Hunt, the artist, returned to Boston after his years of residence abroad he was often discouraged by the lack of appreciation of the fine arts which prevailed in this country. On one occasion a sculptor friend in Paris who had executed some fine bronzes asked Hunt if it would be worth while to exhibit them in Boston, his reply was, "By all means show your things in Boston. If there are not more than three persons here who will enjoy them, you should send them. These three need to see them. As for selling, that you need not expect. But, if you can get up a lecture on the shape of the dishes used by the Greeks in which to mix plaster, you will have plenty of chances to deliver it; that subject being at this moment, of surpassing importance in this city."

When Turner's "Slave Ship" was first shown in America, Hunt was asked what he thought of it, and did he think it was worth ten thousand dollars.

"Well," replied Hunt, "I see a good many ten thousands lying around, but only one 'Slave Ship.'"

President John Quincy Adams once asserted he "would not give fifty cents for all the works of Phidias or Praxiteles;" adding, that he "hoped that America would not think of sculpture for two centuries to come." On hearing of this, Hunt dryly inquired:

"Does that sum of money really represent Mr. Adams' estimate of the sculpture of those artists, or the value which he placed upon fifty cents?"



Chautauquans, students of the immigration problem will be interested to read in "Poland, a Knight Among Nations" (see Talk about Books for Decēber), some of the statistics which show the extent to which Polish immigrants have become a part of our national life. That there are in Chicago alone 250,000 Poles, and in American universities and colleges, in 1905, 535 sons of Polish mine workers are facts sufficient in themselves to stimulate interest in the subject of Polish immigration.

Men of Vision: The Need of Them in America

By Charles D. Williams

Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Michigan.

Prov. 29:18. "Where there is no vision, the people perish."

[This timely note of prophesy and warning was sounded by Bishop Williams in a sermon delivered last summer at Chautauqua, New York. The message is as true now as then and is one which should reach a wider audience than could be addressed by the fugitive spoken word. The sermon has, therefore, been reprinted and in the exact form of the original. In these times, when our country is about to enter into a great era of reconstruction, a time of turmoil and doubt, the wise counsel here given may, it is hoped, be of aid to many.—THE EDITOR.]

THE Revised Version renders our text, "Where there is no vision, the people cast off restraint." That is they lose respect for authority, regard for law and order. A literal translation would make it, "Where there is no vision, the people are unbound." That is they become "dissolute" in the original sense of the word, without any coherent unity. Perhaps a free rendering which should express both ideas would be this, "Where there is no vision, the people become a mob."

There is a doctrinaire philosophy, much in vogue among us, which declares practically that a democracy has little or no need of leaders. It wants public servants only. "*Vox populi, vox Dei.*" The people have an unerring instinct for the right and the true. And all that is required of those who happen to be set in the front ranks is to "keep their ears to the ground," listen for the indications of the popular will and then do its bidding without variation or hesitation, follow the crowd, go with the popular current. So

will the people guide themselves to the goal of ideal democracy.

But, as I read history and human experience, nowhere is there such need for leadership as in a democracy. Mark the word: I say leadership, not mere authority. Blind obedience to a sovereign will is the characteristic of despotism though that will may be wise and the despotism beneficent. The intelligent following of intelligent leadership is the essential note of a true democracy. I believe with all my heart that the popular mind has an instinct for the right and the true. But that instinct is often dumb. It needs a voice to utter it distinctly and definitely that men may hear and recognize its validity. And that voice belongs to them who think more clearly and accurately than the average man; who form positive convictions upon tested and trustworthy principles. That instinct is often blind. It needs vision to guide it aright. And that vision belongs to the men of discernment, of insight and foresight, who occupy higher standpoints than the crowd and who consequently see farther and wider than they.

Given such leadership, democracy is safe. For the popular mind and conscience will, in the long run, respond to it. How often in a great crisis it needs but the clear utterance of a true principle or the bold uplifting of a definite and noble ideal in speech or action by some virile personality to win the enthusiastic allegiance of the people. They recognize instantly the thing they have been long dumbly feeling and blindly groping after themselves. Like a super-saturated liquid, the heart of the masses often holds unconsciously in solution an abundance of true sentiment which needs but the right touch to crystallize into definite principles of action.

Yes, democracy imperatively needs leadership. And to such leadership perhaps some of you who sit before me are called; called by the Providence of God as expressed in the very facts of your life, the sphere and position in which you found yourself at birth; and

called again by the equipment which you have received for such a task and responsibility. The educated man is supposed to stand well to the front in whatever sphere he occupies. The test of his personal and social worth and also of the value and efficiency of his education lies in the answer which his life shall give to this question: Shall he be merely pushed along on his course by the pressure of circumstances or the blind instincts of the crowd behind him? Or shall he clearly discern and intelligently choose his goals and ideals and lead those who will follow him toward their attainment? And that will depend upon whether or not he has acquired and developed the qualities and faculties of leadership.

What qualifies a man for leadership? Not goodness and piety merely, but something else that is at once more intellectual, more spiritual, more verile. Let us see what it is. The ancient Hebrews had two names for their leaders in social development and ethical progress, in state and Church. They called them PROPHETS or SEERS.

The prophet was not the mere predictor or fore-teller of future events as he has popularly been esteemed. He was rather the "forthteller," the spokesman, the interpreter. He uttered the principles and convictions which he had grasped or rather which had grasped him. He set forth in public speech and action the truth wherewith he had been inspired or, as the Quaker phrase puts it, the truth that "had been borne in upon him," in his moments of exaltation and solitary communion with God. But that gift of inspiration was not the monopoly of the prophet. Indeed it was only in the degree that the same gift was shared by the people that his message was of avail. It was only as the popular conscience was sensitized by the same Spirit which inspired the prophet that his message found response. It was only as the same truths had already been "borne in upon" the popular mind that the prophet found either hearers or followers. In many a humble heart the same great convictions and principles had long lain latent in

vague and incoherent forms, dormant and dumb; until at last one clear voice gave them utterance; and then many a hearing soul rose up with new joy, and claimed them for its own, saying "There is what I have long felt dimly but I have never been able to put into words for myself. There is the truth, the ideal I have long groped after blindly but now I behold it in all its beauty. In Thy light, O prophet, I see light. In Thy voice I hear the command of my own conscience. Lead on and I follow." That is the test of every true leader and master of men; he utters plainly what others feel dimly. He interprets men to themselves and so interprets God to them. For he articulates for them the voice of God which has long spoken perhaps incoherently in their own conscience and experience. That was the function of the prophet in Israel; and that is the function of the leader in a true democracy.

And the gift that qualifies for such leadership is the gift of vision.

We read in the first book of Samuel, "he that is now called prophet was beforetime called seer." That is the true order of development, first vision, then utterance; first the seer and then the prophet. And so our text sums up all the faculties and qualifications of leadership in that one great world vision; "where there is no vision, the people are a mob." They wander like sheep without a shepherd. "For if the blind lead the blind, shall they not both fall into the ditch?"

Yes, we need men of vision for our leaders.

But who or what are men of vision?

They are not *visionaries*. There are plenty such who offer themselves as guides on every side. But they can lead to disaster only. The visionary,—we all know him: the half-baked, ill-trained enthusiast or fanatic; short-sighted, narrow-visioned, seeing only through the squint-hole of his pre-conceived theory; without the patience or ability to investigate the facts as they are, he invents his facts as they should be according to his fancy; he builds his lit-

tle system with a blind, relentless, and mechanical logic upon a few hard and fast premises which perhaps have their origin solely in his own imagination; if the facts do not agree therewith, so much the worse for the facts. Upon this air-castle he places all his hopes for himself and mankind until the great flood of stern realities sweeps it remorselessly away and leaves him homeless and houseless, without even a *locus standi*. He who runs after him follows a will-of-the-wisp which can lead only into the slough of despond.

No, the true leader is not the visionary but the seer, the man of vision. What is vision? The word used in our text is a wonderfully rich and profound word. It is constantly used by the prophets, but it is often abused and misunderstood by their readers and therefore needs defining. (In my attempt at a definition I shall follow the suggestions of a great scholar and exegete, himself a prophet and seer, Dr. George Adam Smith.) The word vision does not express any magical display before the eyes of the prophet of the very words which he was to speak to the people, or any communication to his thoughts by dream or ecstasy. They are higher qualities which this great word connotes. There is, first of all, the power of forming an ideal, of seeing and describing a thing in the fulfillment of the promise and potency that are in it. But there are also two other powers of inward vision included in the word to which we give the names of "insight" and "intuition,"—insight into human character, intuition of Divine principles,—clear knowledge of what man is and how God WILL act,—a keen discrimination in human affairs and an unreasoned conviction of moral truth and the Divine will. The original verb "to see" in the Hebrew from which the noun is derived means to "cleave, to split;" then *to see into*, to see *through*, to get down beneath the surface of things and discern their real nature. Perhaps penetrativeness is the best word to describe this power, the keenness of the man who will not be deceived by an outward show that he delights

to hold up to scorn, but who has a conscience for the inner worth of things and for their future consequences. To lay stress upon this moral meaning of the prophet's vision is not to grudge or diminish but to emphasize its inspiration by God; because God's spirit acts and can act only upon and through the best and highest human faculties. Of that inspiration the true prophet of every age is always assured; it is God's spirit that enables him to see thus keenly; for he sees things keenly, not only as men count moral keenness, namely as shrewdness, but as God himself sees them, in their value in His sight and in their attractiveness for His love and pity. He shares the vision of Him "who looks not on the outward appearance but searches the hearts of men." It is this vision of the Almighty Searcher and Judge, burning through man's pretence, with which the prophet feels himself endowed. These then are the three powers which constitute prophetic vision; first the power of forming an ideal; second the power to penetrate men's hearts as God Himself penetrates them, and constantly, without squint or blur, to see right from wrong in their eternal difference; and third the intuition of God's will, the perception of what line he will take in any given set of circumstances. High-sight or the perception of the ideal—insight or discernment, discrimination; foresight or the understanding of the promise and potency of things and the lines of consequence; and to these may be added far and wide sight, the comprehension of a broad field of facts—these are the elements of vision. This was the "vision" of the prophet of old. And this also is the vision of the true leader of men today.

Can this power of vision be acquired? In a sense it cannot. It is one of those gifts which the "Spirit divideth to every man severally as He wills." Like the poet, the true seer "is born and not made." The great elements of vision are largely the products of an original and immediate Divine inspiration which comes not at our bidding nor can be harnessed to our will. They are inbreathed into men's souls

by that mysterious Spirit which, like the wind, "bloweth where it listeth; thou hearest the sound thereof but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth."

But yet we believe that that Spirit breathes upon every heart of man and each receives according to his capacity. The Spirit broods over the chaos of the densest and most confused soul. Consequently every man has in him the roots and rudiments of these divine gifts. And it is the business, the one supreme business of true education to evoke and develop those gifts. That is the final and crucial test of the value, the worth, the efficiency of any education. That is the meaning of the word. The purpose of Education is to "educate" to lead out, marshal, train and make efficient the original and inherent powers and faculties which God hath implanted in the man at birth. The fatal fault of a good deal of our so-called education is that it does not "educate." It suppresses far more than it educates. It chokes out and smothers many of the Divinest and noblest instincts and faculties of the natural man. It simply pours into the mind a quantity of alleged facts and informations, true or false, conventions and traditions of accepted theory and knowledge, and then rams the whole mass down like an asphalt or concrete pavement, until neither trees, flowers nor even grass can find chance to grow. The original and Divine faculties and instincts of the man are utterly overlaid and suppressed. But true education is the hand-maid of the Lord. She is the Divine gardener. She plucks up by the roots "every plant that is not of His planting," the weeds of error and ignorance; but she carefully nurtures and cultivates all that is of His sowing until the man's whole being becomes as "the garden of Eden which the Lord planted and not man." Such an education will develop the faculty of forming ideals; it will train the mind in the habits of clear, keen, accurate, and patient thinking; it will put a finer point upon the penetrativeness of natural discernment and discrimination; and above all it will sensi-

tize at the same time that it clarifies and corrects the natural conscience. In a word it will produce men of vision.

And ah, how we need such men in every sphere and plane of our common life today. For the multitudes wander like blind men groping for the King's highway, though it be so plain that "the way-faring man, though a fool, need not err therein!"

We need them in business, these men of vision. Every true American must hang his head in shame over the exposures of our recent investigations in the commercial world. Ruthless greed, downright lying, cunning craft, rank dishonesty, these come dangerously near being the characteristic and typical American sins. They are so regarded in Europe. Our national emblem—according to the Continental caricaturist—should not be the keen-eyed eagle but a composite animal made up of a hog and a fox. The towering figures in our financial world seem sometimes like artificial Frankensteins, mere money-making machines in the form of men, without heart or conscience; or if they have conscience they are of the disintegrated or dual sort, keen sometimes to the point of subtlety as to technical pieties and artificial properties, but utterly callous, if not dead, as to the first principles of common honesty and justice. For the squint of commercialism appears to have divided, if it has not blinded their moral vision.

We need educated men, in the truest sense of that word "educated," who will go into the commercial life of today, as into a high and holy calling; men with a new ideal of trade; who will see in it, not merely a means for the aggrandizement of the individual, feeding and fattening him with luxuries and setting him apart from his fellows upon a throne of tyrannous dominion over them; but a God-given mission and ministry of social service, a part of God's great scheme for a redeemed universe, a divine order of human society; men of clear and keen insight who will get at the heart of the great realities that underlie this superficial business of buying and selling; who will discern the true rela-

tions of men and things; who will see that material wealth has value or meaning only as it builds up human wealth or well-being, and individual wealth only as it ministers to the common weal; that men were not meant to be the slaves of things but that things were meant to be the instruments and tools of men; who will "put gold where it belongs, where it is in the new Jerusalem, a shining pavement beneath the feet upon which the higher uses of life may move smoothly to and fro on their errands of human service, instead of beating it out into a firmament until it hides the sun, moon, and stars, ay, and the very face of God Himself;" above all men of clear and sensitive conscience which shall never blur the simple and eternal distinctions of right and wrong.

We need men of vision in politics; and, thank God, we are getting some there. There is no higher or holier calling to which a young man of noble ideals, keen discernment, trained mind and sensitive conscience, can give himself today than politics. I will not except even the ministry. The ancient Greeks called their rulers and legislators "shepherds of the people;" alas, that too many such are today, in Milton's pregnant phrase, "blind mouths," mere hands to grasp and maws to swallow. And so "the hungry sheep look up and are not fed, but swollen with dew and the rank mist they draw;" and the multitude follow after blind guides that can lead them only to folly and destruction. We need today as never before politicians with a sense of statecraft, men of far and wide vision, with broad and sure grasp upon the history of human experience; men of penetration who can see alike through the pretence of the cheap commercial patriotism of the market-place and the speciousness of quack remedies for existing evils; men who can see the end from the beginning, the inevitable outcome of every course and policy; above all, men of incorruptible honesty and sensitive honor.

"God give us men; times like these demand

Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands.
Men whom the lust of office does not kill,

Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy,
Men who possess opinions and a will,
Men who have honor, men who will not lie,
Men who can stand before the demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking,
Tall men, sun-crowned who live above the mists
In public duty and in private thinking.
For while the rabble with their thumb-worn creeds
Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo, freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land and waiting justice sleeps.")

We need men of vision also in our educational world. There has been great progress of a certain sort in the art of education of recent years. The methods and machinery of knowledge have been vastly bettered. The technique has been wonderfully improved. But it is a question whether the human product has been correspondingly bettered and improved, whether the educated man of today is any stronger-minded, clearer-headed, farther-visioned, higher-souled than his forbears who were trained under the older and more defective methods of attaining mere knowledge; whether he has more insight, foresight, above all, more conscience. In fact I sometimes fear that we have been so absorbed in our technique, our machinery of knowledge that we have largely forgotten the man in our devotion to things. We have to a great degree eliminated the human from our educational processes, as we have the humanities from our college courses. Our great universities are becoming mere technical training schools. They produce skilled craftsmen rather than cultured men. We are so cluttered with details that we have lost vision of principles, so absorbed in jelly-fish and amoeba that we have forgotten men. We cannot see the forest for the trees. We study sources with such diligence that we are absolutely sure of every minutest fact we set down in our histories, whether George Washington smoked a clay-pipe or a briar-wood; but I doubt whether we know as much of the human heart as garrulous old Herodotus or gossipy old Pepys. Still less do we discern the lessons of human experience or the broad sweep of the tides of human events than a Thucydides, a Tacitus or a Gibbon. We accumulate

accurate statistics in great immeasurable heaps in our economic investigations like masses of stone, bricks, and timber. But we seem to have lost the architectonic ability to build them into any noble and coherent temple of political and economic science. We cannot discern the basal principles that underlie all human society. Send out a modern investigator to examine the Cathedral of Amiens and he will bring you back an exhaustive report in which you shall find a geometrical diagram of every stone in the building and a chemical analysis of the mortar and cement in which it is set; but he will not have seen the Cathedral at all; while Ruskin in his "Bible of Amiens" tells you nothing about the material and yet sets before your soul's sight a glowing vision of its sublime architecture and its symbolic meaning.

Yes, we need men of vision for our educators who shall see that in the realm of knowledge as well as in the realm of commerce THINGS were meant for MEN and not MEN for THINGS; that the really educated man is not simply the man who KNOWS *accurately but who sees clearly and largely*; that the true end and purpose of the whole process is not simply to turn out efficient human machines, creatures with full heads and skilled hands, but *men* in the full sense of the word; men with seeing eyes, men of high souls, strong minds, keen conscience, tender hearts, and mighty wills; men who will see true ideals from afar and follow them patiently to the utter end by sure paths.

And above all we need men of vision in the Church today, both in the pulpit and the pew. Never, I am convinced, did the Christian Church face a more serious crisis than that she faces today. Never was she in greater danger. And that danger, it seems to me, is chiefly from within. Her worst foes are "they of her own household." Her mission and her future are jeopardized most seriously by her most blatant champions, the self-constituted guardians of her faith and order on the one side, and the shallow sciolists of a new philosophy and science on the other. Both parties

seem to have identified the very essence of the Christian religion with certain transitory and ever-changing forms of ecclesiastical machinery and theological dogma on the one hand or with certain passing modes and fashions of philosophical thinking on the other. To these non-essentials the practical mind of today is supremely indifferent. And because religion has been so persistently and insistently identified with one or the other of them by its advocates, the common people and often the thinking people are drifting away from the Church. They are esteemed to be indifferent to religion largely because they are indifferent to this or that misinterpretation of religion put upon it by its professional advocates and official representatives. And meantime, while the champions are engaged in clamorously defending these insignificant outposts, the philosophical and practical materialism of the day is creeping into the citadel and taking away from the people their faith, their Gospel, their Christ, and their God. We are like foolish children around the hearth-stone of our ancestral home. We cannot agree upon our scientific theories as to the origin and nature of the fire that burns there. Some insist upon an elemental or atomic theory received by tradition from our ancestors, "the faith once delivered to the saints." Others insist upon a modern theory of wave-motions. And until we can agree absolutely on our theory of fire, we cannot allow each other to use the fire for warmth or light or cooking our meals; we cannot even sit together by our hearth-stone in mutual harmony and brotherly love as members of the same family in our Father's house. We even drive some of our brethren out-of-doors into the cold and dark. And we also, saddest to say, shut out the multitudes who really long to come in and share our fire-side with us.

If the Christian Church fails to pass this crisis successfully or even safely, it will be for lack of leadership, for want of men like the children of Issacher of old, "who had understanding of the times to know what Israel ought to do,"—in a word, for want of men of vision.

We need such men in the ministry today, ah, how we need them; men of discrimination and discernment who can penetrate beneath the superficial accidents of our religion and see clearly its essence, its heart and soul; men who realize that religion, particularly Christianity, is not essentially a philosophy, a theology, a dogma, a creed, nor yet a cult, an institution, a system of ritual worship or Church government or philanthropic work; but that it is primarily a profound and persistent inward experience, the great experience of the saints in all the ages, the life of God in the soul of man, the fellowship of the human spirit with the Spirit of God in Christ Jesus; an experience which issues always in two essential outward manifestations or expressions, personal character and human service. This essential process of experience throws off by-products of creed and dogma, theology and philosophy, varying with the times and peoples to whom it would interpret itself, speaking always to "each of his own tongue wherein he was born." It works through ever-changing machinery. It clothes itself in cults and institutions, forms of worship and forms of administration, adopting the garb of each age and generation to which it ministers. But it remains in soul and essence ever the same; this is really "the faith once for all delivered to the saints," namely the communion of the soul with God in Christ Jesus, uttering itself outwardly in character and service.

When we have in our ministry enough men of sufficient vision to see this clearly and courage to preach it boldly and yet lovingly, we shall have such a revival of religion as the world has never seen. For while the multitudes may be indifferent to our false accents and mis-translations of religion, they are often heart-hungry, yea, starving for the essential Gospel of Jesus Christ.

These are some of the calls for men of vision which resound in our ears on every side today. The need for them pleads in every walk of life, high and low; the world wants prophets and seers, men and women having, in St. Paul's

splendid and pregnant phrase "the eyes of their understanding enlightened;" who in this murk of materialism behold ever clearly the heavenly vision of the Christian ideal and are not disobedient unto it; men and women of spiritual penetration who get at the heart of eternal realities beneath the surface of specious appearances; above all, men and women of sensitive conscience and keen discrimination who never blink or blur the subtlest shades of right and wrong and who have the courage to stand by their convictions "though an host be set against them." For such moral and spiritual leaders the world waits today. And there are two institutions happily combined here in Chautauqua to which we look naturally for the training and inspiration of such leaders; those two are the Church and the School. God grant that in this critical time of need they may fulfill their Divine mission and raise up, particularly among our young men and women, in every plane and vocation of life, a new generation of seers and prophets. "For where there is no vision, the people perish."





A Century of Foreign Criticism on The United States---A Study of Progress.*

IX. Higher Criticism.

By John Graham Brooks

JOHAN STUART MILL called de Tocqueville's "Democracy" "the first philosophical book ever written on democracy as it manifests itself in modern society."† Until 1888, no book at all comparable to it had been written. It was said that every thinking man in Europe had to read it, in order to avoid the constant confession that he had *not* read it. Alexis de Tocqueville, though the son of a peer of France, took his stand as a youth of twenty-five, for the French Revolution of 1830. At the close of his school studies, he made a long tour in Italy and Sicily where he worked at politics and institutions with "incredible pains," to use his own words. On his return, he was given, for a lad of twenty-one, an important position (juge auditeur). Po-

†He also says it is the first analytic inquiry into the influence of democracy.

*Mr. Brooks' series of articles will appear monthly from September to May. The September articles were: I. "The Problem Opened;" II. "Concerning Our Critics." October: III. "Who is the American?" IV. "Our Talent for Bragging." November: V. "Some Other Peculiarities;" VI. "American Sensitiveness." December: VII. "The Mother Country as a Critic;" VIII. "Change in the Tone of Foreign Criticism."

litical and social studies were from this time his pursuit. With no man can we less connect the work cranky or flighty. Only when he became convinced that Charles X, either could not or would not understand constitutional freedom did he yield to the Revolution of 1830. His moral and intellectual struggles at this period determined his career. He had become convinced that the permanent defeat of democracy was impossible. How then could he better equip himself for service to his country than go at once to America? He had already discovered the most competent man in this country, the historian, Jared Sparks, to guide him in his first studies of the town meeting. He reached New York in 1831, spending a year in travel and incessant study. He rose in France to be Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1849, receiving, for his moral courage, the honor of imprisonment at the hands of Louis Napoleon on the second of December, 1851.

It is better to put down first the critical word about these volumes. There is so much eloquence, so much elevation of tone, so much sympathy with every ideal aim of democracy, that one has to be a little on the defensive. For present usefulness, de Tocqueville does not equal some later authors who are far his inferiors. Even he came with a bias. He brought an ideal of political society with him. He had committed himself heart and hand to the constitutional hopes under Louis Philippe. He wanted evidence. He wished to show that the people could govern themselves. He had heard that this self-government resting in the town meeting was triumphant in the United States.

With the vision of what he wanted, he came to prepare for his great book. There is a little line in his Introduction which tells all there is to tell about his bias, "*J'avoue que dans l'Amerique, j'ai vu plus que l'Amerique*"—"I grant that in America I saw more than was there." But more than this seeking of evidence that he was eager to find, was his intellectual habit of dealing with large political abstractions. These never leave him quite free to follow the humbler in-

dications of the facts before him. It was the method of his time. Even the hard-headed Chevalier cannot get his book under way, without imposing inferences drawn from all corners of the antique world. The two races supposed to flow from Japhet and Shem are essential to a true understanding of democracy in America, as are the Roman Empire, China, and Japan. We now know that two generations ago these august and sounding analogies, if applied to modern conditions, served chiefly to conceal the facts or to muddle and bewilder our relation to the facts. Even at the present time, it is only here and there that a scholar is wise enough to flourish those ancient societies before us without enveloping the audience in a general haze. I heard the president of an eastern college once say, "When we are discussing these modern political problems, if anyone raises Greece and Rome, I always vote to adjourn." Mr. Dooley is of the same mind: "Whiniver I go to a pollytical meetin', an' th' laad with th' open-wurruk face mentions Rome or Athens, I grab for me hat. I know he's not goin' to say anything that ought to keep me out iv bed."

This was so the usage of de Tocqueville's time that, although very temperate, he cannot wholly avoid the temptation. Too frequently these classical analogies are a substitute for good argument. But this is only a part of de Tocqueville's real weakness. He has a delight in working out large formulas about liberty, equality, democracy, and public opinion. These become in his mind "principles," as they indeed are, but he gets them *too soon* and *too easily*. Above all, he gives them shape before the facts quite justify him. He is so tenacious of these principles, that he inclines to rule out facts or not see them, if they disturb his general position. His generalization often seems to drive him off his natural course, as when he conjures up his groups of little political factions, or sees the steady decrease of the Federal Power.

He was led by his formula to fix upon us as a democracy, certain matter-of-fact habits of mind which were pre-

cisely as true of England as of us. He wanted to endow the democratic mind with great capacity for *action*, but not for thought and reflection. We produced, forsooth, "no inventors." This cunning was not in the democratic mind. Very remarkable achievements were already at hand before a printed line of de Tocqueville had reached this country. Again, equality so reacts upon us, that as a democracy, we will not "recognize our faults." What government does? Are aristocracies eager to confess them? No one today could conceive of this disinclination to "recognize our faults" as in the least peculiar to democracies. Yet, as Newman said of some book, that "it was always open to criticism and always *above* criticism," so one must say of this master's study of democracy.

It would be unjust not to admit that his abstract method gives him in other ways and for other phases of his problem both strength and insight. A hand to mouth policy, cheap expediences and the dogmatism of common sense are such ever present weaknesses in democracy, that we should greet the more cordially a type of man to whom large principles have some sacredness.

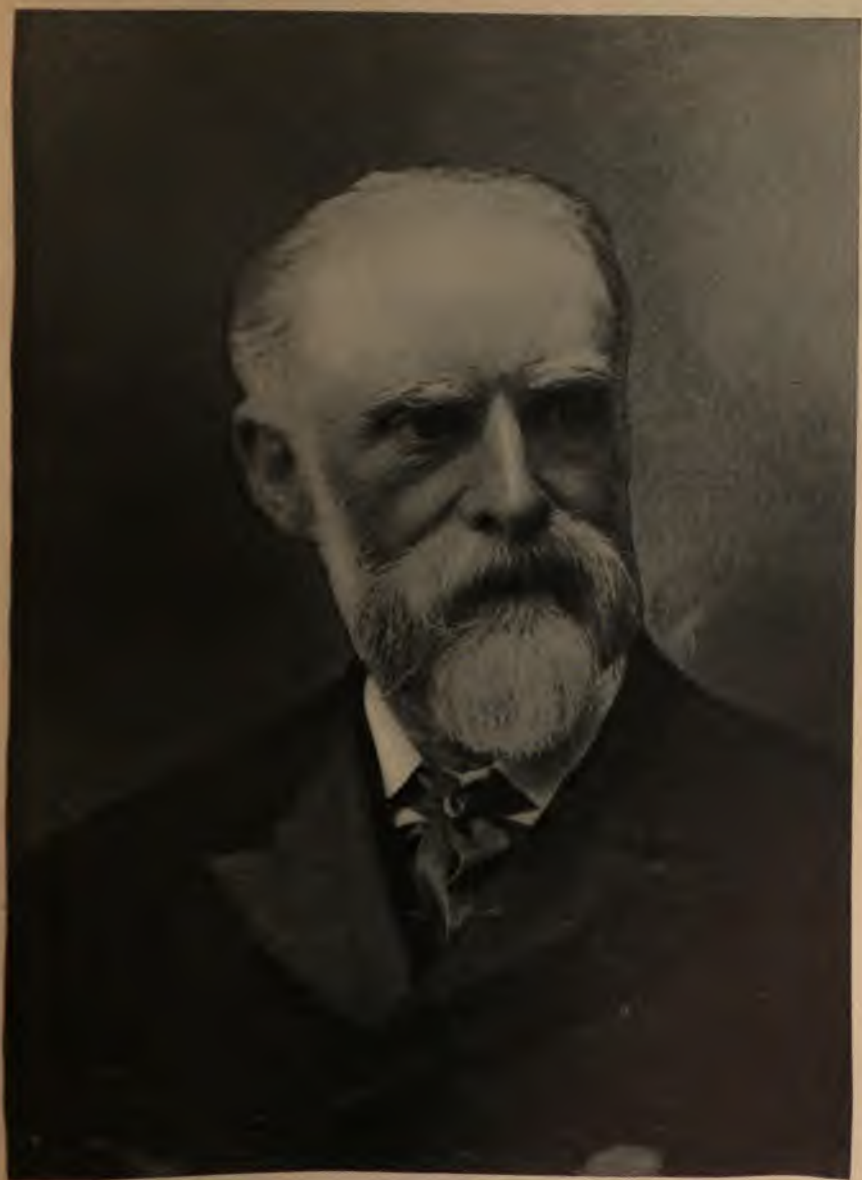
De Tocqueville did not merely think in principles, but he acted upon them in his political career. He possessed those high and rare distinctions in a politician, *convictions*, and human sympathy without cant. It is because these were thought out and lived out, that his "Democracy in America" has for us such priceless value. As we follow his pages, we see present turmoil as through mists, but the mists are radiant and the light of a great hope shoots through them. Critics have said that democracy was conceived of by de Tocqueville as a fatality; that it was bearing down upon us with forces so irresistible that argument and effort for or against it were alike futile. Few careful readers will draw this conclusion. Democracy is not to de Tocqueville necessarily a good. If it prove a good, it will be so only because citizens do their part in directing the forces that make for equality. Democracy will bear fruit, sweet

or sour, according to the soil of character in which it grows. In this conception, there is indeed "destiny," but it is the destiny of character. Democracy rises or falls as men put into it their best or their worst.

As a qualification for really enlightening national criticism, I have laid great stress on a capacity for common human sympathy. At least imaginatively, de Tocqueville had this at a very early age and it deepens in him, as a result of his social studies. He conceived a kind of horror for the way in which aristocratic classes had governed the masses. He came to believe that the gradual softening of manners was due largely to a growing social equality. He says, "When the chroniclers of the Middle Ages, who all belonged to the aristocracy by birth or education, relate the tragical end of a Noble, their grief flows apace; whereas they tell you at a breath, and without wincing, of massacres and torture inflicted on the common sort of people.* To bring this vividly before us, he quotes a letter as late in his country's history as the time of Madame de Sevigné. This brilliant and kindly woman is writing to her daughter of what she had herself looked upon. After a few affectionate pleasantries, she asks her daughter,

"Do you wish to hear the news from Rennes? A tax of a hundred thousand crowns has been imposed upon the citizens; and if this sum is not produced within four and twenty hours, it is to be doubled and collected by the soldiers. They have cleared the houses and sent away the occupants of one of the great streets, and forbidden anybody to receive them on pain of death; so that the poor wretches—old men, women near their confinement, and children included—may be seen wandering round and crying on their departure from this city, without knowing where to go, and without food or a place to lie in. Day before yesterday, a fiddler was broken on the wheel for getting up a dance and stealing some stamped paper. He was quartered after death, and his limbs exposed at the four corners of the city. Sixty citizens have been thrown into prison, and the business of punishing them is to begin tomorrow. This province sets a fine example to the others, teaching

*"Democracy in America," Vol II, p. 301.



James Bryce, British Ambassador to the United States, Author of
"The American Commonwealth"



Henry James, Celebrated American Novelist, long resident in England, Author of recent Critical Volume, "The American Scene"



**H. G. Wells, English Scientist and Novelist, Author of "The Future
in America"**



"Max O'Rell" (M. Blouet), Celebrated French Writer and Lecturer, Author of "Jonathan and His Continent," etc.



Hugo Münsterberg, Professor of Psychology in Harvard University and Author of "The Americans," and "American Traits"



Paul Adam, French Novelist, Author of "Vues d'Amerique"



Mr. William Archer, English Dramatic Critic, Author of "America Today"



Paul Bourget, French Novelist, Author of "Outre Mer"

them above all things to respect their governors and not to throw any more stones into their garden.”*

She then, as if passing to really important matters, tells of the visit of Madam de Tarente, the preparations for her coming, the lunch and festivities. Between the descriptions of the gaities in a later letter, she adds incidentally that they were at that moment “less jaded with capital punishments, only one a week, just to keep up appearances.” “Hanging,” she says, “seems to me quite a cooling entertainment.”

De Tocqueville selects this famous lady because she was notably a kind person, neither “selfish nor cruel;” yet because of the caste system of which she was a part, she “had no clear notion of suffering in any one who was not a person of quality.”

As he comes to this country, one of his first impressions of the Americans is that “they are extremely open to compassion,”† as shown among other examples in their administration of justice.

That the equalizing of social conditions under republican institutions is the one hope for the humanizing of the world, is the conviction of this converted aristocrat.

“When all the ranks of a community are nearly equal, as all men think and feel in nearly the same manner, each of them may judge in a moment of the sensations of all the others;—there is no wretchedness into which he cannot readily enter, and a secret instinct reveals to him its extent. . . . Something like a personal feeling is mingled with his pity and makes him suffer whilst the body of his fellow creature is in pain.”

What these qualities may at last do for the race in really civilizing them into a great brotherhood, is a dream that works powerfully upon the imagination of this great publicist. His book is not to be appreciated—neither its faults nor virtues—apart from this conception.

*“Democracy in America,” Vol. II, p. 201.

†Several foreigners note this kindness to animals as if it were new in their experience.

"The more I advanced in the study of American society, the more I perceived that the equality of conditions is the fundamental fact from which all others seem to be derived and the central point at which all my observations constantly terminated."

To think of de Tocqueville and to criticize him as if he were strictly the scientific investigator is to miss his highest quality. To think of him as instinctively the *artist* using his imagination to create a model of democratic relationship among men, is to see him as he is. His one sustained passion is for freedom, which he calls the "*sainte et légitime passion de l'homme*." He writes to Mr. Reeve, "*Je n'ai qu'une passion, l'amour de la liberté et de la dignité humaine*." It is this which keeps him from being a good "party man." It was this which made him fear that one of our own great dangers was the possible tyranny of party majorities. It was this which gave him a prophetic insight into the essential dangers of slavery. And here we touch one of those larger issues which is lighted up by seeing it through a great principle. That a house divided against itself could not stand was a principle with Abraham Lincoln. If dark troubles are before us, de Tocqueville says, "They will be brought about by the presence of the black race on the soil of the United States. That is, they (the troubles) will owe their origin not to equality, but to the inequality of conditions."* He sees that slavery must end, but is under no illusions that race antagonism will then cease. Those who think amalgamation is a solution "delude themselves." "I am not led to any such conclusion." When they are at last freed, the social troubles will increase because the negro will demand political rights. He reads the North this lesson, "Whoever has inhabited the United States must have perceived that in those parts of the Union in which negroes are no longer slaves, they have in no wise drawn nearer to the whites. On the contrary, the prejudice of race appears to be stronger in the States which have abolished slavery than in those where

*"Democracy in America," Vol. II, p. 315.

it still exists; and nowhere is it so intolerant as in those States where servitude has never been known.”*

Here is no mere flaying of the South, as if the North had no part in the slave evil, but a perfectly true note from the point of view of the National Whole. To de Tocqueville democracy of *some kind* was inevitable. It was not to be argued with any more than the passage of time. It was not perhaps the highest conceivable of social relations. It certainly held within itself the gravest perils, but that it was becoming the *fact* to which peoples must adjust themselves seemed to him like a fate. This is the clearer to us when we see what he meant by democracy. He is not thinking, like so many of our critics, of democracy as a *form* of government. He is thinking of social conditions in which the utmost obtainable equality exists. Renan in his “Caliban” maintains that History is “a good aristocrat.” To de Tocqueville, Destiny is a name for the inevitable disappearance of aristocracy. It is fundamental to him that all sorts of people should mingle and intervene more and more in government. If they intervene wisely and with public spirit, it will be a good government. The equality of conditions which he found in this country was what most attracted him. He told the French people that they too would reach the same conditions even if they did not “draw the same political consequences.”

With this conception of democracy clearly in mind, we better understand his opinions, his hopes and his fears. His gloom over the slavery question was because he could not see how democracy could develop here including the negro, even if the slaves were freed. When they come to demand political and other equalities, will the white race submit? If not, how can a class rule, antagonistic to democracy, be avoided?

Equality of conditions and an increasing intervention of *all* in government, is thus preliminary in de Tocqueville’s

*Ibid, p. 460.

thought. Just as primary is it that increase of liberty is good. Our safety in the United States is this enlargement of freedom, and nothing subtler or truer can be found in his volumes than some of the practical inferences from this principle of liberty, as applied to our political experience. He sees that changes in this country are to come with extraordinary rapidity, but he does not fear them. That we ourselves shall shrink before the changes essential to our best growth, is to him the real danger. That we shall accept the situation; that we shall submit even with servility to existing evils, is what threatens. To understand this peril, if it be such, we are to see clearly what sort of people we are. One passage shows this characteristic:

"It is strange to see with what feverish ardor the Americans pursue their own welfare; and to watch the vague dread that constantly torments them lest they should not have chosen the shortest path which may lead to it. A native of the United States clings to this world's goods as if he were certain never to die, and is so hasty at grasping at all within his reach, that one would suppose he was constantly afraid of not living long enough to enjoy them. He clutches everything, he holds nothing fast, but soon loosens his grasp to pursue fresh gratification. . . .

"At first sight there is something surprising in this strange unrest of so many happy men, uneasy in the midst of abundance. The spectacle is, however, as old as the world; the novelty is to see *a whole people furnish an example of it.*"

Here we are in our entirety as a nation, no tempering class excepted, all devoted to business and commercial interests. But why should this fact lead to checks upon liberty, to submission, and even to servility?*

The level from which de Tocqueville speaks is that of the National Whole and the Common Welfare. He has not in mind temporary interests; much less mere private interests. He is thinking of large public policies that include the general good and of long-range action that includes future social welfare.

*As it is so hopeless in a single chapter to touch one in a score of the Author's points, I select one of the most important in the hope of making through it his purpose and spirit clearer. I shall not depart from that spirit by translating it into the language of present political experience.

We can today give a hundred illustrations of this peril where the author could have given a single one. At the present writing a flood devastates the City of Pittsburg. The enlightened chief of the Forestry Department, Gifford Pinchot, hastens to explain to the public what this means. Our losses as a nation have already run into millions beyond any calculating. From every part of the country, the men of science for two decades have been scattering among the people a wholly disinterested report of our "impending social dangers." It is true we have made a brave beginning in heeding the warnings, but at the most important points, the public safety and future welfare are so fiercely opposed by pulp and timber interests as to defeat the most elementary work in safeguarding society. Pittsburg's jeopardy is but one among hundreds, but it strikes a great city and may be *seen*. That the people may get some hint of its meaning, Mr. Pinchot speaks through the press as follows:

"The great flood which has wrought devastation and ruin to the Upper Ohio Valley is due fundamentally to the cutting away of the forests on the watersheds of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers. These streams have their source in the heart of the Allegheny Mountains, which are high and steep and receive a heavy rainfall. The valleys through which these mountain streams flow are narrow and deep. Originally these steep mountain slopes contained as fine hardwood forests as existed in the country. Beneath the tree tops a heavy undergrowth and thick cover of leaves on the ground, and the intertwining roots of trees and shrubs so held back the water from rains and melting snow that dangerous floods seldom occurred.

"Cutting of the timber has gone on to such an extent that not enough oak and chestnut can be obtained now to supply ties to the railroads which run through the region. Fire has followed cutting and aided in the work of destruction by burning up the underbrush and leaf cover until many mountain slopes are absolutely barren, and water rushes from them as from a house roof. The ruin of the mountains is now accomplishing the ruin of the valley. All along the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers and far down the Ohio Valley are wreck and devastation. Disease will come when its fruitful germs shall have multiplied over every foot of the inundated valley.

As Others See Us

"The value of the property destroyed in this one flood is probably sufficient to buy enough land at the headwaters of these streams to fully protect them. The area of the Allegheny and Monongahela watersheds is given by the United States Geological Survey as about 19,000 square miles, or about 12,000,000 acres. Not more than half of this area would necessarily have to be in forest. Great floods are becoming common occurrences upon the eastern rivers which have their sources in the high mountains. Such floods, with increasing intensity, must be expected from year to year until the important watersheds are protected."

The fatuous outcry that a wise forestry policy is "un-American;" that it is to be opposed because it is "socialism" will, of course, continue, although the most conservative governments in the world have long practised it with such conspicuous success from the public point of view, that the very cranks of conservatism no longer question it.

With careless prodigality, we have scattered these most primary sources of wealth, precisely as we scattered transportation and other franchises upon which dangerous private monopolies were built. With the franchises, we have in this generation come to see clearly the kind of mistakes that have been made. In the teeth of extreme difficulties, we are trying to protect the public through legislative control of these corporations. We are learning the same lesson in our forestry. We have the lesson still to learn as applied to the remaining mining, pasture, and oil lands. If it was a weakness, as we have seen, that de Tocqueville dealt too much with large abstract principles, it was also the source of strength, as in this instance. He knew that the "benevolent despot" could act for the nation as a whole. Could a large invertebrate democracy like ours escape from the clutch of short-range competing interests? Could such a democracy rise to this working conception of the *Commonwealth* as against the terrible political pressure of "the interests?"

It is this problem at the present moment that is testing our democracy as by fire. De Tocqueville saw the nature of it with the same seer-like vision with which he saw the real

nature of the negro problem. It is not, he says, liberty that we have to fear, but the hesitations and conservatism of practical business interests. Whatever a wise monarch may do, no democracy realizes this kind of peril until population has so developed as to evoke a variety of interests, that finally come into conscious conflict. Lumber, grazing, mining, control of water powers, furnish such an illustration at the present moment. It is out of this narrower conflict that the larger public interest slowly emerges, so that it can be seen as something above and apart from any or all of these *immediate* pecuniary concerns. Nothing in the statesmanship of President Roosevelt will win him surer laurels in the future, than his pluck and consistency toward this policy which stands for the whole people and for the future. For the first time in our history, we have from the Chief Executive the full purpose of this social policy outlined. "Mineral fields, like the forests and navigable streams, should be treated as public utilities."

"It would surely be greatly to the advantage of this country if some at least of the coal fields of the East, and especially of the anthracite fields, had been left under the control of the Government. Let us provide in the West against the recurrence of the conditions which we deplore in the East.

"The withdrawal of these coal lands would constitute a policy analagous to that which has been followed in withdrawing the forest lands from ordinary settlement. The coal, like the forests, should be treated as the property of the public and its disposal should be under conditions which would invite to the benefit of the public as a whole.

"This Government should not now repeat the mistakes of the past. Let us not do what the next generation cannot undo. We have a right to the proper use of both the forests and the fuel during our life time, but we should not dispose of the birthright of our children. If this Government sells its remaining fuel lands they pass out of its future control. If it now leases them we retain control, and a future Congress will be at liberty to decide whether it will continue or change this policy."

Will our legislators be strong enough and independent enough to act for all of us, rather than for the few struggling for privilege? To know that our dangers are in the

servility of the politicians to local and private business *at the points where these conflict with public weal*, is to "see the enemy" as de Tocqueville conceives him in a democracy.

It was of de Tocqueville that Mill was thinking when he used the term, "the American Many" as representing so exclusively the business class that "impose upon all the rest of society its own type, forcing all to submit to it or to imitate it."* Yet de Tocqueville does not abate one jot of his faith in democracy. He holds to liberty because it "corrects the abuse of liberty."† "Extreme democracy obviates the dangers of democracy."‡ Yet the handmaid of freedom must be a vigilant and universal discipline. No one ever put more trust in popular education as a remedy. Nor does any incidental evil discourage him. There is extreme severity in his judgment upon our Press:

"The journalists of the United States are generally in a very humble position, with a scanty education and a vulgar turn of mind.‡

"The characteristics of the American journalist consist in an open and coarse appeal to the passions of his readers; he abandons principles to assail the characters of individuals, to track them into private life, and disclose all their weaknesses and vices.

"Nothing can be more deplorable than this abuse of the powers of thought."

"The personal opinions of the editors have no weight in the eyes of the public: what they seek in a newspaper is a knowledge of facts, and it is only by altering or distorting those facts, that a journalist can contribute to the support of his own views."§

Yet the principle of freedom means to him so much that no hand should be laid upon this press.

"The more I consider the independence of the press in its principal consequences, the more am I convinced that, in the modern world, it is the chief, and, so to speak, the constitutive element of liberty. A nation which is determined to remain free is therefore right in demanding, at any price, the exercise of this independence."**

**Edinburgh Review*, October, 1840.

†"Democracy in America," p. 250.

‡"Democracy in America," p. 237.

§*Ibid*, p. 238.

***Ibid*, p. 245.

De Tocqueville's faith in liberty is not academic; it is not merely a reasoned sentiment. It has in it something like a moral religious trust. In spite of all that frightens him in the actual working of our institutions, his eye is steadily fixed upon the disciplinary value of an entire people exercising a free choice on all that determines their destinies. If the race is ever to be educated to self government, it must be through the reaction of consequences of right acts. He speaks of "this perilous liberty," yet sees that already, as he compares us with Europe, the balance is on our side. It has great significance to him that while we have plenty of "factions," there was nowhere a sign of secret "conspiracies" such as have been the bane of many aristocracies. Everything comes to the surface—coarseness, clamor, bad taste, vituperation; but that all this *can* come out is our safety. More than any one thing, in his opinion, universal suffrage will protect us from the real perils of a factional spirit, as it will guard us from other perils. It has, for example, become a platitude that, in spite of all our frailties, great and threatening emergencies bring out the real character and strength of the people. In proof of this, de Tocqueville had but a fraction of the evidence to which we may now appeal, yet he writes this eloquent passage:

"But it is more common, both with nations and individuals, to find extraordinary virtues developed from the very imminence of the danger. Great characters are then brought into relief, as the edifices which are usually concealed by the gloom of night are illuminated by the glare of a conflagration. At those dangerous times, genius no longer hesitates to come forward; and the people, alarmed by the perils of their situation, bury their envious passions in a short oblivion. Great names may then be drawn from the urn of election."*

It adds to the impressiveness of de Tocqueville's faith in our destinies that with all his continuous study of the United States until the time of his death, his confidence increased rather than diminished. Had he lived to see the

*"Democracy in America," p. 257.

results of the Civil War, his most formidable fears would have disappeared. He could not help thinking of our States as little nations which could not hold together. They might still be democratic, but the territory was so vast and interests were so diverse, that all sorts of rivalries would break out to threaten the unity of the whole. "If the sovereignty of the Union," he says, "were to engage in a struggle with that of the States, at the present day, its defeat may be confidently predicted."* He, of course could not see at that date, how steam transportation on land and water was to bind these "little nations" into a unity of recognized interests capable of resisting any probable strain.

Another misgiving was just as vain. Toward the close of the second volume, he reflects upon the chance of war. Would not the successful soldier seduce the imagination of democracy? He writes:

"I foresee that all the military rulers who may rise up in great democratic nations will find it easier to conquer with their armies, than to make their armies live at peace after conquest. There are two things which a democratic people will always find very difficult,—to begin a war *and to end it.*"†

These last words, "and to end it," have a strange sound as we remember what actually followed one of the most terrible conflicts in history: the rapid and peaceful return of armies North and South to their ordinary tasks.

Just as little did he foresee certain evils that were even then beginning to appear. He could not believe that we were to have great inequality of fortunes. He could see no paupers, nor any tendency to produce them. The party system with the rise of the boss and the spoils to the victor did not disturb his imagination. He had no intimation of the astounding growth of great cities and their reaction on our national life. He was very confident that we were safe from dangerous bribery because "there are so many to be bought." It he could have "listened ahead" a single

*"Democracy in America," p. 497.

†Ibid, p. 329.

generation, he might have heard a railroad magnate say, "There are too many to buy in the legislature, I prefer to deal with the Boss."* It is also strange to us that the office of the President seemed to him so feeble a thing, and likely to remain so. People talked to him of their respective States, not of the Nation. They were proud of the State, thought about it, read about it, and showed little interest in affairs at the Capitol. As the average citizen takes up the morning paper today, what is it that claims his attention? Does he look first at the politics of his State? Is it the affairs of the State that first touch his imagination, or does he turn to the great events which center in and radiate from the National Capitol? To answer this is to mark one of the profoundest changes in our recent history. We shall see it take even more dramatic form as measured from Mr. Bryce's comment less than twenty-five years ago.

If I were to summarize in a paragraph what seems to me of highest value in these volumes, it would be the revelation of the character and temper of the Author as he faces the thing called Democracy. He did not altogether like it. From some of its manifestations and some of its consequences he shrank. He did not, therefore, because of incidental evils, turn his back upon it or turn into that dreary nuisance, the chronic and petulant critic. There is a positive and constructive purpose in his sharpest thrusts. This high-born gentleman accepts without any fussy reserves the principle of self-government. The people and *all* the people are to learn the highest of all arts. They are to learn it through much suffering and through costly mistakes. Without one whining note Alexis de Tocqueville took his part in the great discipline. So far as his example and precept count with men, Democracy is safe. Of the things threatening which he say and prophesied, Bryce says:

*Ibid, page 245.

"Perhaps in democracies, the number of men who might be bought is not smaller, but buyers are rarely to be found; and, besides, it would be necessary to buy so many persons at once, that the attempt would be useless."—"Democracy in America," p. 287.

"Of these clouds one rose till it covered the whole sky, broke in a thunderstorm and disappeared. Some have silently melted into the blue. Some still hang on the horizon, darkening large parts of the landscape."

What these remaining shadows are we shall see in the chapter on his peer and successor, James Bryce.

X. Other French Visitors

THE first French books that follow the Revolution are full of geniality and even flattery. It was long the custom to quote these genuine aristocrats "who knew what manners were," as an offset to the snubbing we received at the hands of the English writers. A good example of this extreme amiability is in three volumes of travels by Brissot de Warville. As so many of the early English confess that their object in coming was to discredit us, this young aristocrat comes to study our social and political conditions for a purpose which glowingly appears in his preface as follows:

"O Frenchmen, who wish for this valuable instruction, study the Americans of the present day. Open this book. You will see here to what degree of prosperity the blessings of freedom can elevate the industry of man; how they dignify his nature, and dispose him to universal fraternity. You will here learn by what means liberty is preserved; that the great secret of its duration is in good morals. It is a truth that the observation of the present state of America demonstrates at every step. Thus you will see in these travels, the prodigious effect of liberty on morals, on industry, and on the amelioration of men."

He lands in Boston:

"With what joy, my good friend, did I leap to this shore of liberty! . . . I flew from despotism, and came at last to enjoy the spectacle of liberty among a people where nature, education, and habit had engraved the equality of rights, which everywhere else is treated as a chimera. With what pleasure did I contemplate this town! . . . I thought myself in that Salenum of which the lively pencil of Fénelon has left us so charming

an image. But the prosperity of this new Salentum was not the work of one man, of King or Minister; it is the fruit of liberty, that mother of industry."

The Bostonians unite simplicity of morals with that French politeness and delicacy of manners which renders virtue more amiable. They are hospitable to strangers, and obliging to friends. They are tender husbands, fond and almost idolatrous parents and kind masters. Also "neatness without luxury is a characteristic feature of this purity of manners; and this neatness is seen everywhere at Boston, in their dress, in their houses, and in their churches."

This is not observation, it is rhapsody. It is in so high a strain that this courtly gentleman moved and spoke among us in those homespun days. There are recorded compliments in the same key by the two Dukes,—de la Rochefoucauld and de Liancourt. The latter says of the President's balls, that the "splendor of the rooms and the variety and richness of the dresses did not suffer in comparison with Europe." De la Rochefoucauld was much in Philadelphia society, of whose assemblies he writes, "It is impossible to meet with what is called a plain woman." No suspicion attaches to this gallantry; but when Max O'Rell told a few years ago that he traveled six months in the United States without seeing one of these plain women, we remember that he was looking for lecture engagements.* There is much of this benevolent myopia in the whole group of French critics during the entire generation that followed the Revolution. The French had helped us largely because of their intense hatred and fear of the English. The French became our literary champions as naturally as they defended us with their ships and arms. This impulse to vindicate us against the English shows itself as late as de Tocqueville. He finds morals "very superior to their progenitors the English."†

*In "Jonathan and His Continent," p. 18.

†Vol. II, p. 249.

Of the English abuse of our manners he says:*

"The English make game of the manners of the Americans; but it is singular that most of the writers who have drawn these ludicrous delineations belonged themselves to the middle classes in England, to whom the same delineations are exceedingly applicable; so that these pitiless censors furnish, for the most part, an example of the very thing they blame, in the United States: they do not perceive that they are deriding themselves to the great amusement of the aristocracy of their own country."

It is thus, with regret, that we have to put aside these first Gallic flatteries. They have precisely the same value as the ultra fault-finding of the English. They are neither more nor less to be trusted as important critics. De Tocqueville is not to be classed among these over-zealous friends. He sets the note of the discriminating but sympathetic student which continues through Chevalier until our own day, when it has become a fashion among the French to make flying trips to this country. They begin to write on the steamer coming out; take their first impressions as a finality, giving them literary form so rapidly that the book is on the Boulevards soon after their return. Even if the chapters totter with mistakes, they are likely to be more racily entertaining than English and German books of serious merit.

One wonders, nevertheless, why so many of them should be destitute of the slightest critical values.† I put this question to a professor of French in Harvard College. He replied that "they either had no real knowledge of English, or knew it just enough to deceive them into thinking they knew it—which was worse." Not a few of these latter day writers are so slovenly and inaccurate that they serve admirably as books of humor. It is an ancient observation that the French

*Vol. II, p. 249.

So Sara Bernhardt, coming to fill her coffers, never lands in New York without assuring the American people through the reporters that "no country touches the *heart* like America." At her last landing, she delights in the increase of gracious and delicate manners.

†The one exception in the most superficial of them is their comment on our theater.

care so little about other countries, that they rarely learn to spell correctly the commonest names. There is such tenacity in this habit that it finally surprises the reader if now and then they get the word right. To avoid extremes, here, for instance, is a new book by a highly educated man who has been at least eight years in this country. He was given every chance to correct his proofs. A few of the spellings are these: "Lettery; New Hawen, Coan, for New Haven, Conn.; Boss Crotker; Tessenden for Fessenden; Cark Schurtz." Arnold's first name is now Mathew and then Matthew. Thus far the case is extremely mild. "My Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Long-Fellow" (by one who had visited the poet), "Athlantic Monthly;" the poor White House seriously turned into "Execution Mansion;" "Howard College," for Harvard; the City of Churches transformed into "Broakline;" the Nutmeg State into "Conettocutt," and "New Jersia," fairly represent the new spelling. "Teatotlar" is so often used that it obviously conveys the idea to the writer that tea was the adopted substitute for rum and thus gave the name to the party. "Washington Irwing," "Rock-Chair," "Wahash," for Wabash, "Huddson River," the "Poet Wittier," and proud Chicago tortured into "Chicorgua;" the Mohawk, "Mohuwek," and the "*La cofoco* party" are others in the same kind. These are a driblet in the main torrent of misspellings. Even present day philosophers write "Williams" James. I had long believed that they were merely typographical errors, but there is authoritative proof that they represent, for the most part, indifference or sheer carelessness of observation. The quality which helps account for this is stated with great frankness by M. Blouet (Max O'Rell):*

"Ask the first hundred Frenchmen you meet in the streets of Paris what is the name of the president of the United States; you will find ninety-nine of them unable to tell you. The Frenchman is exclusive to the point of stupidity, and that which is not French possesses no interest for him."

This is the stark provincialism for which Paris has long been noted.

*"Jonathan and His Continent," p. 137.

No small part of this literature is by journalists who have in mind the group of French readers for whom they write. To entertain Parisians by pretty paradoxes and lively drolleries is as exclusively their aim as it was the aim of Tom Moore to amuse the English diners-out. They often follow so nearly the same route, see so nearly the same objects, and make merry with the same characteristics, that each new comer seems to have read the same books and to have taken instructions from the previous voyager. They drive to the Waldorf-Astoria, of which a minute pen-picture never fails. The device in the room by which one may order thirty things, few of which anyone ever wants, divides their attention with ice water and the price of cabs. The next step is to hunt up a restaurant which reminds them enough of Paris to make life endurable. If the heaven of the Smart Set at Newport or elsewhere is open to them, the rest of the country grievously suffers. One feels this even in so brilliant a writer as Paul Bourget.* The next dash (by way of Niagara) is for the West, where they struggle desperately with two phenomena—Chicago and the Cowboy. They are stunned by Chicago and the packing houses, but the Cowboy electrifies them. The return trip is sure to include the South for the sake of a chapter on the Negro problem. This dark enigma is the only discomfiture. They do not even make it interesting. There are at least twenty of these volumes from which one could remove the various and picturesque titles, replacing them by "A Whole Afternoon in the United States." Of some of them one would have to say that this half day was very ill spent.

One Paris exquisite, whose object was clearly to create a sensation among his friends, lands in New York, but is so instantly undone by our rude ways, that he straightway returns to Paris. "*Je n'ai pas pu supporter le coup*"—it was too insufferable. This is far better than writing his book. He spared himself that trouble, and yet gave the shock of surprise and delight to his friends.

*"Ostre Mer," two volumes. It excites much curiosity, for instance, to know whether the lynching was really *seen* as described.

Between this vivacious squad of journalists* and serious inquirers like Le Play, Carlier,† Claudio Janet, the Marquis de Rousier, and Madam Blanc‡ the gap is like that between Brissot and de Tocqueville. Le Play's pioneer work in sociology has developed into an educational interest which has sent us some of the most conscientious students that have ever come. Through the service of the Musée Sociale they are making the life and institutions of this country known to France. Renan's horror of everything American has given way to honest desires at least to understand the United States.

*Much better are two books "Choses d'Amérique" by Max Leclaire, with an interesting discussion of Catholicism in the United States, and "La Femme aux Etats Unis," by M. C. de Varigny, in which we are told why women have become the equals of our men. "Flirt, amour, mariage," all get respectful attention.

†A work of extraordinary learning is "La République Americaine," by the French lawyer Auguste Carlier. This savant came in 1855, stayed two years, and formed intimate relations with men like Sumner, Benton, Quincy, Ticknor, Everett, and Longfellow. His larger work in four stiff volumes, if not in the class of Bryce and de Tocqueville, is a profound study. He had before its publication written a volume on Marriage in the United States, 1860; one on Slavery two years later; two volumes on general history, especially in relation to the Indians, 1864; and still another, "The Acclimatization of Races in the United States," 1868. Nearly a quarter of a century was given to his crowning work, "The American Republic." Carlier is very critical of de Tocqueville because of his taste for large and brilliant generalization, founded on what is thought to be insufficient evidence. He does not even let Mr. Bryce off without some strictures, chiefly because of the omissions in the "American Commonwealth." No further use is here made of Carlier because he is too exclusively for the student. The same must also be said of Le Play.

‡A brilliant exception to this troupe of traveling dilettanti is Madam Blanc, writing under the pseudonym of Th. Bentzon. She was several times in this country preparing carefully such studies as "Choses et Gens d'Amérique," "Recits Américains," "Questions Américaines," "Femmes d'Amérique," and "Nouvelle France et Nouvelle Angleterre." She has an insistent purpose "to make my own people really see the Americans as they are." Writing for many years through the most distinguished literary organ, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, no one has done more than Madame Blanc to get some elementary notions about the large facts of American life into the French mind.

From the dozen volumes that one would venture to recommend, I select a rather miscellaneous job-lot of observations that may do some critical service.

There is first the intelligent recognition that one does not get into real touch with us until one learns that to see the American at all, he must be seen in several places. This sounds commonplace, but how many travelers realize it, or act upon it in their judgments? A Dutch jurist spent some months in this country at tasks which compelled him to visit business men in their offices in the pressure of the day's work. He said, "Until I went into their homes and saw them off duty, I thought their manners outrageous. I was saved from stupid injustice by seeing them at their own tables and clubs." There is no class to which this does not apply. No perspective is true about morals, manners, or achievements that does not include several phases of the subject scrutinized. It is this same larger and more patient spirit in classifying impressions upon which Le Play laid such emphasis, that enables de Rousier to read us a wholesome lesson.

For a growing number of American families, there is excellent educational material in some of the "shocks" which these gay Frenchmen suffer; as for instance, in that enduring superstition that the moral destiny of the family is really dependent upon rigid punctuality at a common and united breakfast table.

A French scholar is staying with a well-to-do family in which no exigency of business or school appointments, no lack of domestic service or tyrannous duties of the mistress could have been given as a reason, but because a daughter was ten minutes late for the seven o'clock breakfast, "the father showed great annoyance which was all the more severe and disagreeable, because he took on a high moral tone."

The visitor finds it an iron law in that household that all members shall be as punctual as at military dress-parade.

He asks innocently why seven people should be expected to march in on stroke of the clock. The inquiry occasions great surprise. The parental explanations leave him less than ever convinced that the custom is good for this type of family. It had already gone into his docket as an American superstition, when the young lady found some opportunity to give her own exposition. "It is a superstition and a very immoral one. It always starts the day wrong at least for two of us. You may wake people up at the same time but you can't wake up their *stomachs* at the same time. I am hungry and therefore happy if I can eat at eight or nine or when I like, and I am glad to get my own breakfast. With this wicked punctuality, some of us are glum or irritable, and almost the only family unpleasantness we ever have can be traced straight to this seven o'clock breakfast." To this guest, the daughter's outburst came as a gleam of hope. He found us much too taciturn in our family life; far too little given to affectionate gaities of common conversation.

The one step to help this, he thinks, is "to individualize the breakfast; to allow sleep, the great healer, to deal with each one after his needs." This hygienic freedom will restore and give such nice balance to the nerves that everyone will be at his best. At the meal, (lunch or dinner) all things will go trippingly because of this sagacious and humane reform.

Many of the social troubles which we magnify are troubles, according to him, because as individuals we insist upon interpreting them solely by our temporal personal convenience. The employer complains of high wages and shortened hours, yet these are the very proofs of the industrial supremacy which these critics grant us. The mistress groans because the domestic is quick to leave; but that she *can* leave, sure always of another place and, it may be, a higher wage, is precisely what marks the economic advantage of the country. That community leads which gives

opportunity to the largest number of its population. That opportunity is here open to those classes which are elsewhere narrowly held by custom, is the very sign of that progress which includes the nation as a whole.

It is, I think, de Rousier who expresses the humorous surprise that our democracy should have become the happy hunting ground of the European nobility. As their rents fall and their castles decay, as the external symbols of class distinction become too costly to maintain, what happier resource have these titled pets than to save themselves at the expense of the well dowered American girl? "Is your democracy," asked one visitor, "to be the chief protector and preserver of these man-made inequalities in Europe?"

It is full of interest to hear a Catholic scholar speculate with great openmindedness upon the differences in the French and American ideals of the young woman's education. After many visits to the American schools he thus states his case:

"The difference is revolutionary. We in France *assume* with our young women that they are to marry and live the family life. All our conceptions of the girl's training are consciously adjusted to this thought. The American ideal seems, on the other hand, to assume that the girl is to have a life of her own; that she is to be economically independent and make her way, marriage or no marriage."

If the family were to suffer from this, he sees in that fact the condemnation of this education in the United States. He is not convinced that this evil is to be feared, because of the indications that this very economic independence, with its enlarged freedom, may result in a sexual selection of a type that will secure better offspring and even a happier marriage. "The girl that is independent enough to refuse the man who can only offer economic support may later have her reward in the husband that nature means for her." This is like Jules Huret's discovery that the larger life opened to the American woman has made her so much nearer an intellectual mate of her husband that the offspring and society at large reap the advantage. The net

energy and initiative of the country seem to him largely accounted for by this wider field of woman's activity.

Another reflection on our education, especially in the earlier grades, is that the imagination, the sense of mystery and of reverence suffer much from our too positive methods. "Information and the fact" are thought to hold such sway in our schools that the more delicate qualities of mind and heart are hardened in the process. One of these writers* has a very penetrating passage upon this point. He says our education allows far too little for the unconscious resources in the young. He is sorry to find in the youth at school so little of the naïve, so little timidity, deference, and even awkwardness. He would see more capacity to blush, more "credulous simplicity" and less aggressive, conscious intensity. He gives this as one reason why many of our finest men of poetic and unworldly nature have such slight influence in the nation;—because "*cette vie est trop volontaire, trop consciente, trop intensive.*"

It is this brilliant writer who turns many a neat phrase against us because of our lack of "*la mesure.*" Balance, perspective, proportion in our thinking and in that which thought expresses, he finds deplorably lacking in our inner and outer life. This evil is so inherent that nothing escapes it. Our architecture and theater have as little harmony as our inner estimates of the spiritual values of life. We have a craze to count in vast numbers; cannot, he says, even show our new houses to strangers without insisting that they look into every room, toilet and linen closets included. The bulk of the Sunday papers is a fatal sign of this disease of "too muchness." Reckless as to quality, the editor reckons well on his public by supplying a huge and promiscuous mass of print and pictures. Our houses are stuffed too full of ornament, too much is upon walls and tables. Roses, like the American Beauty, swaggering on stems four feet long, and the modest violet packed into bouquets that would

*Paul Bourget, "Outre Mer," Vol. II, p. 135:

fill the wash bowl; the length of the dinner, the amount of food and the waste connected with it; the height of the skyscraper; the "barbarous over-ornamenting of the Pullman car" and the last new hotel; the reckless speeding of specially advertised trains, are one and all unpleasant hints to this philosophic critic of our lack of "*la mesure*." We are the most hospitable of people, yet cannot resist overdoing it for those whom we specially care to entertain, and thus over all is this trail of the serpent—exaggeration.

We cannot deny this but it is fair to reply that the standard which he sets us—harmony and proportion for the inner and the outer life—is the highest and most difficult that ever was or can be applied to a race. We have been told often enough that only the Greeks at their highest moment ever greatly approached its realization. Before this supreme test, no nation would go without whipping. The baby act, however, we will not play. The fault, beyond doubt, lies against us. Exaggeration and lack of "*measure*" are like a taint in the blood of our civilization.

Still, these fastidious connoisseurs leave us one crumb of comfort. As we saw a change and softening of tone in the English criticism, so in the French. Their most persuasive and confident strictures against us naturally concerned the realm of art. There is no relenting about our theater. For our stage, their shafts still bear the poisoned tip. But architecture, painting, sculpture, literature, win most gracious praises from recent French guests.* Paul Adam,† in a recent volume of much charm, is unhesitating in his admiration for "the emerging best" in these arts. Sargent has "incontestable mastery." We have excellent art instruction. John La Farge is among the really great and "*la grande simplicité*" of Saint Gaudens' figures is full

*M. Alfred D'Almbert, a half century ago, in his "Flanerie Parisienne," thinks it very clever to announce a chapter on the Beaux Arts en Amérique. As you turn the leaf you come upon a blank unprinted space.

†"Vues D'Amerique," Paris. 1906.

of power and genius. In much of our sculpture there is "excellent technique." He says we have become the great art buyers of the world and that our rich men use their dollars far better than the rich men of France. He roundly says to the Latin people that they should be made to understand that the spirit of art "has definitely penetrated the soul of the Yankees." "Europe must look out if she would keep her supremacy in art." It is not less complimentary that he interprets much of our higher life through the philosophy of William James. Here, too, is a great artist whose thought fascinates him like the grand lines of the Lincoln statue.

In the genial book of the Catholic professor, Abbé Klein,* we have an abandonment of appreciation for the spiritual tolerance which seems to that writer a sure solvent for many gritty obstacles, not alone on our shores, but for the future of a much larger world in which the races must more and more live as in one common country.

There are few exceptions to the blank bewilderment of the abler French reporters, that the negro should excite the excess of feeling which they find in the North and South alike. This surprise is not in the least confined to those who have had no contact with the African and can therefore be said to know nothing about it. It is the same astonishment that the present Governor General of Jamaica expresses. He has had long and intimate relations with negroes in various administrative capacities. That we should so *incessantly talk* about it, that we should so force the issue into the fierce light of controversy and debate; that reticence and self-control should be so rare, are what appear to him among the

*"Au Pays de la Vie Intense." Though we say these things ourselves, it is more quickening to hear a large minded French Catholic thinking aloud about the niggardly uses to which the great average of Protestant churches are put. That such a vast equipment throughout the land should have a leisurely Sunday morning opening with a possible prayer-meeting in the week, and then be locked tight as in fear of thieves! He finds multitudes of these costly structures used hardly more than half the hours of a single day, during the entire week.

least excusable causes of the trouble. We act, he says, as if we were set upon creating two or three times as many difficulties as there are.

This is the tone of the most intelligent French observers. "If it is an uneasy ghost," asks one, "why can't the Americans give it no rest? Why must they always assume the hair by which the sword hangs is so soon to snap? Why do they shout so loudly that it must snap?" He is told by many best people in the South, that if the tongue of the politician should be struck by temporary paralysis whenever he appeals to this race feeling, the greatest obstacle to race improvement would be removed.

These sins appear to him, however, slight as compared to the "magnificent abandon" with which North and South alike are giving themselves to the education of the colored race. And thus we pass from the unchecked elation of Brissot at the closing of the eighteenth century to the more discriminating cordiality of these last writers who find it worth while to see us at our best rather than at our worst.



XI. Democracy and Manners

THAT democracy is to deprive social relations of all delicacy and charm, is either taken for granted by many of the older critics, or they attempt to prove it by elaborate illustrations. "Democracy everywhere," says one, "has no soft words, no suppleness of forms; it has little address, little of management; it is apt to confound moderation with weakness, violence with heroism." As a democracy must be built up through trade and commerce in which the entire people takes part, no class remains to teach manners to the busy masses. This filled many of our observers with anxiety. If all must earn their own livelihood, how could they ever attain the ease and refinement of good behavior?

That those who produce the wealth upon which all must live could ever learn the gentilities in and through their work was not to be thought of. Enough of this has nevertheless come to pass that we see something of these rare values slowly emerging from the very jaws of the industrial monster. We have begun to see that manners are an excellent business asset. As business has lost its isolated and individual character; as it has come more and more to depend upon associated and corporate forms; in a word, as it becomes *socialized*, manners in the larger sense rise in value. To manage large bodies of men has come to require the kind of knowledge that includes manners of some sort. As for the general public and the greater corporations that depend upon its good will, manners are coming to rank with ability. We have now to supplement the familiar formula "land, labor and ability" by land, labor, ability and *manners*.

It was this larger use of the word that President Hadley had in mind when he said, "A large part of the railroad difficulties could be settled simply by good manners." That noble citizen, W. J. Baldwin, Jr., was also thinking of rail-

road problems when he said, "We shall be in hot water until we train up a set of men who know how to behave to each other and to the public." It has long been evident that a large part of our labor troubles spring from a lack of manners if the word is used in its larger sense. The best work brought about by arbitration has been through devices which enable the good manners of those most concerned to get effective expression. An American business man many years in Mexico gave this bit of his own history:

"I was for months checked in my plans because I knew nothing of Mexican manners. My letters, my calls, my business propositions all seemed to freeze up the men with whom I wished to do business. A friendly Mexican to whom I appealed for help told me I was too abrupt. 'They don't understand you any better than you understand them. You must make a formal call and a leisurely one, before you say a word about your business proposition. You are beginning to use the telephone, but you offend people by not spending a minute first in careful inquiries as to health, etc.' Then he showed me all the flourishes that must adorn my letters and slowly, and with great loss of time, I got onto a perfectly friendly footing with my Mexicans."

This common ignorance of customs and traditions among another people accounts for a part at least of this sad tangle over the question of manners. A certain rare and occasional type of visitor brings the gift;—is it knowledge, imagination, sympathy, or a unifying of all these?—a gift at any rate which carries its happy possessor through every vexation of the journey, apparently without discerning that anybody has bad manners.

Almost exactly one hundred years ago John Bradbury, F. L. S., traveled one thousand miles in the United States. In his own words, he "never met with the least incivility or affront." We see the reason for this in a warning he gives to travelers from Europe. They must first *understand the character of the society to which they come*, especially if they have been in the habit of treating servants haughtily. "Let no one (in the United States) indulge himself in abusing the waiter or hostler at the inn," for these

feel that they are citizens and are performing useful work.* De Tocqueville is, except now and then, just as philosophical. Even very ungracious differences in behavior interest him:

"There are many little attentions which an American does not care about; he thinks they are not due him, or he presumes that they are not known to be due; he therefore either does not perceive a rudeness, or he forgives it; his manners become less courteous, and his character more plain and masculine."†

With the large majority of these early travelers, our manners find no favor. Isaac Weld gives about the average acidity to his summary, "Civility cannot be purchased from them on any terms; they seem to think that it is incompatible with freedom."‡ Even the great ones discipline us, especially when we are caught out of our own country. In Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, we find the great story teller thus commenting on the Americans that sought him out, "They are as yet rude in their ideas of social intercourse, and totally ignorant, speaking generally, of all the art of good breeding, which consists chiefly in a postponement of one's own petty wishes or comforts to those of others. By rude questions and observations, an absolute disrespect to other people's feelings, and a ready indulgence of their own, they make one feverish in their company, though perhaps you may be ashamed to confess." This is mildly spoken compared to Tennyson's outburst against the steady stream of Americans that tried year after year to waylay him in and about his home by the sea. Another benignant Englishman says the first thing an American does when he arrives at a London hotel, is to demonstrate his inferiority to the waiters. He is so ignorant of the fine art of tipping, that he gives a shilling where he should give a penny, and to the man who should get twopenny he donates two shillings. "The consequence is that he is always in difficulties." The growing insolence of English waiters he attributes wholly to the low-bred familiarity of the American tourists! This Lon-

*"Travels in 1809, 10, and 11;" Liverpool, 1817, p. 355.

†"Democracy in America," p. 209, Vol. II.

‡Travels, p. 37.

doner says it is a common sight to see the entire business of a restaurant cease while the man from Indiana loudly disputes the extra price charged for bread, because "out in Indiana they do not have such charges. Everybody can have all the bread he wants. It's thrown in."

"Why," asks the English journalist, "is the American so well-behaved at home, but such a consuming terror in Europe?" He was given the well-worn answer. "The noisy or conspicuously silly American fixes attention upon himself. You English do not notice the far greater number of quiet and decent people for the very reason that they are well-behaved." The American then asked, "Why can't you understand that some millions of people in the United States have the traveling habit; that thousands of them, from the humblest origin, go to Europe as soon as they get money enough. In no country in the world does this class sacrifice to see the world, often with their families, as do Americans. That among these, large numbers should make themselves officious and disagreeable is inevitable." This is true, but it is also inevitable that a very small minority of loud and objectionable folk from any country, should set a common stamp on the entire people. Again and again, we see in our critics that they brought with them the idea of our manners from what they had already observed of American behavior in Europe.

We have good evidence that this offensive chip-on-the-shoulder attitude has disappeared from some classes of Americans. But for our continued shaming, a noisy and undisciplined contingent carries on the work of discrediting our country. On ship, in miscellaneous hotels and *pensions* in Europe this plague still rages. A veteran conductor of Americans through Europe says, "I have my chief trouble with this informal lugging of America along with them. I practically never get a party without some few who stir up bad blood by loud talk about 'the way we do things in the United States,' and the women are as bad as the men.

The Italians and Swiss are good-natured about it; the English despise it, and if they can, avoid us altogether; the French shrug their shoulders and say, 'What can you expect? they are Americans.' " He adds, "I have often seen both French and English, when inquiring for rooms at *pensions* or small hotels, turn away upon learning that Americans were there."

An American who had to spend some years in Italy admits that he changed his *pension* three times because he couldn't stand "so many kinds of *bragging* about his country. Four out of five of us can hold our own in decent behavior with other nationalities, but there is always that awful fifth to make mischief." In one *pension* from which he felt himself driven he says, a mother came with her three grown daughters. On their first entrance into the parlor in which several persons were reading or writing, one of the daughters said, as if no one were in the room, "Did you ever see such absurd ways of heating a house? It's almost as bad as those stuffy English grates. Why in America!" "I didn't stop for the rest of the sentence, I hurried out to find some place where I should be free from this most intolerable way of making ourselves disagreeable on our travels."

Our task is, however, with that larger general public of which our critics are mostly writing. Especially in the first half of the century they rarely attempt any discrimination among different kinds of Americans. A French lecturer says, "He (the American) would be afraid of lowering himself by being polite. In his eyes politeness is a form of servility, and he imagines that, by being rude to well-bred people, he puts himself on a footing with them, and carries out the greatest principle of democracy, equality."* For

*Jonathan and his Continent, p. 278.

Hamerton speaks of certain classes among the Scots who show "a sort of repugnance to polish of manner, as if it were an unmanly dandyism, a feeling that answers to a plain man's dislike of jewelry and fine clothes."

more than half a century, we get almost unbroken chastisement, especially from the English. The French so far champion us to say that, of all people, the English have the least qualification as instructors or censors of manners. But as this French view may arise from envy of the English, we will not take advantage of it.

It is, nevertheless, very vital to know as much as possible about the temper and idiosyncracies of the critic. I have seen a good many Germans in that country (especially men classically trained) who had come to the United States, but for some reason failed to win their way. They returned embittered to the Fatherland. Henceforth it was a vocation to abuse American character and manners. But the root of this abuse was in their remembered disappointment. If we add to causes like these, all sorts of personal bias, misadventure, and injured vanities, we shall account for a good deal of the harsher comment on our manners.

There is no better illustration than Mrs. Trollope, who is selected because our manners were her special theme. It was these which gave the title to her book. Wherever she journeys, her eye seeks evidence of our ill breeding. She was standing by General Jackson when a good American thus accosted him:

"General Jackson, I guess?"

"The General bowed assent.

"Why, they told me you was dead."

"No! Providence has hitherto preserved my life."

"And is your wife alive, too?"

"The General, apparently much hurt, signified the contrary, upon which the courtier concluded his harangue by saying, 'Ay, I thought it was one or the t'other of ye.'"^{*}

She says, "The total and universal want of manners, both in males and females, is so remarkable that I was constantly endeavoring to account for it."[†] She is telling the truth for the most part, but she needs one correction. We are quite certain that her own peculiarities were so unyield-

^{*}Page 201.

[†]Page 64.

ingly different from those among whom she lived, as to be a constant irritant. She was sturdily "sot" in her English ways; was very brusque and could not adapt herself to the life about her. She wishes to hire a domestic "by the year," as she did in England. She thinks it very absurd to hire by the month. The custom should be corrected; but she gets this response from the astonished maiden:

"Oh Gimini!" exclaimed the damsel, with a loud laugh, "you be a downright Englisher, sure enough. I should like to see a young lady engage by the year in America! I hope I shall get a husband before many months, or I expect I shall be an outright old maid, for I be most seventeen already."

That the ways of men were rough and uncouth among the average folk with whom she had to do, was as natural at that time as that pigs should run in the streets, roads should be bad, houses built "like shells," and that there should be "a deplorable lack of sidewalks." We have to take her own conduct into account because manners are not alone the affair of the individual, they are a social relation. When Captain Marryat, who follows Mrs. Trollope, finds a group of Americans, jolly and companionable, it throws even more light on *him* than on the Americans. It is instant proof that the jovial author of "Peter Simple" was himself a lover of good fellowship; that he could "mix" with any company. This is a human approach that creates its own response.

Alexander Mackay, a few years later, says:

"An American can be as reserved as anybody else, when he comes in contact with one he does not understand, or who will not understand him—and this is the reason why so many travelers in America, who forget to leave their European notions of exclusiveness at home, and traverse the republic wrapped in the cloak of European formalism, find the Americans so cold in their demeanor, and erroneously regard their particular conduct to themselves as the result of a general moodiness and reserve."*

This explains Mackay's fine temperamental equipment as a traveler. He will not insist upon hiring a domestic

by the year, if that is not the custom. He will not insist upon the same* vocal intonation or openly rejoice, as one of his friends did, that our Hall of Representatives at Washington was perfect because you couldn't hear a word that was spoken in it. One Frenchman never sees a public official that was not coarse and brutal in his manners. Without defending all our officials, we yet know that about this same Frenchman there were peculiarities which, if we knew them, would qualify his sweeping judgment.

De Tocqueville, for example, shows us as in a mirror, in this little paragraph, what kind of a "mixer" he was: "A public officer in the United States is uniformly simple in his manners, accessible to all the world, attentive to all requests, and obliging in his replies."†

Sir James Caird was sent to this country by the English Government to report on the feeling of our people after the affair of the Alabama. He told me that on one of our trains he thought he had lost some luggage. He sent for the conductor, saying to him rather gruffly that his luggage must be looked up. "I assumed," said Sir James, "that your conductors were like the 'guards' on an English train. I at once found my error. The tall Yankee took out his glasses and looked down at me with great deliberation, saying finally, 'Who in —— are you?' I lost my temper, saying to him that I was a 'Member of Parliament, commissioned by my government,' etc., etc. To all of which the tall Yankee listened grimly till I had finished. He then said, as if examining a specimen, 'Well—I'll be —— if you don't look just as I expected a member of Parliament to look. Good day.' He returned in a moment and said, 'If you go and ask the baggagemaster, perhaps he'll look after your trunk.'" Sir James added that he had never known before what degree of rage he was capable of. After some days he learned that the conductor was rather like the cap-

*"The Western World," 1846, p. 126. See also p. 283.

†"Democracy in America," p. 263. Vol. I.

tain of a steamer and in no way like the guard of an English train. "I finally saw that I had made a fool of myself and after that never had the slightest trouble." This kindly English gentleman could, of course, have had that same circus every day of his stay in the United States, if he had not dropped that tone and air. His own misreckoning created the situation, just as thousands of Americans in Europe create all sorts of awkwardnesses and ill feeling because in some moment of misunderstanding they have no key to the situation. They are in unwonted conditions where they have not learned the human approach.

As jovial a nature as Dickens certainly had not learned it on his first journey to this country. He had a great weakness for playing the dandy in his dress. He was much bejeweled and we have only to picture him, with his button-hole bouquet, walking about in a town of the Mississippi valley in 1842. Every ultra effect of his person was bound to create among those rustics all manner of "impertinent curiosities." The gods could have not have protected him. When, on his second trip, he said nothing would induce him to write another book, we see that he had learned something. Even so little a thing as the single eye-glass of Sir Charles Lyell explains some of the irreverent remarks that he did not like in that Western world.

Difficult as it is, there must be some understanding as to what is meant by manners. Renan says that no fact weighs so much in our human relations as manner. He is not asserting that manners are the highest or best in character, but that they practically count for more than other gifts among men. This has no more emphasis than in Emerson, who says that "the creation of the gentleman" is the most conspicuous fact in modern history. "Chivalry is that, and loyalty is that, and, in English literature, half the drama and all the novels from Sir Philip Sidney to Sir Walter Scott paint this figure." As we face the many charges that American manners are bad, what standard

are we to have in mind? Has any nation as a whole good manners? We hear this said of some Eastern peoples, but in our Western world are German or French or English manners good as totals of behavior? Or must we deal with a selected class or classes in each nation? We should find in every class of all of those countries gracious and most ungracious manners. In each community we should have to do with individuals. It is not likely that many more persons deserving the name of gentleman or lady, would be found in one nation than in another. But the question in Europe as well as in the United States will be one of ratios. The general statement that American manners are bad is like saying, "the American is fat or temperate, or easily embarrassed." I heard an Englishman in London, who did not like us, say that he never failed to spot an American, because he had "a wolf's face." I saw what he meant, but he was depicting only a portion of his enemies. That Europeans knocking about among our loosely settled communities, as did Fearon, the two Halls, and scores of others, should be concerned about our lack of manners, is like their solicitude over our want of cathedrals, castles and good pictures. The slow reaching out of our people toward the West with all the burdens and hardships incident to pioneer life, was no school for outward graces. Our popular conception of liberty and equality unquestionably added their touch of swagger to much of our behavior. The hat-in-hand deference observable among common folk in many parts of Europe could not thrive in our atmosphere. That deference was made in older countries by all sorts of forced subserviency. It is sweet to those who receive it, and we often hear among us a toadying valuation set upon the obsequious and bated homage of foreign servants. This is called good manners. It is said, they "knew their places." But we cannot continue to have those masks, and at the same time have the best social manners.

As most of the early attacks on our ill-bred ways as-

cribe them to democracy and equality, this charge has to be met. There is happily illustrious authority to which we may appeal. As great a man as Goethe declared that really good manners could only come with equality; not an inane literal equality, but an equality of native and achieved power; a social ranking according to social service, without any artificial aid of class flunkeyism. Many of the earliest critics insist that our theories of equality spoil manners. Our imperfections were very real, but they were not owing to any theory of equality, unless blatant exceptions here and there are to decide. We can appeal to the very highest authorities for this. In respect to our manners, James Bryce says, "Americans have gained more than they have lost by equality."* Then follows this admirable passage:

"I do not think that the upper class loses in grace, I am sure that the humbler class gains in independence. The manners of the 'best people' are exactly those of England, with a thought more of consideration towards inferiors and of frankness towards equals. Among the masses there is, generally speaking, as much real courtesy and good nature as anywhere else in the world. There is less outward politeness than in some parts of Europe, Portugal, for instance, or Tuscany, or Sweden. There is a certain coolness or off-handness which at first annoys the European visitor, who still thinks himself 'a superior;' but when he perceives that it is not meant for insolence, and that native Americans do not notice it, he learns to acquiesce."†

"The second charm of American life is one which some Europeans will smile at. It is social equality. To many Europeans—to Germans, let us say, or Englishmen—the word has an odious sound. It suggests a dirty fellow in a blouse elbowing his betters in a crowd, or an ill-conditioned villager shaking his fist at the parson or the squire; or, at any rate, it suggests obtrusiveness and bad manners. The exact contrary is the truth. Equality improves man-

*American Commonwealth, p. 609.

†See de Tocqueville, "Democracy in America," Vol. II, p. 214. De Tocqueville puts this in more theoretic form: "The more equal social conditions become, the more do men display this reciprocal disposition to oblige each other. In democracies, no great benefits are conferred, but good offices are constantly rendered; a man seldom displays self-devotion, but all men are ready to be of service to one another."

ners, for it strengthens the basis of all good manners, respect for other men and women simply as men and women, irrespective of their station in life."

Mr. Bryce admits that forty years ago the influence of equality may have impaired manners, but denies that this is any longer true. He says:

"In those days there was an obtrusive self-assertiveness, among the less refined classes, especially towards those who, coming from the Old World, were assumed to come in a patronizing spirit. Now, however, social equality has grown so naturally out of the circumstances of the country, has been so long established, and is so ungrudgingly admitted, that all excuse for obtrusiveness has disappeared. People meet on a simple and natural footing, with more frankness and ease than is possible in countries where everyone is either looking up or looking down."*

The spirit of all this accords with Hamerton's judgment that the French are "at once a very polite and a very rude people." He says the uses to which the upper class put their politeness is to defend themselves against the intimacies of people whom they do not want to know. He says his own countrymen, the English, do not care in the least about a reputation for politeness. They defend themselves against intimacies by "*roideur* and dignity."

That democracy is to deform all life's graces is a kind of faith with the older writers. The most unrelated annoyance is sure to be traced to this source or to some supposed derivative, as for example, "woman's rights." That charming story-teller, Anthony Trollope, has his fling in this passage:

"The woman, as she enters, drags after her a misshapen, dirty mass of battered wirework, which she calls her crinoline, and which adds as much to her grace and comfort as a log of wood does to a donkey, when tied to the animal's leg in a paddock. Of this

*Sir Charles Lyell on his recent visit is struck by the advantage which the United States has over England in allowing men to take humbler business positions with no loss of social prestige. So many "younger sons" are driven from England by "aristocratic prejudice" as to what is genteel. "North America," Vol. I, p. 20.

she takes much heed, not managing it so that it may be conveyed up to the carriage with some decency, but striking it about against men's legs, and heaving it with violence over people's knees. The touch of a real woman's dress is in itself delicate; but these blows from a harpy's fins are loathsome. If there be two of them, they talk loudly together, having a theory that modesty has been put out of court by women's rights."

De Tocqueville, in his chapter on the Relation of Democracy to Manners, says, "Equality of conditions and greater mildness in manners are, then, in my eyes not only contemporaneous occurrences, but correlative facts."* He opens the chapter with these words, "We perceive that for several centuries social conditions have tended to equality, and we discover that at the same time the manners of society have been softened."

Matthew Arnold deserves a place among these witnesses of the higher rank. In his "Impressions of America," this prince of critics pays merciless attention to some of our imitations and vulgarities. He does it in a tone of too much conscious ascendancy over our poor humanity. This often rasps the soul. But no book ever written about us has, it seems to me, more truth that we need to know, packed into small space, like gold in the vein, than this little volume. Note the reason he gives why some of our women have better manners than English women of the same class.

"I have often heard it observed that a perfectly natural manner is as rare among Englishwomen of the middle classes as it is general among American women of like condition with them. And so far as the observation is true, the reason of its truth no doubt is, that the Englishwoman is living in presence of an upper class, as it is called—in presence, that is, of a class of women recognized as being the right thing in style and manner, and whom she imagines criticising *her* style and manner, finding this or that to be amiss with it, this or that to be vulgar. Hence, self-consciousness and constraint in her. The American woman lives in presence of no such class; there may be circles trying to pass themselves off

*"Democracy in America," Vol. II, p. 198.

as such a class, giving themselves airs as such, but they command no recognition, no authority."

I do not quote this because of the tribute in it but to show his spirit toward manners as related to organized social snobbery. The manners that come from class subserviency we do not want. Even if long in the making, we desire the deportment that is not "humbled into shape" by artificial class distinctions.

To put this demeanor into a word or definition is at least as hard as to define religion. The paragon of manners would have that first indispensable requisite—delicate consideration of the feelings of other people. He would also have the graces of external carriage and behavior. If he were the paragon, he would show these gifts of sensitive regard to others, clothed in the outer charms of bearing, at all times and to all sorts of people. He would not show them in spots or upon occasion only. The Germans speak of "a street angel and a home devil"—a man very popular in public, but a churl in his own family. In one of Cherbuliez's novels some swell of noble lineage is made mayor of his commune. A lot of miscellaneous citizens come to him with some request. He stands before them with the polished and smiling exterior moulded by his traditions. But while they are petitioning, the Mayor says to himself, "I wonder what this vulgar mob would think, if they could look into my mind and see this minute, just how I am despising them?" This is the cad, yet he was some percentage of a gentleman. He had still the lacquered shell of one.

I was once on a very trying stage drive of several days in the West. More passengers than could be decently accommodated had to get through. A woman of the party had won every heart at the journey's end by a kindness and tact which prevented minor quarrels over the most desirable seats or rooms at the hotel. It was all done with entire unconsciousness. Yet she would openly chew gum by the hour, use the knife long and industriously upon her finger nails, and, after each meal, elaborately remove the food

from her teeth with her hat pin. One of the party, who would not speak to her on the first day, said at the end, "That is the most naturally *kind* person I ever saw. She carried us in her heart the whole way."

What are we to do between the French mayor with the human feeling all gone, and this woman with little besides human good will? He is not a gentleman in spite of inherited gestures and grimaces and, what is more, there is no alchemy by which he can be made into a gentleman. And the woman who "carried us all in her heart," making rough ways smooth, neither is she quite a lady. But she has this greatly in her favor, that the most indispensable of all gifts were hers for the making of the lady. It is here that Harriet Martineau comes to our aid. She has heard of our imperfect ways and her decision is this, that as far as extreme good will, consideration and intelligence to help others are concerned, "they have the best manners I have ever seen." This at least is better than the most varnished shell.

Where the outer and inner perfection are united, we have the Paragon, but Emerson says this rare flower is seen "but once or twice in a lifetime." If an entire people is considered, this combination of outer and inner graces is extremely rare in all Western nations. Latin peoples censure the manners of all Northern races; but Eastern folk, India, China, Japan, are as critical of the brusque and discourteous ways of France. It is all so relative as to save something of our pride.

So far as improvement and right direction are concerned, the later critics give us gracious encouragement. It comes not alone from the new English Ambassador. The historian Freeman, though he says, "No one teaches you your place so well as the American hotel-clerk," says of our outer life, "I have never, on land at least, fallen in with the pushing, questioning, fellow-traveler, a dim tradition of whom we are likely to take out with us. As for the Ameri-

can hotel, it is not an inn, but an institution." And of our home manners, "In private life, the American strikes me as, on the whole, more ceremonious than the Englishman on this side of the ocean. I do not profess to know how far this may be owing to the absence of acknowledged artificial distinctions, but it seems not unlikely that the two things may have something to do with one another. It certainly did strike me on the whole that, among those with whom I had to do in America, there was not less, but more attention paid to minute observances than there is in England."*

*"Impressions of the United States," 1883, pp. 235 and 203.

SEARCH AND REVIEW QUESTIONS ON "AS OTHERS SEE US" WILL BE FOUND IN THE ROUND TABLE SECTION AT THE BACK OF THIS MAGAZINE.

End of C. L. S. C. Required Reading for February.

THE EDITORS REGRET TO ANNOUNCE THAT, OWING TO THE ILLNESS OF MISS EDWINA SPENCER, THE CHAPTER OF "AMERICAN PAINTING" ANNOUNCED FOR THIS MONTH MUST BE DEFERRED TO A LATER ISSUE.

Some Great American Scientists*

V. Samuel Pierpont Langley

By William F. Magie

Professor of Physics in Princeton University.

THE life of the subject of this sketch, like the lives of most men of science, was marked rather by achievements than by events. In its main outline it may be briefly told. Samuel Pierpont Langley was born in Roxbury, Massachusetts, August 22, 1834. He was educated in the Boston Latin School and the Boston High School. He did not go to college but prepared himself for civil engineering and architecture, the two kindred professions to which he was led by the strongly marked features of his mind, scientific ability and artistic interest and taste. He practised these professions for several years in Chicago and St. Louis, but finally abandoned them to devote himself to science. After two years spent as assistant in the Harvard Observatory, and a year spent as assistant professor of mathematics and director of the observatory in the Naval Academy at Annapolis, he was called to the professorship of astronomy and physics in the Western University of Pennsylvania at Pittsburgh and to the directorship of the Allegheny Observatory. There he remained until, twenty years later in 1886, he became assistant secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. In August, 1887, after the death of Professor Spencer Fullerton Baird, the second secretary of the Institution, he was appointed to succeed him in the secretaryship. In this post he remained until his death on February 27, 1906.

The limits of this sketch forbid the notice of the minor

*The first article of this series, "Asa Gray," by Prof. Charles Reid Barnes, appeared in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* for September; the second, "John James Audubon," by Prof. Samuel C. Schmucker, in October; the third, "Simon Newcomb," by Prof. Malcolm McNeill, in November; the fourth, "Louis Agassiz," by David Starr Jordan, in December.

discoveries and inventions of Langley made during his long and active scientific career, and restrict us to the consideration of the main lines of work with which his name will always be associated. These are three in number: the study of the solar surface and of radiant energy; the development of the work of the Smithsonian Institution; and the study of the problem of aerial navigation.

Before entering upon these topics, mention should be made of the great practical service rendered by Langley in the introduction of a uniform system of time for the railroads of the country. When he went to the Allegheny Observatory he found there a fine telescope, but no accessory instruments or appliances to render it useful in scientific work. The observatory did not possess even a suitable clock. He conceived the idea of obtaining these necessary instruments by interesting the managers of the great railroads which converge in Pittsburg in the question of standard time. By his persuasive insistence he succeeded in accomplishing his purpose. The railroads adopted his plans for the dissemination of standard time by signals from his observatory, and furnished him the equipment by which these plans were realized. The splendid time service of our present railroads is thus in a large measure Langley's creation.

The first few years of Langley's life in Pittsburg were devoted to the careful study of the solar surface. In those days the modern methods of dry-plate photography had not been invented, and for various reasons it was difficult, if not impossible, to apply the old wet-plate process to recording astronomical phenomena. Records were made by careful drawing based on visual observations. In making these records, especially of such appearances as those presented by sunspots, there was needed not only great accuracy of vision and skill in delineation, but a high degree of scientific sagacity to enable the observer to discriminate between the occasional, or as they may be called, accidental

phenomena presented by the particular object under observation, and the typical or universal features of it. Langley possessed the necessary qualifications for this sort of work in the highest degree, and the diagrams of the typical sunspots which he prepared are now, and perhaps will long remain the best delineations of the essential characteristics of those mysterious appearances.

The energy which comes to us from the sun and which we recognize as the sun's light and heat, is transmitted through space by waves in the luminiferous ether. Just as in the case of the sound waves coming through the air from an orchestra or from a piano, the waves which transmit the tones of different pitch differ in length, so in the case of the light and heat from the sun, the waves which transmit it differ in length. If a narrow beam of white light is received on a prism of glass or of some other transparent substance, some of these waves are absorbed in the substance of the prism, and the rest are variously deflected by it, so that after emergence the narrow incident beam is spread out into a long band of radiance, the visible part of which exhibits the well known colors of the spectrum. By far the largest part of the radiance, however, is transmitted by waves which lie outside the range of visibility for the human eye. It is a question of the highest scientific importance to determine the extent of this invisible part of the spectrum, and especially to measure the proportion of the solar energy which each portion of the spectrum transmits. Most of the years which Langley spent at the Allegheny Observatory were devoted to the study of this question. At the outset of the investigation, it became necessary to invent an instrument by which the requisite observations could be made. What is needed is a receiving instrument which can be placed in the spectrum, so narrow that it is affected by only a small group of waves of nearly equal length, and sufficiently sensitive to indicate and to measure the radiant energy which falls upon it. Langley supplied

this need by his invention of the bolometer. The receiving part of this instrument is a narrow straight strip of the thinnest sheet iron or of platinum foil, which is joined up with wires in an electric current in such a way that its electric resistance can be measured. As the spectrum is usually formed, the light from the source comes through a narrow vertical slit, and is spread out by the prism into a long horizontal band. The strip of metal of the bolometer is set vertically somewhere in this band, and being narrow, receives upon its surface only the radiance caused by a small group of wave lengths. It is coated with lamp black so as to absorb practically all the incident energy. It thus becomes warmed and its electric resistance changes. By measuring this change in electric resistance, the amount of energy absorbed by the bolometer strip is determined.

With this instrument Langley made a systematic study of the distribution of energy in the solar spectrum. He found, as a principal result of his inquiry, that by far the largest part of the solar energy, ninety-nine per cent. in fact, is transmitted by waves too long to be visible, and he was able to determine the relative amounts of energy transmitted by waves of different wave length. He traced the spectrum from the dark red at the end of the visible spectrum for which the wave length is about 0.7 thousandths of a millimeter, to the wave length of 5.3 thousandths of a millimeter. He further studied the effect of atmospheric absorption on the light from the sun. This robs the incident light of about 30 per cent. of its energy, when the sun is in the zenith, and of about 75 per cent. when the sun is on the horizon. The absorption is selective in character, and one of the curious facts about it is that, in the visible spectrum, the violet and blue rays are proportionately more absorbed than the yellow and red rays, so that, if it were not for the effect of the atmosphere, the color of the sun would appear distinctly bluish.

It would be impossible to describe in the limits of this

article, the various special researches to which Langley applied the bolometer. He advanced it to such a degree of sensitiveness that a change of temperature of one hundred millionth of a degree Fahrenheit could be detected. With this sensitive instrument he studied the radiation from the moon, from sunspots and other celestial sources, and mapped the spectrum of the heat radiated from a block of ice.

While in the full tide of success in these researches, Langley was called to the secretaryship of the Smithsonian Institution. His distinguished predecessor in that office, Joseph Henry, once said of himself, when he was asked to accept it, "If I go, I shall probably exchange permanent fame for transient reputation;" and Henry's successors, each in turn, have been forced to face that issue. Langley's sense of duty was too strong to allow him to decline the post which was offered him, but he could not bear to break off entirely from his purely scientific work, and so endeavored for awhile to maintain an active connection with the Allegheny Observatory. He soon found it impossible to do this, but by his success in obtaining a grant for the Astrophysical Observatory at Washington, he was enabled to push on, under more favorable conditions, the work which he had so much at heart. His principal task, however, from the assumption of his new office in August, 1887, was to conduct the activities of the Smithsonian Institution along the course already marked out by his predecessors, and also to enlarge those activities in other ways in harmony with its general plan of organization.

The Smithsonian Institution is one of the most notable agencies in the world devoted to the promotion of science. It was founded upon a bequest by James Smithson, an English gentleman, interested in science, who was an original contributor to the science of chemistry, and a member of the Royal Society. He bequeathed the whole of his estate to the United States to found at Washington, under the

name of the Smithsonian Institution, "an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." This bequest, amounting to \$500,000, was received by the United States in 1838. For the time, this was a really magnificent foundation. Harvard College was the only educational institution in the country which was so liberally endowed.

For several years Congress was occupied with the consideration of plans for the organization of the Institution. It was variously proposed to found a university, an agricultural school, an astronomical observatory, a library, course of public lectures, and other institutions more or less compatible with the expressed intent of the donor. The act which finally passed in 1846 fortunately left the details of administration somewhat indefinite, thus allowing the first secretary to interpret the phrases of Smithson's will, declaring the purpose of the foundation, in the broadest and most liberal way. The "establishment" consists of the President of the United States, the Vice-President, the Chief Justice and the members of the Cabinet. Its business is conducted by a Board of Regents, consisting of the Vice-President, the Chief Justice, three Senators, three Representatives, and six citizens, two of whom must be residents of the city of Washington. The Regents appoint the Secretary, upon whom the administration of the affairs of the Institution practically falls. Their first appointment was a most fortunate one, and determined forever the lines along which the Institution has developed into a most beneficent organization for the support of scientific investigation and the dissemination of scientific knowledge.

Joseph Henry, first secretary, was professor of physics in Princeton. He was distinguished as an original investigator. The improvements which he had made in the earlier forms of electro-magnets, and his studies of the proper construction of such magnets to be used with effect in long circuits, made possible the practical establishment of telegraphy. His discoveries in connection with the induced current, while they did not attract the same notice as the contemporary

work of Faraday, were equally fundamental and important. He was a man of a lofty and unselfish nature and of a serene temper. He was besides profoundly convinced of the importance to mankind of the increase of scientific knowledge, even when its practical relations are not immediately apparent. Bearing in mind the two-fold purpose expressed by Smithson in his will, he proposed a plan of organization by which these purposes have ever since been carried out. He proposed to "increase knowledge" by stimulating men of talent to make original researches, by offering suitable rewards for memoirs containing new truths, and by appropriating a portion of the income for particular researches; and to "diffuse knowledge" by publishing a series of periodical reports on the progress of the different branches of knowledge, and also separate treatises on subjects of general interest. The publications which have been issued according to this plan, in the Smithsonian contributions to knowledge and the Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections, consist of important original memoirs and admirable reports on the progress of science, made by recognized leaders in the respective branches of science. All branches of natural and physical science are sustained and assisted by the funds of the Institution. As was natural and proper, particular attention has been given to collecting and preserving everything of interest connected with the life of the aborigines on our continent, and the collections, made under the direction of the Institution or acquired by it for the National Museum, to illustrate the life and the past history of the American Indian are the most important in the world. The Institution also publishes memoirs and reports under grants from Congress in connection with the National Museum, the National Herbarium, the Bureau of Ethnology, and the Astrophysical Observatory. By a thoroughly organized system of exchange the memoirs of all important scientific societies the world over have been collected in the library of the Institution, now deposited in the Library of Congress.

In fact, any scientific work or any publication which can be better undertaken by an endowed institution than by private effort comes within the province of the Smithsonian Institution and may be undertaken by it. Among these enterprises may be mentioned the inauguration, by Henry, of systematic and extensive observations of the weather for the purpose of weather prediction—the work now carried on by the weather bureau; the development, by Baird, of the National Museum; and the establishment, by Langley, of the National Zoological Park, and of the Astrophysical Observatory. The expense of these various undertakings is far greater than could be borne by the income of the original endowment, and is met by Congress by special appropriations.

The mere executive work demanded of the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution is a sufficient burden for any man to carry; but Langley found time and energy to supervise the work done in the Astrophysical Observatory, and also to conduct important investigations in the field of aerial navigation. That a heavy body can be sustained in the air by the pressure of moving air against extended surfaces, is plain to anyone who has ever watched a hawk or buzzard soaring. The problem is to discover the conditions which make such flight possible, and to realize them with mechanism which can be constructed and controlled by man. Langley proceeded to investigate this problem in a thoroughly scientific way, by making elaborate experiments on the lifting force and resistance offered by plane surfaces of various shapes and set at various angles, when whirled rapidly through the air by means of a great whirling table. After ascertaining a number of facts and of general laws that are of importance to anyone attempting to secure artificial flight, Langley put them into application. He constructed four model "Aerodromes," or flying machines, two of which made many successful flights. One of these was furnished with two pairs of broad planes as wings,

set outward from a central framework, somewhat as the wings of a soaring bird are set, and separated from each other by a space in which was placed the motor and the propeller. The motor was a steam engine of wonderful lightness and efficiency. It gave between one and one and a half horse power and weighed only five pounds. When the machine was successfully launched, it sailed away in great curves, ascending higher and higher, until the motor stopped because of the exhaustion of fuel. It then settled down so gently that it was not in the least injured by the shock, but was ready at once for another trial. The distance covered in the longest flight was about 3,000 feet. After demonstrating in this way the possibility of artificial flight, Langley was content to consider his work done, and laid the subject aside; but he was induced to resume it again in 1898 at the request of the Board of Ordnance and Fortification of the United States Army. It was considered by that Board that a flying machine which could carry a man might be useful in time of war, and a grant of \$50,000 was made for experiments directed toward the construction of such a machine. To this thankless and unremunerated task, Langley gave the last years of his life. The machine which was at last constructed, after many difficulties had been surmounted, failed to leave the launching platform properly, and was twice wrecked without really getting into flight at all. These failures, which were nothing more than the ordinary failures which occur in the course of the development of any complicated invention, were made the ground of adverse comment by the public and by speakers in Congress; and no further funds were supplied after the original grant had been expended. The experiments thus came to an end, but there is no good reason to doubt that, if they had been continued, the first self-propelling, man-carrying flying machine would have been due to Langley.

**Greeting to C. L. S. C. Readers from President
King, Oberlin College.**

Professor George E. Vincent,
Chautauqua Institution,
Hyde Park, Chicago.

My Dear Professor Vincent:

I do not see how the colleges and universities can help rejoicing in the success of such popular educational movements as the Chautauqua Reading Course. For myself I cannot doubt that they make some steady intellectual growth possible to many who, without them, would have no such opportunity; that they rouse in others the ambition for a wider and more thoro education; and that they have not been without their service to college graduates, also, in helping them to keep up some lines of their college study. It is much that one may be able to believe that thru these means thousands of lives have been made plainly richer and happier. The colleges certainly may believe in these movements, both as supplementing their own efforts, and as tending to produce a people with increased intellectual and educational interests.

Sincerely yours,

Henry Churchill King.

The Finns As American Citizens

By W. Frank McClure

IN spite of the restoration of Finland's freedom from Russian oppression, the inhabitants of the Grand Duchy of Finland are still emigrating at the rate of nearly two thousand a month, a recent estimate for the year 1907 placing the total number at twenty thousand. The unique feature of this emigration is found in the fact that it is now, and for a decade past has been, almost exclusively to the United States. So great has been the influx of these people that those now present with us number more than two hundred and fifty thousand and their reception and success as citizens of the new world is a decided incentive to a continuance of this immigration.

The most important feature of the coming of the Finns to the United States is that they are desirable citizens. Physically they are strong. Thousands of them own their own homes. One-half the American population are church members and among few nationalities is the cause of temperance growing more rapidly.

Industrially the Finns in America are filling a most important niche. Some twenty thousand of them in the Masaba Iron Range alone are digging out the ore that is giving America her prestige in the production of iron and steel. Thousands more are rehandling this heavy product at the harbors of Lake Erie where it is transferred from ten-thousand-ton ships to fifty-ton railroad cars, en route to the furnaces of the Mahoning Valley and Pittsburg. In so doing they are performing a kind of hard labor for which it is very difficult to engage our English speaking workmen.

Out in Wyoming again the Finnish laborers are digging coal. In Colorado they are helping to uncover the nation's gold. At Astoria, Oregon, we find them extensively engaged in the industry of salmon fishing. Altogether there are more than four thousand Finnish people in As-

toria. There are also good sized Finnish settlements in California, Washington, Utah, Montana, South Dakota, and Nebraska. Not all the Finns in the United States, however, are at the lake ports and in the West. In Massachusetts there are thousands more, three thousand of whom are at Fitchburg.

Not only are these people an important factor in our American industrial life but in very many places their influence is felt in the civic and political life of the community in which they live, and this influence is usually for good. Substantial illustrations of this fact have been afforded at Ashtabula, O., harbor, the world's greatest iron ore-receiving port. Here are located several thousand Finns, three Finnish churches and two large temperance halls. In the city are one hundred saloons. With a view to driving out these grog shops not long ago a local option election was held. The result was close and the issue was defeated but, to the everlasting credit of the Finns, a survey of the situation disclosed the fact that the proposition was lost in the best residential section while the Finnish territory carried overwhelmingly "dry."

A few years ago it was not an uncommon thing for laborers on the lower lake docks to carry liquor with them to their work. The first nationality among these handlers to make a move in the direction of total abstinence was the Finns. Twenty-two years ago a temperance society was established among the Finnish people of Ashtabula harbor. Year after year the sentiment grew. Finally it crystallized among those who were employed upon the docks belonging to the late Senator Marcus A. Hanna. The Finns and the Swedes united in the movement and it was not long until the fact was widely heralded along the lakes with an immediate and decided influence for good. At that time the Finns at this port possessed no temperance hall. Mr. Hanna therefore erected for them a plain frame building for a reading room, gymnasium, and meeting place on an eminence overlooking the docks.

Incidentally, Ashtabula harbor holds a unique place among Finnish settlements. It is the doorway through which many thousands of Finns have passed to the Northwest. Large numbers of these people on their arrival at New York proceed at once to Ashtabula and are met by relatives or friends who have preceded them by perhaps several years. Here they remain a year or two until they become accustomed to American ways and learn to speak some English. They are then ready either to select some other part of the country as their home or to begin in earnest the pursuit for homes of their own and a livelihood in the immediate vicinity.

Once naturalized and full-fledged residents of a city or town, it is not uncommon for them to be selected for offices of public trust. At both Ashtabula and Conneaut in recent years, Finns have been elected to the city council. In the state legislature of Minnesota there is a Finn who is serving his second term. Another is a member of the legislature of Wyoming. At Longville, Idaho, the postmaster is a Finn. At New York Mills, Minnesota, another occupies the office of justice-of-the-peace. In Houghton county, Michigan, Finns have held both the offices of county prosecutor and treasurer.

As already inferred, the Finns are a decidedly religious people. The church of the motherland is the Lutheran Church and the majority of the Finns in this country are still its adherents. Most of the ministers in the United States who are serving Finnish pastorates were ordained in Finland. It is difficult to find a Finnish settlement, no matter how small, without a meetinghouse of some kind and many of them are quite large. The first of these churches was built in 1873 at Calumet, Michigan, which is one of the oldest settlements in the United States.

About five years ago, a new church movement was inaugurated among the Finns in this country looking toward the abolishment of many of the forms and ceremonies of

the church as conducted in Finland. This church was known as "The Finnish Independent Evangelical Lutheran Church of America of the Kansan Synod." The first meeting was held at Ashtabula harbor and was attended by delegates from settlements in Minnesota, Pennsylvania, and Ohio. Since then the church has been growing in many sections of the country. At a subsequent national meeting, plans were laid for the establishment of a theological seminary in connection therewith.

Some important features of the new church may be summed up as follows: The length of the ceremonies is greatly shortened and more time given to the sermon. The mass required in the motherland is not obligatory but at the same time is not abolished, the matter being left to the option of the different churches of the synod. In Finland those who do not partake of the communion in ten years are in a sense ostracised, while under the regime of the new church this distinction is largely obliterated.

There is also a comparatively small portion of our Finnish population connected with the long-established evangelical churches of this country. There are twenty Finnish Congregational churches in the United States. Most of these are in Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Maine. The first one, however, was established at Ashtabula harbor some fifteen years ago and this was the only one for some five years.

The temperance societies of the Finns at their inception carried out simply the literal or liberal meaning of the word "temperance," making moderation the chief requirement. Today temperance with the Finns means total abstinence. The temperance halls, some of which cost as high as ten thousand dollars, are used for temperance meetings Sabbath afternoons but week days often are utilized for the presentation of Finnish dramas or for social events. Not a few of them are fitted up with a large stage and scenery. At the Sabbath afternoon meetings it is not un-

common for one of the members to be called publicly to account when he is known to have broken his temperance pledge.

Realizing the desirable qualifications and stability of Finnish immigrants various other parts of the world have sought to interest them from time to time, but with little success. The Canadian Northwest, for example, in its notable campaign for new settlers a few years ago did not forget the Finns. In response, a few hundred of them have taken up claims. The Finns usually make successful farmers. South Africa has attracted some and there are perhaps a hundred families in Cuba who are following agricultural pursuits. Aside from the financial inducements, however, the educational opportunities and religious freedom offered by the United States, and the fact that such large numbers of their countrymen are already here, appeal to them above anything else.

The greatly augmented emigration from Finland in the last few years was largely due to the oppressive attitude of the Russian government in its dealings with Finland and the dark future which Finns beheld. Finland, it will be recalled, came under Russian control with the conquest of Sweden in 1809. At that time, the Finns were promised that they might retain their different forms of national life. These forms included their systems of education, their constitution, their language and their postage and currency. Under this regime everything went well for nearly a century.

In 1899, a Russian manifesto aimed to make Russian edicts law in Finland irrespective of the approval of the Finnish legislative bodies. Subsequently, under the despotic rule of Governor General Bobrikoff, the constitution of Finland which had been so long preserved was overridden at every turn. The press was muzzled and public meetings, called in protest against the situation, were suppressed. The Russian language was forced on the schools. Finnish post-

age was abolished and Russian officers were placed in command of the armies. Nor was this all. The removal of Russian authorities from office was made subject to the Tzar's will. Five hundred Finns, galling under this turn of affairs, went in a body to St. Petersburg to present their cause to the Tzar but he declined to see them.

Later Governor General Bobrikoff was assassinated, and, about a year and a half ago, the constitution and liberties of the Finns were restored and, in addition, some concessions made which were not enjoyed before. Conditions have naturally improved throughout Finland with the restoring of confidence in the people.

While the recent cloud hung over the motherland the most intense interest was manifested among the Finns of the United States. Public indignation meetings were held, resolutions were passed, and arrangements made to assist in every way the immigrants coming to the new world. Relatives, especially, sent money to their kinsfolk in Finland to help bring them across the Atlantic.

Very few Finns who come for admission to this country are sent back. They are splendidly developed. This is said to be due in part to the coarse bread and other plain food which they eat and to their steam baths. Even the farms in Finland are equipped with bath houses. The one disease which sometimes bars these people from coming into the United States is "trachoma," a disease of the eye.

Since the bettering of conditions in Finland, a few Finns from this country are returning to the motherland. Quite a goodly number went back during the strike of the ore handlers at Duluth last Spring. The number, however, in no way compares with those who are coming into the United States and not a few of those who went to Finland in the Spring or early Summer are now coming back to America.



Typical Home and Neighborhood Gathering of well-to-do Finns
in the United States



Finnish Athletic Society



Finnish Temperance Hall at
Conneaut, Ohio



Photograph Taken at National
Meeting of New Finnish
Church Synod at Ashtabula
Harbor



Finnish College at Hancock, Michigan

The Vesper Hour*

. By Chancellor John H. Vincent

ONE of the most able and brilliant of the preachers whose names are to be honored as the pages of American Church History are turned for the centuries to come is Horace Bushnell. He was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, April 14, 1802, and died February 17, 1876. He graduated from Yale in 1827, and was a tutor there from 1829-1831. He studied both law and theology and was pastor of a Congregational Church in Hartford from 1833 to 1859. He wrote several strong books. He was an original and vigorous thinker, progressive and profoundly spiritual, and wielded a fascinating pen. Like Robertson of Brighton, he commanded the reverent attention of both scientific and philosophic minds. Perhaps his greatest book is "Nature and the Supernatural."

Our Vesper reading for the current month is from his sermon on "The Capacity of Religion Extirpated by Disuse," from Matt. 25:28, "Take therefore the talent from him." In this sermon Dr. Bushnell establishes two propositions: (1) That the capacity for religion is a talent—the highest talent we have—and (2) that this capacity is one that, by total disuse and the overgrowth of others, is finally extirpated. He sets forth the deforming power of sin; insists that there is no genuine culture, no proper education which does not include religion. He closes this vigorous discourse as follows:

"Let no one comfort himself in the intense activity of his mind on the subject of religion. This is one of the things to be dreaded. To be always thinking, debating, scheming, in reference to the great questions of religion, without using any of the talents that belong more appropriately to God and the receiving of God, is just the way to extirpate the

*The Vesper Hour, contributed to THE CHAUTAUQUAN each month by Chancellor Vincent continues the ministries of Chautauqua's Vesper Service throughout the year.

talents most rapidly, and so to close up the mind in spiritual darkness. And no man is more certainly dark to God than one who is always at work upon His mystery, by the mere understanding. To be curious, to speculate much, to be dinning always in argument, battle-dooring always in opinions and dogmas, whether on the free side of rationalistic audacity, or the stiff side of catechetic orthodoxy, makes little difference; all such activity is cancerous and destructive to the real talents of religion. What you do with the understanding never reaches God. He is known only by them that receive Him into their love, their faith, their deep want—known only as He is enshrined within, felt as a divine force, breathed in the inspirations of His secret life. The geometer might as well expect to solve his problems by the function of smell, as a responsible soul to find God by the understanding. How little does it signify, then, that you are always thoughtful on religious subjects? That, by itself, will only be your ruin.

“Make as little of the hope that the Holy Spirit will sometime open your closed or consciously closing faculties. It requires a talent, so to speak, for the Holy Spirit to entertain or receive him. A rock cannot receive the Holy Spirit. No more can a mind that has lost, or extinguished the talent for inspiration. The Holy Spirit, glorious and joyful truth, does find a way into souls that are steeped in spiritual lethargy, does beget anew the sense of holy things that appeared to be faded almost away. But when the very faculty that makes His working possible is quite closed up, or so nearly closed that no living receptivity is left for Him to work in, when the soul has no fit room, or function to receive His inspiring motions, more than a tree, half-dead, to receive the quickening sap of the spring, or an ossified heart to let the life-power play its action, then, manifestly, nothing is to be hoped for longer from His quickening visitations. The soul was originally made to be dwelt in, actuated, filled with God, but finally this high talent is virtually extirpated; when,

of course, there is nothing to hope for longer. It may not be so with you, and it also may.

"The truth we are here bringing into view wears no look of promise, in regard to the future condition of bad men. If we talk of their final restoration, what is going to restore them, when the very thing we see in them here is the gradual extinction of their capabilities of religion? Their want of God itself dies out, and they have no God-ward aspiration left. The talent of inspiration, of spiritual perception, of love, of faith, every inlet of their nature that was open to God, is closed and virtually extirpated. This is no figure of speech that merely signifies their habitual obscurity, it is fact. By what, then, are they going to be restored? Will God take them up, as they enter into the future life, and re-create their extirpated faculties of religion?

"There is another hope, viz., that bad men will finally be themselves extirpated and cease; that the life of sin will finally burn them quite out, or cause them literally and totally to perish. But the difficulty here is that no such tendency is visible. It is only seen that the talent for religion, which is the higher and diviner side of the soul, is extirpated. The other parts are kept in some kind of activity, and are sometimes even overgrown by the stimulations of worldly or vicious impulse. If we sometimes look on a poor, imbruted mortal,—one who walks, looks, speaks, not as a proper man but as the vestiges only of a man,—asking in ourselves what is there left that is worth salvation?—as if there were nothing; still he lives, and, what is more, some of his quantities, viz., his passions and appetites and all his lowest affinities are even increased. His thoughts, too, run, as rapidly as they ever did, only they run low; his imaginations live, only they live in the style of his passions. It is not, then, annihilation that we see in him. Nothing is really annihilated but the celestial possibilities. And so it is with every soul that refuses God and religion. A living creature remains,—a mind, a memory, a heart of passion, fears, irritability, will

—all these remain; nothing is gone but the angel life that stood within them, and bound them all to God. What remains, remains; and, for aught that we can see, must remain; and there is the fatal, inevitable fact. How hopeless! God forbid that any of us may ever know what it means!

“Finally, how clear it is that the earliest time in religion is the best time. If there be any of my hearers that have lived many years, and have conscientiously not begun to live unto God, they have much to think of in a subject like this. How well do they know that God is further off than He was, and their spiritual apprehensions less distinct. They have felt the sentence—“Take therefore the talent from him”—passing upon them in its power for many years. And how much further will you go in this neglect of God before the extirpation begun is fatally complete? My friends, there is not an hour to lose. Only with the greatest difficulty will you be able, now, to gather up yourself and open your closing gates to the entrance of God and His salvation.

“Here, too, is the peculiar blessing and the hopeful advantage of youth. The talents which older men lose out, by their worldly practice and neglect of God, are fresh in them and free. Hence their common readiness to apprehend God and the things of religion. It is not because they are green, or unripe, as many think, but because they have a side of talent not yet eaten out by sinful practice; because God is mirrored so clearly in the depths of their nature, and breathed so freely into the recesses of their open life. Hence their ready sensibility, their quick perception, their ability to feel out, in experiment, what reason cannot master,—God, Christ, the inspiring grace, the heavenly peace, eternal life. Hence, also, the fact that so great a share of those who believe, embrace Christ in their youth. And this, my young friends, is the day therefore of privilege to you. Oh, that you could see the bright eminence of your condition. The holy talent now is yours. In a few selfish years it will be shortening, and before you know it, will be quite

taken away. The best, highest, most glorious talent of your nature is now calling you to save. Make, then, no delay in this first matter of life, the choice of God. Give Him up thy talent, whole and fresh, to be increased by early devotion and a life-long fidelity in His service. Call it the dew of thy youth, understanding well that, when thy sun is fairly up, it will, like dew, be gone."

Jane Addams

AT the time of the political crisis in Russia three years ago when widespread indignation was aroused in this country at the massacre of peaceful men and women by the Russian soldiery a mass meeting was held one Sunday afternoon at the Auditorium in Chicago. Miss Jane Addams of Hull House had been asked to preside. Stirring addresses were made by friends of Russian freedom and the great audience of four thousand people, a large proportion of whom were of foreign birth, listened with intense interest! Finally one speaker carried away by his own zeal and the sympathetic quality of his audience, so ardently advocated unmeasured violence toward the Tzar and his advisers that the mob spirit latent in most great crowds was distinctly felt throughout the gathering. Then an interesting thing happened. Miss Addams rose quietly and in her gentle, convincing manner reminded her audience of the immense superiority of moral over physical force. She cited incidents from recent Japanese and Russian history to show that among us all are great reserves of moral power which we too often fail to utilize because in times of disturbance it is so easy to lose sight of them. The transformation of the audience was magical. One moment men and women swayed by excitement were seething with the spirit of hatred, the next they were settling back quietly and murmuring audibly "She's right, she's right."

It was in itself a wonderful illustration of moral power made possible by clear insight into the real conditions of a given situation. It is this rare gift of insight which perhaps more than any other has made the work of Miss Addams as the founder of Hull House so deeply influential in the development of the social settlement movement in this country. Studying as she does at first hand, the vital currents of the life of our time her writings have a penetrating quality which at once makes itself felt, whether she is dealing with the perplexing subject of domestic service, the housing problem in Chicago, a crisis in trade union morals, or the immigration situation. As experience has developed her powers she has made important contributions to the economic literature of our day, contributions which are shaping the thought of a whole generation of college men and women. Her two books, "Democracy and Social Ethics," and "Newer Ideals of Peace" have been characterized by men of discernment as "epoch making."

But the secret of Miss Addams' power is not merely in the intellectual expression of her ideas, but in her human sympathy which endows the most ordinary activities of every day men and women with an abiding significance. It is through her contact with her neighbors of the Hull House district that she has been able to study the relation of humanity to law and to aid in shaping laws so that they may minister to human need. So the problem of the sweat shop, child labor, housing of the people, sanitary conditions, the municipal court, etc., are subjects which she has submitted to the closest scrutiny and pressed upon the attention of thinking men and women.

Hull House has from its foundation been a center for the discussion of social questions and practical contact with actual conditions. Miss Addams herself became garbage inspector in the early years of the settlement and alludes humorously to the shock which the foreign born women of the Nineteenth ward experienced at such an innovation.

They were sure it was not a "lady's job." Nevertheless as Miss Addams says, "the spectacle of eight hours' work for eight hours' pay, the even-handed justice to all citizens irrespective of 'pull,' the dividing of responsibility between landlord and tenant, and the readiness to enforce obedience to law from both, was, perhaps one of the most valuable demonstrations which could have been made." She adds: "The careful inspection combined with other causes brought about a great improvement in the cleanliness and comfort of the neighborhood, and one happy day, when the death rate of our ward was read before the Hull House Woman's Club, and the ward was found to have dropped from third to seventh in the list of city wards, the applause which followed recorded the genuine sense of participation in the result, and a public spirit which had 'made good.'"

From Hull House also in this early day came the careful studies into factory conditions which brought a special commission from the Legislature to examine into the matter and resulted in the first factory law for Illinois dealing with the sweat shops, child labor, and limiting the hours of work for women in factory and sweat shops, to eight per day. Mrs. Florence Kelley became the first factory inspector, with a deputy and twelve inspectors to enforce the law.

Perhaps in no one respect has the influence of Hull House been more marked than in its attitude toward the immigrant. Miss Addams says that one of the reasons for the existence of Hull House was "A conviction in the words of Canon Barnett that the things that make men alike are finer and better than the things that keep them apart and that these basic likenesses if they are properly accentuated easily transcend the less essential differences of race, language, creed, and tradition." So it happens that the Italian and Bohemian and Greek and Pole and Russian are all found at Hull House and that every latent talent among these "neighbors" is sure of friendly encouragement. An art gallery with exhibitions three or four times a year re-

vealed the fact that the Italian visitors to Hull House were surprised to find that in America people enjoyed pictures! They thought the Americans cared only for dollars. Efforts to provide food for underfed and overworked people led to the establishment of the Coffee House. The need for a public hall which could be secured for social festivals and which would not be an adjunct of a saloon made the gymnasium a thoroughly appreciated element in the neighborhood at the very outset. The shower baths of Hull House were an argument for public bath-houses, the first of which was in time built on a neighboring street. The Labor Museum has been a very successful attempt to illustrate primitive methods of industry with many of which the residents of the district are familiar. These immigrants assumed a new importance to their families and to the neighborhood when they gave impromptu exhibitions of their crafts, and it proved possible to secure a sufficient number and variety of implements to illustrate processes from their earliest forms to the factory methods of today. As the immigrant contributions to industry are in this way adding to the social interests of Hull House and its neighborhood so its Music School has rendered the folk songs of other countries, sometimes gathering up and harmonizing old melodies which have never had a musical setting. Amateur dramatics have also been a prolific source of pleasure and education for the community. The Greeks have given the "Ajax" of Sophocles—to their minds, as Miss Addams says, "showing forth the glory of Greece to ignorant Americans." Some Italian plays have also been presented and Shakespeare is a constant favorite.

Although Hull House has gradually become the center of an almost bewildering number of activities there is no desire on the part of its leaders to make it an Institution. It has been a part of its policy to pass over to the city itself such activities as the residents feel sure will be properly administered.



Jane Addams



The late Josephine Shaw Lowell (From a Medallion Portrait by
St. Gaudens)

In this way the city has been educated in its sense of responsibility for the well being of its citizens and Hull House has been left free to originate and develop new enterprises. If the settlement movement has done nothing else it has revealed to college men and women of today the need and opportunity for the exercise of their highest powers. Miss Addams' own life illustrates very strikingly the closing sentences of her article on "The College Women and Christianity."

"Jesus alone of all great teachers made a masterly combination of method, aim, and source of motive power. He alone taught that out of broken human nature continually springs the great moral power which perpetually recreates the world. The mystic life of the common people may at last touch the learning of the college woman and fuse into one her method and her aim. She will then for the first time be equipped to devote her powers to the adaptation of Christianity to Social needs and to fulfill her obligations."

Josephine Shaw Lowell

EVERY now and then Providence sends among us gifted men and women so richly endowed that the intellectual and spiritual life of a whole generation is quickened by them. Such a personality was that of Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell whose death two years ago revealed the surprising range of her activities and the rare qualities of her character. As Felix Adler said of her, "A lofty personality, so near as to be near the lowliest, so high and strong as to be above the strongest and most competent."

The tragedy of the Civil War left Mrs. Lowell a widow at twenty-one and her only brother, Robert Gould Shaw, immortalized in Saint-Gaudens' beautiful "Shaw Memorial," was killed a year earlier. Sorrows which would have crushed many young lives only deepened her sympathies and stimulated her humanitarian efforts for the men and women who stood in need. She was the founder and guide of the Charity Organization Society for nearly a quarter of a century and the first woman appointed on the New

York State Board of Charities. Among the activities to which she gave all the strength of her remarkable powers were the separation of charities and correction, the state reformatories for women, the care of adult idiots, state asylums for feeble-minded women and adult girls, abolition of police lodging houses in New York, the establishment of municipal lodging houses for men and the provision for matrons in police stations. The Consumers' League and many related movements for bettering social conditions are traceable directly to her influence. She wrote more than forty papers dealing with the results of experience in the various reforms in which she was engaged and these have proved to be state documents of the highest importance.

During the disastrous winter of '93 when the clearing of East Side streets in New York City was proposed as a measure of relief she skilfully guided the undertaking so that the hours and wages of the three thousand men employed might be adequate and yet so nicely adjusted as not to demoralize other industries. The streets of New York had not known such a thorough cleaning in a decade and later when Colonel Waring took charge of the department he adopted instead of the gang system the block method which had proved so effective in this experiment. Cleaning and white-washing cellars and tenements was another emergency expedient adopted at this time, but when it was over, Mrs. Lowell's grasp of the situation led her to counsel the adoption of a resolution condemning such methods lest other cities might be tempted to try similar plans and rest content with measures which her clear insight showed were far from meeting the real conditions.

The confidence which she inspired among all classes of people was illustrated in the garment cutters' strike in which manufacturer, sweater, and sweated alike came to her for sympathy and counsel. Her ability to see and appreciate the situation from every point of view enabled her to bring the struggle to a successful issue.

The addresses at the Memorial Meeting held in New York at the time of her death showed in how many ways her fine nature had impressed itself upon the men and women who were privileged to work with her. Jacob Riis, whose efforts for better conditions on the East Side were so closely associated with hers, alluded to various trying political situations in which they were both involved where her large point of view or delightful sense of humor prevented a crisis, and he recalled reverently his last talk with her shortly before her death when as she gently referred to his own recent bereavement she added "but think of waiting for my husband forty-one long years, forty-one years."

At the Boston Symphony concert soon after her death, the Heroic Symphony of Beethoven and the Unfinished Symphony of Schubert were rendered as a tribute to the greatness of her character.

Mrs. Lowell's life and work are to be commemorated in a beautiful memorial gateway to be erected at one of the footpath entrances into Central Park. Hon. Seth Low, Chairman of the Memorial Committee, says of the proposed plan:

"Any appropriate memorial of Mrs. Lowell must be one in which the community as a whole will have a part. The Park is used by all and there is perhaps no other place in the city at which a memorial would come under the observation of so large a body of the people. It is a pleasant thought, also that the memorial to Mrs. Lowell's brother, Colonel Shaw, is on the edge of Boston Common, as it is proposed to place Mrs. Lowell's memorial on the edge of Central Park. Thus sister and brother alike, one in one city and the other in another, will constantly remind those who pass to and fro that the life of service is the life of highest honor."



Anecdotes of William Morris Hunt

ONE of Hunt's pupils, Miss Helen M. Knowlton, has gathered together under the title "The Art Life of William Morris Hunt" a considerable number of his letters which, with some anecdotes and other literary material, give a very illuminating view of the artist and his work. In our series of studies in American painting allusion has been made to Hunt's enthusiastic championship of Millet in the days when neither France nor America had recognized his genius. Some of Hunt's letters quoted by Miss Knowlton show how greatly he profited by his intercourse with Millet, the younger artist's joyous and sympathetic nature in turn exercising no small influence upon the master:

"His pictures have infinity behind them. Couture's have a limit. I am grateful to Couture for what he taught me, but it is well that I left him. When I came to know Millet I took broader views of humanity, of the world, of life. His subjects were real people who had work to do. If he painted a hay-stack it suggested life, animal as well as vegetable, and the life of man. His fields were fields in which men and animals worked; where both laid down their lives; where the bones of the animals were ground up to nourish the soil, and the endless turning of the wheel of existence went on.

"He was the greatest man in Europe. I give you his poetical side; but he was immense, tremendous,—so great that very few ever could get near him; knew Shakespeare and Homer by heart; and was like Abraham Lincoln in caring only for a few books. He loved 'Hamlet;' and I once found him laughing over the 'Clouds' of Aristophanes. It was splendid to hear him read the Bible.

"*'Now the famine was great throughout the land.'* 'What a description that is!' he would say. 'What a breadth there is in it.

It could be expressed in no other way.' And yet people say that the Bible cannot be translated into French! And to hear him read from the Book of Ruth! He saw it all from a painter's standpoint. He is the only man since the Bible was written who has expressed things in a Biblical way.

"When I first saw his pictures in Paris I was walking through the exhibition with one of my friends, and we were delighted with them. No one else cared for them. They were called *des tristes affaires*. I was in Couture's studio at that time. He cared nothing for them. I went to Barbison, where Millet lived, stayed there two years, and was with him all the time. I found him working in a cellar, three feet under the ground, his pictures mildewing with the dampness, as there was no floor.

"I bought as much of his work as I could, and after a while the idea was started in Paris that a rich Englishman was buying up all his pictures. The people in the city were alarmed, and began to come to Barbison and get from him what they could. It will give you some idea of the low price at which his work was then sold to know that for 'The Sheep Shearers,' the most expensive picture of his which I bought, I gave ninety dollars. He never touched any of the money. The man from whom he bought his colors had written that he must either send him some money or a picture; so he set to work to complete this painting. When I saw it I knew that I must have it; so I paid the man ninety dollars, and took a receipt for his bill. When I thought that the picture was done,—when anyone would have thought so,—he was still dissatisfied with the girl's left hand, which pulls back the fleeces from the shears. He thought that it had not the right action; so he kept it ten days longer. Whenever I went to see him he was still at work upon it. I asked him why he put no wrinkles or markings into the girl's cap. He said because he was 'trying to make it look like a tea rose leaf.' And that was the man whom the critics called 'careless and slovenly.' I wouldn't let them see my Millet drawings. Their dry eyes would burn holes right through them."

Miss Knowlton gives many interesting anecdotes of Hunt's experiences in portrait painting and his sensitiveness to his surroundings. When he was painting his famous portrait of Chief Justice Shaw, he refused to let Mrs. Shaw see it, saying in defense, "I was painting the Judge for the Essex Bar and not for the family. Mrs. Shaw would not have liked it. Had I listened to her my impression of the

man as I had seen him would have been changed, perhaps weakened. I wanted him to look as he did in Court while giving his charge to the jury." She comments further:

"The interest which he took in a portrait was the interest which he felt in living human nature. The sensitiveness which he brought to his work was so great that the slightest friction disturbed him. He worked most rapidly and successfully whenever he found a like sensibility in his sitter.

"It is much to be regretted that he could not have completed his portraits of Ralph Waldo Emerson and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. The latter came for a sitting which he said must be short as he had an engagement in Cambridge.

"How long must I sit?" inquired the doctor as he took his seat upon the artist's platform, and looked anxiously at his watch.

"This threw Hunt off at once. He began, however, and was progressing with his usual rapidity and vim when the question was repeated and the watch once more consulted. Again he was thrown off, and it became a mental and physical impossibility to go on with the work. The distinguished sitter was dismissed, and another appointment was never made.

"In like manner Mr. Emerson took the chair unwillingly.

"For myself," said the great philosopher, 'I do not care to be painted. I sit to oblige my family and friends.'

"This remark," said the artist later, 'deprived me of the enthusiasm necessary for my work, and it was a wrong view for Mr. Emerson to take. As a man of genius and historic fame he should have felt that he ought to be painted.'

"The sketch that was made showed that a fine portrait would have resulted had it been possible for him to go on with the work. He greatly admired Emerson, and was enthusiastic over an opportunity to paint him. The incident gives a clue to the history of the painting of many of Hunt's portraits. Some great men he could not paint; of some lesser men he made striking and artistic portraits.

"A lady asked him: 'Would you paint Mr. A. if I could persuade him to sit for his portrait?' and Hunt replied:

"I don't like persuaded sitters. I never could paint a cat if the cat had any scruples, religious, superstitious, or otherwise, about sitting.'

* * * * *

"When he painted Mr. Francis Gardner, Master of the Boys' Latin School in Boston, 1871, he was waited upon by a deputation from the school, of whom Hunt remarked:

"The boys said that they could only raise three hundred dollars; but I was so pleased with the idea of their wanting a portrait of their master that I agreed to do what I could for them at that price. At first thought I felt that he ought to be painted with a Latin grammar in one hand, and a ferule in the other; but when I came to see the man I knew that he should be painted for himself alone."

"In three days the portrait was done, and was so veritable a presence in the studio that Hunt himself confessed to having been startled by it as he entered the room, the morning after its completion, and thought that Master Gardner had come to see him and was awaiting his arrival.

* * * * *

"After long continued periods of what he called ceaseless 'digging' on portraits, a street-waif perhaps would appear; and in two or three hours Hunt would produce a rapid and masterly sketch, in which he found both rest and enjoyment. He seemed at times to almost live at his easel. Early and late, as long as the power lasted he would work unceasingly. When he broke off from his work it was in self-preservation; thrumming a guitar; trying his violin, once owned by Balzac,—from which came sometimes music of unearthly mystery and sweetness; or telling a story, and acting it out as he talked,—with his inimitable mimicry and rare sense of dramatic action. Many of his sitters had amusing accounts to give of the way in which they had been entertained while posing."

When Hunt was twenty-two years of age his brother had sent him the following translation of a Persian poem, describing a Persian nature goddess, "Anahita:"

"Enthroned upon her car of light, the moon
Is circling down the lofty heights of Heaven.
Her well-trained coursers wedge the blindest depths
With fearful plunge, yet heed the steady hand
That guides their lonely way. So swift her course,
So bright her smile, she seems on silver wings,
O'er reaching space, to glide the airy main;
Behind, far-flowing, spreads her deep blue veil
Inwrought with stars that shimmer in its wave.
Before the car an owl, gloom-sighted, flaps
His weary way; with melancholy hoot
Dispelling spectral shades that flee
With bat-like rush, affrighted back,
Within the blackest nooks of caverned Night.
Still hours of darkness wend around the car,
By raven-tresses half concealed; but one,

With fairer locks, seems lingering back of Day,
Yet all, with even-measured footsteps, mark
Her onward course, and floating in her train
Repose lies nestled on the breast of Sleep,
While soft Desires enchain the waists of Dreams,
And light-winged Fancies flit around in troops."

Miss Knowlton shows how his imagination was stimulated by the suggestion and how the artist ultimately gave it a local habitation:

"The subject at once took possession of Hunt's mind and continued with him nearly through life,—until he had opportunity to give it expression. Numberless studies and sketches were made in all these years, and the theme was never long absent from his mind. A general idea of the composition was settled upon at first, and many sketches from life and from memory were made as opportunity occurred. The Goddess was represented seated upon a rolling cloud, nude to the waist, with her right arm extended in an attitude of power and propelling force. With restless energy and a heroic mien, she drove three horses abreast. In color they were black, bay, and white, and their action was varied and superb. The lines of the picture were diagonal, from the upper right hand corner to the lower left. The Goddess came near to the top of the picture. Her lines of movement were finely heroic, and she seemed more than equal to the task of guiding her magnificent steeds, and without the trammelling details of reins, harness, or wheels. Of the three horses the middle one was black. Tossing his proud head backward, and rearing high upon his hind feet, he made a splendid foil for the beautiful white horse in the foreground which seemed to fly, as if his uplifted mane and tail were wings. The bay horse, more remote, yet still abreast with the others, was held in check by a swarthy male attendant who carried an inverted torch, symbolizing the force of medieval resistance to the dawn of enlightenment. At the left of the goddess, and nearer the left hand foreground of the picture, was a sleeping mother and child lying in a cradle-like cloud, its fleecy canopy screening their slumbers, and held by a cherub who filled his little part in the grand, sweeping movement of the whole."

Hunt's opportunity to embody his dream in a manner worthy of the subject at length came to him in his commission to decorate the new Capitol Building at Albany with two great mural paintings:

"Hunt was deeply impressed with the importance of the work, and undertook it with the utmost seriousness. No feeling of elation

seemed to possess him. Instead he seemed like one awe-inspired. He avoided all society, except that of the few who could help him in his work, shutting himself up in his Boston studio, wholly engrossed in the task before him. Two subjects were wanted for the wall spaces at the ends of the Assembly Room.

"His first idea was to make one of the paintings a representation of Niagara Falls, but the authorities preferred that each of the great panels should be filled with a composition embracing figures rather than scenery alone.

"In early manhood, probably while studying composition with Couture, he had wished to paint his idea of Columbus crossing the dark ocean, attended solely by Faith, Hope, and kindred spirits. A pencil drawing is in existence, showing his first conception of the subject. It was decided to embody the story of Columbus, and to paint the figures of colossal size to fit one of the great panels, each to be 16x40 feet. The other space was to give him an opportunity to paint the 'Anahita,' and it was decided to call it 'The Flight of Night.'

* * * * *

"The final working studies for the pictures were eight feet and a half long by five feet and a half wide. On the night of the 18th of October, 1878, he began his work by throwing upon the walls of the Assembly Chamber, with the calcium light, his studies of 'The Discoverer' and 'The Flight of Night.' On the next evening he drew the outlines of one of the pictures, using again the calcium light, and working until nearly three o'clock of the next morning. On Sunday noon he returned to the Capitol, climbed up to the staging and examined the outline,—that of 'The Flight of Night.' With fresh eyes he saw that the drawing was not large enough to properly fill the space allotted. Hastily conferring with Carter, his assistant, he resolved to destroy it and make another one. No sooner said than done. Sponges and water were sent for, and with haste the drawing was wiped out. That night the picture was again drawn in. On the next afternoon, shading in charcoal was added. At night, with the calcium light, 'The Discoverer' was thrown upon the opposite wall, and in its turn shaded with charcoal."

Letters to his friends at this time show how exhilarating the work was to him:

"I can tell you, it is like sailing a 'seventy-four,' or riding eight horses in a circus. It fills one's lungs to breathe in front of such spaces. The figure of Columbus, or 'The Discoverer,' is eleven feet from his crown to the boat where his shins disappear. His hand is broader than this page is long. The scaffolding is spacious, and

the bridge connecting the two is about seven feet wide and seventy feet long; so you see that everything is in proportion, and it is delightful to work forty feet from the floor. It will be a great mortification if we don't succeed. Just think of a twin mortification, forty-five by sixteen!"

"My dear Friends:—I received your note of warning, not to paint all night, and I follow your advice to the letter, for I paint all day, and should be only too thankful, I think, to have a light of any kind these dark days. As you may imagine, a scaffold of ten feet wide throws quite a shadow, when there is light enough to throw anything. We have been obliged for the last week to use torches when we want to see our work clearly, and we begin about nine o'clock A. M., and come away about six o'clock P. M. Lunch on board.

"Now you needn't pity us a bit, and this apparent whining is merely a form of brag, or something that we are rather proud of, and something of an excuse to sing about if the things look ill when the staging comes down.

"It is good, steady, long-winded work, and enough of it,—that's just what it is. Immensely instructive, I can tell you; and I can conceive now why those old fellows were not idiots or niggers in their business, after they had passed a life in front of walls, and painted over every large room they had ever lived in."

At one time it seemed probable that the scheme of decoration for the building would be much enlarged and Hunt's imagination was greatly stimulated by the possibilities which it presented:

"The men who cut the stone, who carried the bricks and mortar, and laid them all together, appeared to Hunt like personages fit to be commemorated on the walls they carried up; and he wanted to make the structure alive with the thought and labor that had erected it. He selected the characters which he wished to use, and framed them into a mental composition. He said:

"That's the man I want for the center of a group of workmen in repose. Here's a rousing old head for which I shall have a place. There's a man I want. He is going up a ladder, with his hod. Look at that group. Isn't it ready to paint? Figures go together well when they are interested in a purpose. Doesn't that old boy take you back to the early frescoes? You see that type everywhere."

"Standing upon the scaffolding in the Capitol, he said to a visitor:

"Do you see that old Irishman? He is the chap that I spoke

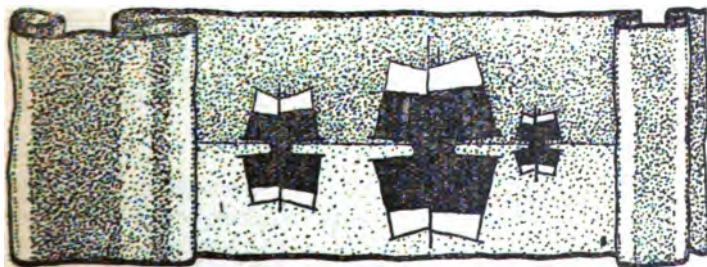
to you about. I'll put him where he will "tell," for he has more character than an entire Congress. See how big his movement is! Doesn't he handle that hoe with the dignity of a king? But here: There's a man I want you to look at when I get to work, and you begin to stroll around to pick up your sympathies among the crowd. It is the humanity here which makes this place interesting. Here you will find every type and temperament.'

"Hunt said that he had never received such encouraging sympathy as he did from the workmen who came up to the scaffold to ask if they might see the pictures; and they said that while they were proud to be working on such a building, they were prouder still to see his work going on.

"I tell you,' he said, 'that I never felt so big in my life as I did when they asked me if they could come again: They didn't come around to grumble in Greek, but to help me along; and that is what I want.'

"Looking down forty feet from the scaffolding to the floor below, upon the hundreds of workmen, he exclaimed, with feeling:

"I never before felt what a big thing a great building is! Think of the crowd of varied interests that are represented in this room! Think of all those men, and their families, thinking and working, year in and year out, all to one end,—the making of this Capitol! People grumble and whine about the money which is "thrown away" upon it; but I tell you that it is an immense work, and worthy of any state or nation.'"





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It is an interesting study in our own personal psychology to note with the opening of each year the changes in our attitude toward life. A brief chapter in the experience of a Chautauqua reader of the early years sums up with gentle humor the beneficent effect of "the years that bring the philosophic mind."

"Years ago I spent a day in the art galleries of an exposition at Cincinnati, Ohio. Wearied with paintings, heroic in size, loud in color and bold in outline, all day it had grown upon me to buy and possess a 12x14 soft mellow picture with a taking atmosphere. I do not know why it should so have interested me—there was little to it, only a man, a barrel and dog. Toward night I decided to make the purchase if they could change a ten dollar bill. I was informed at the desk that the study was "Diogenes and his Tub" and the price was \$1,500! Knowing little of the subject and far less of art, my eyes were opened and have never since been closed. As for Diogenes, some richer woman has kindly cared for him these forty years to our mutual satisfaction—I do not need him—he is mine without him. Once seen he needs not to materialize in order to be and to abide."

Doubtless we shall always cling quite tenaciously to the idea that "to have and to hold" is a desirable state of being, but some things that we unwillingly let slip from our grasp, oddly enough come back to us in new forms. And this metamorphosis which occurs with every year of life seems to suggest many a fascinating possibility in that mysterious future which gently lures us on.

CHAUTAUQUA TOPICS FOR SUNDAY SERMONS.

Members of a Chautauqua Circle in one of our large churches whose activities were manifold, used sometimes to comment upon the fact that the Sunday sermon seemed often to touch quite pointedly upon subjects which they were studying. There was some difference of opinion as to whether this was an evidence of the pastor's omniscience or of the broadening of their own horizon through the influence of the Chautauqua Course. Whichever conclusion was the true one, it is certain that the C. L. S. C. Course offers many suggestive topics which might be made the basis of most profitable sermons. If the members of a Circle should occasionally proffer a request for a sermon on some phase of a subject which interests them, it is more than likely that the preacher would be encouraged to act upon the suggestion, in view of this assurance of a responsive audience. In a church in Hartford, Connecticut, where there is a wide-awake circle, announcement was recently made of a sermon on "The Making of an Immigrant into an American." In another community, a country region, where a poet might easily find inspiration, the pastor of the church observed Bryant Memorial Day by a special sermon on Bryant, laying emphasis upon his strong, human qualities and his sympathy and interest in men and affairs. These recent incidents may suggest to the circles greater possibilities for a clearer relation between pulpit and circle to the great benefit of the entire congregation.



OUR FEBRUARY STUDIES.

In the third week of February we begin our study of "Newer Ideals of Peace." This is one of the most important books of the year and if circles will take pains to reserve space in the programs for the careful discussion of the topics brought out, they will be well repaid. A very able critic has said that each chapter of this book is "packed with new and

constructive thought." Those who study the book carefully will find themselves mentally stimulated by its suggestions. Perhaps one of the best ways to get the united wisdom of the circle to bear upon it is to assign certain paragraphs in a given chapter to different members and let each see what he or she may find in the way of illustrative material either from her own reading or from personal observation.



THE CLASS OF 1908.

The Chautauqua program for next season is already well under way, and it will be of interest to members of the Class of 1908 to know that their president, Dr. S. C. Schmucker, is to give a course of lectures during Recognition Week, August 16-22. Class committees are working enthusiastically at the pleasant tasks assigned them. The committee on artificial roses has made a careful study of colors and selected a shade which is rich and beautiful and will be very effective for decoration. The chairman of the committee, who is a member of the science staff at an eastern university, is reported as feeling "as gay as a school girl" when she thinks of all the pleasant possibilities of the class graduation next summer.

An individual reader in Massachusetts who has never chanced to meet a member of her class writes in response to a letter from the Class Secretary:

"Your letter made me feel that there *was* a *real* 1908 class. I enjoyed so much also the news with regard to the class gatherings, etc., and Alumni Hall with its arrangements. I am going to send you one dollar now and hope to send you more before next summer. I am very glad to have a part in the finances of the class, and wish I might contribute more. I cannot be sure now of coming to Chautauqua to graduate, but hope I may be able to. I am very busy and get behind frequently, and some times am nearly discouraged but so far I have kept up. And I do want to meet some of my classmates face to face, and learn to know them. And I want to see the buildings and get the inspiration of being at headquarters."

Another member also from Massachusetts whose wife graduated many years ago does his reading aloud while she "plies the needle." While she is adding a seal to her diploma he will be winning his parchment. He adds:

"Personally the reading for the three years past and for this final year have been very pleasant as well as profitable to me, and no doubt will lead to reading in new lines to a greater extent than would have been thought of before beginning this course."

A CIRCLE'S GREETING TO 1911.

"The local C. L. S. C. of Rison Ark. sends greetings to the Class of 1911. Our membership is small but a more interested body of Chautauquans would be hard to find. We are well up with the regular reading. A special program for Milton Memorial Day is being prepared. Our circle is studying Longfellow, expecting to suggest a class motto."

ECHOES FROM THE 25TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CLASS OF '82.

CLEVELAND, OHIO: After many years without any direct C. L. S. C. work I am now reading the 1906-7 course.

NEW PHILADELPHIA, OHIO: That course of study was a great delight and profit to me and my children, a boy and girl who were at the time in the High School.

UNIVERSITY PARK, COLO.: I have always been so thankful for what the Chautauqua idea brought into my life. It made life more ideal to me.

NEWTON CENTER, MASS.: The C. L. S. C. stands as one of the greatest and most uplifting movements in the world's history. The suggestion to become one of the "Pioneers" was to me an event of a lifetime.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.: Had time added as much to my wisdom as to my years,

I might be a credit to the class of "Pioneers."

CLEVELAND, OHIO: Yes, we hope to be in Chautauqua for a few days at least during the anniversary time. The 27th of August of this year is our Golden Wedding anniversary.

NEW YORK CITY: My dear mother, who was sixty-four years old when we passed through the "golden gate" is now eighty-nine, without doubt the oldest member of the class. She joins with me in sending loving greetings.

PORTLAND, OREGON: This year I expect to be in attendance at a Chautauqua gathering near this city and think of the parent and the class of '82. We like to get as near Chautauqua influence as possible, and imbibe the enthusiasm existing at such assemblies.

C. L. S. C. Round Table

PARIS, KENTUCKY: Chautauqua means so much to me. If I could express my inmost feeling I would rather be a member of the C. L. S. C. of '82 than of anything else that has ever come in my life. I love the work all the way from "Green's History" down through the list that followed.

TOLON, ILL.: I shall never see the beautiful Hall unless Chautauqua shall continue to be so helpful to humanity that our Father will preserve it for-all eternity as a memorial for what it has done in brightening the lives and educating the minds of so many of those who love him.

TROY, PA.: My study was interrupted by the increasing demands of a large family, but the educational work has gone on, my eldest son completing his course at Yale this, our anniversary year.

JANESVILLE, WIS.: Well do I recall the morning of '78 when our names were enrolled for the first class of the C. L. S. C. in the Pavilion with the rain and hail beating joyous music upon the canvas.

WASHINGTON, PA.: I send a hearty greeting to you on this anniversary day and would gladly be with you and join in your festivities, for at the age of four score and six years my enthusiasm for Chautauqua and love for our Alma Mater are not in the least abated.

PITTSBURG, PA.: "One ship drives east
And another west
With the self-same winds that blow;
'Tis the set of the sails
And not the gales,
Which tell us the way to go."

THE NEW ATHENIAN WATCH FIRES.

The view of the Hall of Philosophy here given shows the form of the new Athenian Watch Fires which are being placed at suitable points outside the Hall, at the corners of the balustrade and at the foot of the stairway. The effect of the flaring lights as the chief feature in the illumination of the Hall is very striking. The idea was one of those early devices suggested by Chancellor Vincent for giving a classic atmosphere to this part of the grounds and even in the rude form in which the watch fires were perpetuated for many years, they were a picturesque sight. Now they have become one of the permanent decorative features of St. Paul's Grove and various C. L. S. C. Classes have claimed the privilege of raising the necessary two hundred and fifty dollars to provide one of these lights. In this way the classes are adding to the beauty and effectiveness of the Hall.

Hall of Philosophy at Chautauqua, Showing Tripods for Athenian Watch Fires





Scenery in South Kiang-Si



Scenery in South Kiang-Si

A MEMBER OF 1908 IN CHINA.

Perhaps the term isolated reader can apply with no greater fitness to any member of 1908 than to one who writes from the China Inland Mission at Wanan Ki, China. It is probable that those of us whose acquaintance with China is limited to book knowledge can appreciate but faintly what "grim backgrounds for study" this member has experienced:

"My reading these few years has had of necessity to be done in spare moments, while on journeys in Chinese inns, etc., many of which made grim backgrounds for study, and not congenial for concentration, but the work has been done, none the less thoroughly. Much has been refreshed, much fresh knowledge gained, and some lonely moments have been cheered. Of the three years the classical year was by far the best. 'Ideals of Greek Literature' and 'History of Greek Art' were very interesting.

"The articles in THE CHAUTAUQUAN have been good and have been enjoyed. The new form of the magazine is especially good and suitable for those of us who live abroad, as previously I got the magazines minus covers, etc., whereas this year's have all arrived in perfect order.

"The district in which we are the only foreigners is roughly 70 miles square, our nearest foreign neighbors either north or south are over 50 miles away while east or west there are no foreigners for over 100 miles. In this district we have three churches and quite a few places wherein as yet there are no church members but services are held more or less regularly. Attention to this growing work which is so scattered prevents our having very much spare time for extra study and the want of libraries (which are so plentiful at home) cuts off all means of reference. So that one feels much further behind those who read at home.

"Regarding photographs, I am not the happy possessor of a camera else I could give you some fine views. But I herewith enclose two small ones taken with a pocket kodak. They illustrate two different modes of building farm houses and belong to different parts which though only separated by about 100 miles are as diverse as can be. They were taken in this region. No. 1 a few miles northwest and No. 2 a few miles southeast of our district. If you reproduce them 'Scenery in South Kiang-Si' will suffice.

"I must close with kindest regards, and all good wishes to all our class members especially to any who like myself are reading alone.

Yours truly,

CHRISTIAN BUNTING."

C. L. S. C. Round Table

C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

OPENING DAY—October 1.	SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.
BRYANT DAY—November 3.	INTERNATIONAL PEACE DAY — May 18.
SPECIAL SUNDAY — November, second Sunday.	SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.
MILTON DAY—December 9.	INAUGURATION DAY — August, first Saturday after first Tuesday.
COLLEGE DAY — January, last Thursday.	ST. PAUL'S DAY—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday.
LANIER DAY—February 3.	RECOGNITION DAY—August, third Wednesday.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.	
LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.	
SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.	
ADDISON DAY—May 1.	



OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING FOR FEBRUARY.

FIRST WEEK—JANUARY 28—FEBRUARY 4

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "As Others See Us," Chapter IX, "Higher Criticism."

In Required Book: "American Literature," Chapter V, National Era, History, Oratory and Nature Studies.

SECOND WEEK—FEBRUARY 4-11.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "As Others See Us," Chapter X, "Other French Visitors."

In Required Book: "American Literature," Chapter VI, National Era, Adventure, Humor and Pathos.

THIRD WEEK—FEBRUARY 11-18.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "As Others See Us," Chapter XI, "Democracy and Manners."

In Required Book: "American Literature," Chapter VI, National Era, Mystery, Idealism, Realism—in part.

FOURTH WEEK—FEBRUARY 18-25.

In Required Book: "American Literature," Chapter VI, National Era, Mystery, Idealism, Realism—concluded. "Newer Ideals of Peace," Chapter I, Introduction.



SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLES.

FIRST WEEK.

1. Roll Call: Reports on paragraphs in Highways and Byways.
2. Review of Chapter IX in "As Others See Us."
3. Readings: Side Lights on the work of Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell. See *Charities*, 15:96, 309-35, 334-5 and 701-2 (Oct. 14, Dec. 2, '05, Jan. 27 and Feb, '06). *Charities* 16:228-9, May, '06; *Outlook* 81:397-8 and 974 (Oct. 21 and Dec. 23, '05); *Critic* 48-9 and 74-5; *Century* 72:138 (May, '06); *Current Literature* 19, '06.
4. Biographical studies of the historians Motley and Prescott. The aim in these should be to make the men living personalities to the Circle. Let two members be assigned to each author, one taking the facts of his life, illuminating them by anecdotes, by his relations to other men of his time, etc. The

other should make a character study of the author. (Each member of the Circle should agree also to bring some interesting item to add to the discussion. There are many magazine articles on these two men, which may be available where books are not.)

5. Book Review: Thoreau's Walden.

SECOND WEEK.

1. Roll Call: A list of ten rather unusual words selected from the required readings of the last two months should be placed on a blackboard and each member requested to write a paragraph using these words correctly. Ten minutes may be allowed for this exercise.
2. Review of Chapter X in "As Others See Us."
3. Discussion of article on Langley with additional side lights on the subject. (See the *Outlook* 82:540, Mar. 10, '06; *Current Literature* 40:549-50, May, 1906; *Popular Science Monthly* 68:377-8, April, 1906.)
4. Book Review: Prue and I. George William Curtis.
5. Studies of Irving: Assign to each of three groups of two members each, one of the following works, or others if the members are familiar with these: Irving's "Knickerbocker," "Bracebridge Hall," and "Conquest of Granada." Let each group read the book assigned and at the meeting these six members make oral reports of their impressions of Irving. Aside from these let each member agree to read a part at least of one of the three books assigned so that a general discussion may follow the reports of the six leaders.

THIRD WEEK.

1. Reading: Some experiences in the life of William M. Hunt. (See the Library Shelf.)
2. Roll Call: Quotations from Poe's works.
3. An evening with Poe: Poe is universally regarded as a writer of distinct genius. Try to get a clear idea of why this is so. Select from his stories some of those which are least horrible and assign them to different members who have not read them. Many persons would be glad to avoid such tales as "The Black Cat," "The Fall of the House of Usher," etc., "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" is a painful story yet possesses interest as the ancestor of the Sherlock Holmes tales. "A Descent into the Maelstrom" and "The Unparalleled Adventures of One Hans Pfall" show Poe's great ability in describing natural scenery and the effects of distance. Assign also some of his poems—"The City in the Sea," "The Haunted Palace," "Ulalume," etc. Then while each member makes a special study of his own particular story or poem let one be appointed to look into general works of criticism upon Poe and sum up the estimate made of him. In this way the Circle will feel not only his personal impression upon them but how he strikes the critics who have had large literary experience, and who assign him a high place. (There is an interesting article on Poe by F. W. H. Myers in the "Warner Library of The World's Best Literature." THE CHAUTAUQUAN for

C. L. S. C. Round Table

May, 1900, contained an article on Poe's "Ulalume." Histories of American literature and special works on Poe will show the critics' point of view. See also story in February Library Shelf.

FOURTH WEEK.

1. Roll Call: Quotations from Bishop Williams' article on "Men of Vision" in this number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN.
2. Study of Introduction to "Newer Ideals of Peace." See paragraph in Round Table.
3. Reading: Sketch of Jane Addams in this number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN, with additional reports by several members regarding phases of her work. (See her story of Hull House in the *Ladies' Home Journal* for 1906.)
4. An evening with Hawthorne: Assign to each member some short story or selection from Hawthorne's works which he or she has not read. Let each member look up the period of his life when the story was written and note its relation to his development. Note also what qualities of the author make themselves felt in the story. The program committee who assign the stories and selections should call for these brief reports in chronological order. Or if preferred, the Circle may take some novel and study it together, the several chapters being assigned to different leaders. (See lives of Hawthorne and other available books, also "Literary and Social Addresses" by G. W. Curtis for Hawthorne at Concord.)



ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS ON JANUARY READINGS.

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS ON "AS OTHERS SEE US."

1. Michael Chevalier born at Limoges, France, in 1806, died at Montpellier, 1879. A noted French political economist. His works include "Letters upon North America," "The Material Interests of France," "Essays upon Industrial Politics: Liberty in the United States, several on Mexico. 2. A contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Her *non de plume* is TH. Bentzon. A contemporary French novelist. 3. On his unexpected accession to the presidency it was found that his Democratic State-right convictions placed him hopelessly at variance with the Republican majority in Congress on the question of reconstruction. The quarrel with Congress came to a head on his attempting to remove Edwin M. Stanton from the secretaryship of war without the consent of the Senate, contrary to the tenure-of-office act passed over his veto March 2, 1867. He was impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors, but was acquitted (by a vote of 35 to 19, very little short of the two-thirds vote necessary to conviction) after a trial lasting from March 23 to May 26, 1868. 4. He wrote among other works "The English Constitution," "Literary Studies," "Economic Studies," and "Biographical Studies." 5. "The Invisible Man," "The War of the Worlds," "Anticipation," "When the Sleeper Wakes," "The First Men in the Moon." 6. An Italian writer of travels. He fought in the war for the liberation of Italy, then retired to devote himself

to literature. He has written "Constantinople," "Holland," "Spain and Spaniards," "Morocco," and "Cuore, the Heart of a Boy," besides a number of works not translated into English.

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS ON "AMERICAN PAINTING."

1. Sully. 2. Alvan Fisher. 3. Chester Harding. 4. Ibid.
5. In 1826.



SEARCH AND REVIEW QUESTIONS ON FEBRUARY READINGS.

CHAPTER IX—"HIGHER CRITICISM."

1. What were the chief events in the career of de Tocqueville?
2. With what attitude of mind did he write of America? 3. Why has his "Democracy in America" great value? 4. What is the nature of his quotation from Madame de Sévigné? 5. What does he think of the humanizing influence of democracy? 6. Describe his view of slavery. 7. How does he characterize us as a nation? 8. What striking present day illustration of this national quality does our author point out? 9. What other sources of national wealth besides the forests have we allowed to slip from national control? 10. What is our danger point as de Tocqueville saw it? 11. What is his opinion of the "Press" in the United States? 12. Why is de Tocqueville hopeful of us in spite of much that he saw in our actual conditions to frighten him? 13. Why did he fear possible disunion? 14. What misgivings had he regarding war in America? 15. What evils did he fail to foresee? 16. Why did he consider our national spirit likely to remain weak? 17. What does our author consider is the the highest value of these volumes by de Tocqueville?

SEARCH QUESTIONS ON "AS OTHERS SEE US."

1. What caused the French Revolution of 1830? 2. Who was Madame de Sévigné and when did she live? 3. What claims to distinction have de la Rochefoucauld and de Liancourt? 4. What has Max O'Rell written? 5. What was the "Salentum" of Fénelon? 6. What is the Musée Sociale?

CHAPTER X. OTHER FRENCH VISITORS.

1. Give illustrations of the attitude of Frenchmen towards us just after the Revolution. 2. How is this accounted for? 3. What is the character of much recent French criticism and why? 4. What importance has the work of LePlay? 5. What were some of the "shocks" which our French critics suffered in this country? 6. What may be said as to the significance of our industrial and social troubles? 7. What comments are made upon the education of French and American girls respectively? 8. What very true and pointed criticisms are made of our love of bigness? 9. In what respects has our development in art received more favorable judgment in recent years? 10. What two opinions are expressed as to our attitude toward the negro race?

REVIEW QUESTIONS ON "NEWER IDEALS OF PEACE."

CHAPTER I—"INTRODUCTION."

1. What two lines of appeal have been used by the advocates of peace in creating public sentiment against war? 2. Why is the term "non-resistance" hardly suitable to express the newer social forces which are making for peace? 3. By what better method than preaching can virtue be promoted? 4. How does the author make very vivid the meaning of her phrase "the juvenile propensities to warfare?" 5. What is the essential difference, if any, between our common law and our international law? 6. What opportunities do our cities offer for the expression of both a national and an international spirit? 7. How have our immigrants in general been affected by their experience of parting from home and kindred? 8. How are the hopes and dreams of these immigrants a prophecy of the future development of city government? 9. How rabble" itself? 10. What striking thought does she illustrate from does our author think we may be saved from war by the "fighting the figure of a Gothic Cathedral? 11. What movements illustrate the new form of heroism which we are coming to admire more than that connected with warfare and destruction? 12. What do we mean by "humanity" today as compared with the "natural man" discussed by the 18th Century philosophers?

CHAPTER II—"SURVIVALS OF MILITARISM IN CITY GOVERNMENT."

1. How did our early lawmakers show their distrust of the people in the nature of the laws which they made? 2. How does our attitude toward the immigrant show that we have not adapted our theories of government to these new conditions? 3. How does the immigrant suffer from exploitation of various kinds in his journey to this country? 4. How does our attitude of contempt for the foreigner influence the second generation of immigrants? 5. What classes of people come most directly in contact with those of our government officials who have to do with restrictive measures? 6. Why are the police of our cities so often become allies of crime? 7. How do the corrupt politicians on the one hand and the overzealous reformer on the other show the inadequate nature of our methods in dealing with evil? 8. What proportion of the people are reached by the repressive measures of government compared with those who ought to find in the government a means of promoting the needs of the community?

CHAPTER III—"FAILURE TO UTILIZE IMMIGRANTS IN CITY GOVERNMENT."

1. With what class of people who represent the majority of the community must government eventually deal? 2. What qualities of the immigrant frequently find no place in our industrial system and why? 3. How is our lack of adaptability shown in our attempt to promote farm life in the American way? 4. How have our Anglo-Saxon ideas been baffled by the Russian Dukhobors? 5. What striking object lesson is occasionally presented by the orthodox Jews of Chicago? 6. What are the natural con-

nections which the immigrant makes with the machinery of government in this country? 7. Show the necessity for an appreciation of the immigrant's own past in establishing sympathetic relations with him. 8. How is the lack of the protective element in municipal government illustrated by the long delayed development of the Juvenile Court? 9. What important activities are now undertaken by these courts? 10. Why does the immigrant often feel that the country is not doing all it should for him? 11. How does our attitude toward the sick poor illustrate our fear of trusting government too far? 12. How does America compare with England and France in representative city government? 13. Compare our government's care of the people with that exercised by Germany.

CHAPTER IV—"MILITARISM AND INDUSTRIAL LEGISLATION."

1. Through what agency do many immigrants get their first lesson in self government? 2. What fact of great social significance was connected with the Chicago Stock Yard's strike in 1904? 3. What remarkable action of the United States government in connection with the anthracite coal strike was brought about by aroused public sentiment? 4. How did the element of warfare in this strike prevent what might have been a step forward in the government's care of the people? 5. In what strange position were the twelve hundred police in the stock yards' strike placed as regards the protection of crime? 6. What example did this strike offer of a national appeal subordinated to that made in the name of labor? 7. What dream of genuine internationalism is cherished by workmen? 8. What do we mean by the standard of life? 9. What seems to be the reason that untrained workmen are the ones entrusted with the task of industrial adjustment? 10. What point of view was expressed by a Chicago judge as to the method of applying common law to industrial problems? 11. From what old forms of local government might our democracy today learn valuable lessons?

CHAPTER V—"GROUP MORALITY IN THE LABOR MOVEMENT."

1. What two tendencies seem to prevail in the two groups into which our industrial society is divided? 2. Show how it is difficult to judge a contemporaneous movement. 3. How are older unions hampered by young ones? 4. Why are these younger organizations difficult to control? 5. Why has arbitration fallen into disuse in Chicago? 6. Why did the public acquiesce in the teamsters' strike? 7. Could the Courts have dealt with the situation if appealed to? 8. What aspect of this strike might be ascribed to "militant youth?" 9. How is class feeling intensified by such a struggle? 10. How is race animosity promoted? 11. How does it strengthen a materialistic spirit? 12. What is the educational effect upon children? 13. How are unions affected by such a struggle? 14. How does the present factory system promote unnatural conditions? 15. Why have these been permitted to develop?

CHAPTER VI—"PROTECTION OF CHILDREN FOR INDUSTRIAL EFFICIENCY."

1. How does the United States compare with England and Germany in its provision for the needs of its laboring class? 2. What explanation can be given for this condition? 3. How many

C. L. S. C. Round Table

illiterate and how many working children are there in this country according to the census of 1900? 4. Why has child labor become the evil of this modern age? 5. What connection has been traced between child labor and the tramp habit? 6. What effect does it have upon parents? 7. How does the nation suffer from this premature use of the young? 8. What protest against militarism is making itself felt in Germany? 9. What experience is England having with debased products? 10. How does our country fall short of getting the best results from its public school system? 11. Why should child labor be treated as a national question? 12. What qualities of his nature demand that a child should have the full period of youth for development? 13. What social possibilities does the factory offer? 14. What educational possibilities have city playgrounds?

CHAPTER VII—"UTILIZATION OF WOMEN IN THE CITY GOVERNMENT."

1. What are the chief problems of the modern city? 2. Why have the cities failed as yet to deal satisfactorily with these conditions? 3. Why has woman so small a share in these activities? 4. How do present conditions of women's work in general differ from those of a generation ago? 5. What is true of the ages of women workers in this country? 6. How is England far ahead of America in relation to the work of women? 7. Illustrate the need for protection in industry by the case of the Special Order Tailors. 8. How has the domestic problem been affected by the changing conditions of immigration? 9. What has been the attitude of many women toward industrial changes in the household? 10. For what two results may we hope from the activity of women in municipal life?

CHAPTER VIII—"PASSING OF THE WAR VIRTUES."

1. How has warfare in the past done much to bring men together? 2. Why do we need other methods of opening the channels of human sympathy? 3. How is our patriotism often too much a thing of the past? 4. What weakness do we reveal when we insist that war virtues are necessary to patriotism? 5. If the charge of "obtaining negative results" can be brought against militarism what can be claimed for industrialism? 6. What causes may make war seem justifiable even to a democratic nation? 7. What has been the influence of the Doukhobors? 8. Show how their doctrines could be made effective in making war impossible. 9. Contrast "War" and "Labor." 10. What manifestations of "cosmic patriotism" do the immigrant quarters of our cities reveal? 11. What were to be the fundamental qualities of the peace foretold by the prophet Isaiah?

NEWS FROM READERS AND CIRCLES.

"I'm really quite submerged in the immigrant question," jocularly remarked a member of the Round Table as she replaced a loose leaf in her note book. "I've been making an investigation of the foreign community in our little town to find out who lives there; I've had some rich experiences. Our little fruit dealer, Mr. Kopulous told me of several Armenians in his section of the town and actually one Turk! Think of it, the Eastern question right here in our midst. We have no Circle and I'm too busy to start one, but I thought a mild investigation on my own account might be worth while and you see the result. I feel as if I must brush up on my Greek literature in order to be really neighborly, but just what course to pursue with Turks and Armenians is a matter of grave concern."

"I shall never forget," commented Pendragon, "the sense of despair which came over me when I was once confronted in Chicago by an immigrant who asked the way to a street and number some distance from my locality. I had to communicate with her by signs and when I asked if she was from Italy she shook her head and said 'Arabia!' I couldn't help wondering what this child of the desert was going to find to compensate her for coming to Chicago."

"I think you'll agree that we have a rare combination of nationalities," said the delegate from Barker, Texas. "You asked about the 'local color' of our community. It is not thickly settled. The old settlers live along the bayou, farming, but chiefly caring for their large herds of cattle which are branded and then turned loose on the range. Cotton is king here, but a great many are planting rice and some are putting out orange groves. There are German and Bohemian settlements close to us and we have Italians and Mexicans who come seeking employment in the busy season. Then there is a Japanese colony living on a large rice plantation about fifty miles from here. It hardly seems necessary to mention the fact that we have the negro everywhere. We are going to have reports from these different nationalities at our meetings and as our Circle is small, we can easily move into the different neighborhoods. We have very interesting meetings and expect to take Chautauqua into the homes around us. We are only twenty miles from Houston and its Carnegie library."

"The nonchalant way in which you refer to your library 'only twenty miles away' is very impressive to us," laughed a member from Providence, Rhode Island. "Our Circle meets in the Edgewood library and we often wonder how other Circles manage

without our privileges. Our name is the Lotos Circle and our motto 'It is what we think and what we do that makes us what we are.' Many years ago there was a very strong Circle here which finally merged into a progressive woman's club. Last year we reorganized once more for C. L. S. C. work. We enjoyed the English course greatly and this year's work we feel is going to give us a broader and more perfect idea of just what our country means to us. As the majority of our members belong to the 1911 class and Longfellow is their patron saint, we are making rather an extensive study of his personality and poems."

"At this point, let me remind you," said Pendragon, "of the fiftieth anniversary number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1907. If you did not chance to see it, by all means look it over. The men and women whose names are household words to us, figure once more in its pages as one and another of the men and women who worked with them recall incidents and anecdotes of the past."

"This combination of the new and the old in American literature which we are getting this year interests me tremendously," said the delegate from the Edelweiss Circle of Mt. Vernon, N. Y. "Our members looked up their ancestors for a recent meeting and we found that in just our small group of Americans, England, Scotland, Ireland, Germany, Sweden, Portugal, and France all had a share. Then one of our members discussed the 'yellow peril' from a somewhat optimistic point of view. She was a Californian, and in her skilful treatment of the subject we saw the Japanese, neat, attentive, polite, and earnest as she had seen them at school. The heathen Chinese laundryman, a Chesterfield in his manners, compared with his white brother. Alaskan and Filipino also showed conspicuously in the racial competition for good manners and her Mexican 'peril' was a reference to the Mexican laborers who sang as they worked and who most courteously asked the privilege of using the author's hydrant, whereas the white laborers never asked permission, never replaced the hose, and were appallingly profane."

"Perhaps it's because we're so far away from California," rejoined the next speaker who was from Niagara Falls, "that we were able to get up a good deal of sentiment on the 'yellow peril' that wasn't optimistic, for we certainly had a very live debate on the Chinese expulsion law. We've been gathering statistics of the race elements at the Falls and their location, and we have had papers on the public institutions of this section, jail, poorhouse, blind asylum, and many others. There are thirty of us who are reading, and we are most enthusiastic."

"Our Circle made an excursion to Hungary to look up some of our fellow countrymen," said the next speaker, who represented the Robert Browning Circle of Warren, Ohio. "We had a most delightful map talk, showing the geography of Hungary and where our immigrants come from. We also had a very lively discussion, as to how far the foreigners' plane of living had been raised by coming to America. It certainly seems 'up to us,' if you'll excuse the expression, to help make it better. We also had a most interesting scientific paper by Judge Deming upon the discovery of mammoth and mastodon bones at the Blue Lick Springs in Kentucky."

A member from Westfield, New York, the famous grape region, was the next to report. "We have an Italian colony," she said, "and we have been thinking seriously about how we can express our neighborly spirit toward them. It has been suggested that each one of our twenty members might do something in the way of teaching embroidery to the young girls and so cultivate their artistic talents while we also learn to know them in a friendly way. We've nothing definite to report yet, but there may be something later."

"Down here in Maine," commented a member from Belfast, "our 'local color' seems to be manufacturing, farming, and ship building. Our twenty-five members have done some first hand work on their ancestry, on the nationalities in our city, and some beginnings of map making. Just how successfully we shall work out our maps, time will show, but the attempts are interesting experiences for us and we have never before made such a study of our community as we are doing this winter."



"Here is a capital plan," said Pendragon, "which many of the Circles might adopt to the advantage of the community. You will notice in this clipping from the Sedalia, Missouri *Sentinel* that the Circle members publish before each meeting the review questions upon the chapters to be discussed. This strikes me as a remarkably good way to make known the nature of the work of the Circle. Many people who are not members will read these questions out of curiosity, and in many cases will be sufficiently anxious to know the answers to take up the course, even if they don't join the Circle. A little paragraph in the paper each time calling attention to the books of the course and to the possibilities of individual membership for those who find it inconvenient to join a Circle, would help to clinch the matter."

C. L. S. C. Round Table

"Perhaps you will let me report what is surely an innovation in our work," said a member from Minersville, Pa. "I felt sure that there was an opportunity to form a men's Circle and you may like to know that my efforts have resulted in a membership of thirty-nine. It includes business and professional men and others who stand in progress in the community. I suppose it is a somewhat unique thing." "I wish it were less unique," laughed Pennington, "but there have been a number of such circles and every new one makes the experience less rare. Minersville is to be congratulated and I might suggest that since nothing stimulates sturdy growth quite so much as a little opposition, you prevail upon some of your townspeople to form a rival organization and see which succeeds in averaging the longest life. I can see in my mind's eye the social benefit to your community from the influence of such a circle as yours."

"We will advise that new circles in all parts of the country are strengthening our ranks. We have, for instance, a fine organization of thirty members in Southfield, Illinois, and they are already planning to speak addresses at their neighboring assembly next summer. This is an important step for every Circle which connects itself with a local Churchmen's League sends strength to the Assembly and to communities its membership to others and is, in turn, helped by its effort to exert a wider educational influence. A new Circle in North Carolina has named the Hawthorne, and has taken as its motto, 'I would be true to my heart.' This card catalogue of new circles indicates that the class of men who is growing rapidly. Its membership is well up in the thousands."

"I feel it well," he continued, "that the Circles are acting in accordance with the program suggestions and making use of occasional book reviews in important works. The Tarentum, Pa., has been very successful in this way, get an intelligent idea of the value of the 'Hill' time of week, but of whose contents and authors they know something. This is a 'proxy' method of book review, and it is one of many kinds of books but with the same result. You will be glad to extend the program. The conference C. L. S. C. of Creston, Iowa, has indicated a program, indicates certain points of view and all Churchmen's League Day the 'Hall in the Grove,' and all Churchmen's in the city unite with the program. This plan of union is a good one and our new Circles are well up in the thousands and our new Circles are well up in the thousands of this program feature of Circle life."

This booklet from Canandaigua, New York, with its tasteful little cut, in color, of the American flag, is most attractive. You will notice in the last program a feature which some of you may like to adopt. Your own ingenuity will suggest the best way to work it out: 'Who am I? A Visit to an American Portrait Gallery.'



Several other Circles brought copies of their new year books which were eagerly examined by the rest. The Gunsaulus Circle of Kansas City had introduced its circle color, green and white, and flower, the carnation, very effectively in a color design of green with a white carnation in one corner. The book included a full list of the officers and members for the year, topics for each meeting and the Constitution and by-laws with a quotation at the end, indicating the convictions of the Circle:

"The prosperity of a country depends, not on the abundance of its revenue, nor on the strength of its fortifications, nor on the beauty of its public buildings, but it consists in the number of its cultured citizens, in its men of education, enlightenment and character; here are to be found its true interest, its chief strength, its real power."

"The Chautauquans" of Lima, Ohio, chiefly graduates, showed their plan of Shakespeare study for the year embodied in a tan colored booklet bound in dark blue gray and lettered in gold. Miss L. C. Brown, the delegate from the Fort Scott Circle of Kansas, presented a dainty white and gold program of the exercises of the Fort Scott Federation of Clubs held late in October when the Chautauqua Circle was Master of Ceremonies. "There are two significant emblems on this program," said Pendragon. "One you will all recognize as a nineteenth century symbol, the C. L. S. C. monogram on the cover. The other, as many of you know, is the Swastika which goes far back into the dawn of civilization. It seems to be much in vogue in these days for decoration and has an interesting history worth looking up. It is very fitting in its suggestion of Chautauqua's recognition of our debt to the past. But we must have Miss Brown's account of the meeting. It was an important meeting."

"Our Fort Scott Federation of Clubs," explained the delegate, "is composed of some eight different clubs. Once in two months the Federation meets, transacts business, listens to a pre-arranged program and enjoys a social session. It is the duty of the different clubs in turn to provide the program. Heretofore the meetings have, with one exception, been held in private houses but the membership is now so large that we decided to secure the parlors of the First Baptist Church. For decoration we used immense branches of the hard maple which was in all its glory of autumn coloring and these in contrast with the walls and ceil-

ing of white, and delicate green were more beautiful than you can imagine. The platform we decorated with ferns and palms and behind it hung an immense American flag in honor of the 'American Year' of the C. L. S. C. You will see from our program that the topics were purely American, even the musical numbers being by American composers, illustrative of a very discriminating paper on this subject. 'American Art and Artists' also formed the topic of an admirable paper and you will see that in still others we emphasized 'The Educational Value of Club Work,' 'The C. L. S. C.' and 'Careful Work.'"

"In closing let me once more remind you to get acquainted in this American year with some new author or some new work by an old author. Have a bulletin board somewhere to which you can attach an occasional quotation which strikes your fancy, and which you can glance at now and then during the day. It is said that on the walls of W. M. Hunt's studio might always be found quotations from Emerson written large and with a blunt piece of charcoal. We all have our 'studios' of one sort or another where we do our creative work. Let us be sure that they furnish all the inspiration possible."

Talk About Books

THE FUTURE IN AMERICA. By H. G. Wells. Harper and Brothers, New York. 1906.

"Does this magnificent appearance of beginnings which is America, convey any clear and certain promise of permanence and fulfillment whatever? Much makes for construction, a great wave of reform is going on, but will it drive on to anything more than a breaking impact upon even more gigantic uncertainties and dangers? Is America a giant childhood or a gigantic futility, a mere latest phase of that long succession of experiments which has been and may be for interminable years—may be altogether until the end—man's social history?"

* * * *

"These people might do anything. They are the finest people upon earth—the most hopeful. But they are vain and hasty; they are thoughtless, harsh, and undisciplined. In the end it may be, they will accomplish nothing. I see I have noted in its place the great forces of construction, the buoyant, creative spirit of America. But I have marked, too, the intricacy of snares and obstacles in its path. The problem of America, save in its scale and freedom, is no different from the problem of Great Britain, of Europe, of all humanity; it is one chiefly moral and intellectual; it is to resolve a confusion of purposes, traditions, habits, into a common ordered intention. Everywhere one finds what seem to me the beginnings of that—and, for this epoch it is all too possible, they may get no further than beginnings. Yet another Decline and Fall may remain to be written, another and another, and it may be another, before the World State comes and Peace."

In such fashion Mr. H. G. Wells in his aptly named book "The Future in America" sums up the impressions and questionings which remain with him at the conclusion of a seven weeks' trip through portions of the United States.

Seven weeks, would at first thought, seem all too short a time for any Englishman, however well prepared, to devote to a study of American conditions. Yet in the case of Mr. Wells, gifted with remarkable insight and free from all insular prejudice the time is sufficient to make clear to him those serious problems upon the solution of which the future of America—and perhaps the future of civilization—depends.

The problem in America, as Mr. Wells sees it, is much the problem of all nations: the development of a conscious social purpose, the formulation of a State ideal, which shall transcend all minor, selfish, individual ideals. In other words the American problem and the world problem is the formation of a socialistic rather than an individualistic society. America by reason of its natural wealth, its freedom from aristocratic repressions, its generally diffused desire for education offers the best hope of such a state.

On the other hand America is at the present moment hedged about with the gravest dangers. The political machinery, the product of theory and compromise, has proved itself inadequate to meet the demands of a modern state for a central federal control of diverse social elements. Excessive individualism has worked its own destruction and the equality of economic opportunity of which Americans vainly boast exists only to a limited and constantly diminishing degree in the face of industrial consolidation.

Americans are awaking to the dangers of the present situation, as the vast body of confessional literature recently attests. Investigation of every sort is the rule, and popular opinion is crying for a remedy for the abuses revealed. But will the reform movement prove itself strong enough not only to break down but to reconstruct? Have Americans the organized disinterest to remould their institutions, substituting national welfare as an ideal in place of individual gain, creating a patriotism which involves sacrifice in the service of the state, an enduring, sane patriotism which will reorganize society on better, more altruistic lines.

The qualification which Mr. Wells imputes to our patriotism must come home to the unprejudiced American as largely deserved. Our patriotism is of the emergency sort rather than of the laborious, self effacing, commonplace kind. And yet without this hum-

bler, more useful patriotism, America cannot maintain a leading place as a civilized state.

Of the reconstructive problems which face this new, still undeveloped patriotism, the political reformation is the most imperative. But other equally grave problems are also crying for solution: the assimilation of immigrants; the negro problem; the creation of a new ideal of individual liberty; the reform of vicious child labor conditions. These are questions of the gravest import and every American who reads Mr. Wells' book will be stirred to a new realization of the dangers which our national indifference or carelessness involves.

Perhaps the greatest American defect is over optimism—a belief in America's "luck." Mr. Wells believes, and those who read his book must believe with him, that luck is no satisfactory genius for a nation. Nations are what their citizens make them, the product of a free will theology, rather than of predestination. When we as a nation grasp this fact and meet our problems squarely we may do much.

Mr. Wells does not conclude his book in utter pessimism. He wavers between hope and doubt, not knowing how great faith to place upon the patriotism, altruism, and morality of the average American citizen upon whom, in a democracy, the national welfare must largely depend. All we know now is that the average citizen is waking up and looking about him. We must hope that he will not relapse and that he has not already slept too long.



FEBRUARY

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THE CHAUTAUQUAN

THE MAGAZINE OF SYSTEM IN READING

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1908

COVER DESIGN

Thomas Alva Edison.....	Frontispiece
Highways and Byways.....	301
The President and the Nomination. The Currency and Wood-pulp. Oklahoma the New State. The Demand for Waterway Development. Socialism and English Politics. The Philippine Assembly. Has the German Constitution Been Changed? Is Russia Still an Autocracy? Note and Comment. With Portraits of Gustave V of Sweden, Oscar II and Luitpold.	
As Others See Us.....	John Graham Brooks 321
XII. Our Monopoly of Wit. XIII. Our Greatest Debt.	
American Painting.....	Edwina Spencer 358
V. Development of Landscape and Marine Painting.	
Some Great American Scientists.....	George Hae 389
VI. Thomas Alva Edison.	
The Story of a Bohemian Pioneer.....	Emily G. Balch 397
The Vesper Hour.....	Chancellor John H. Vincent 404
Albert A. Michelson.....	411
Gifford Pinchot.....	422
Greeting from President James.....	434
Library Shelf.....	445
The Pulmonov Estier.	
C. L. S. C. Round Table.....	Conducted by Kate F. Kimball 428

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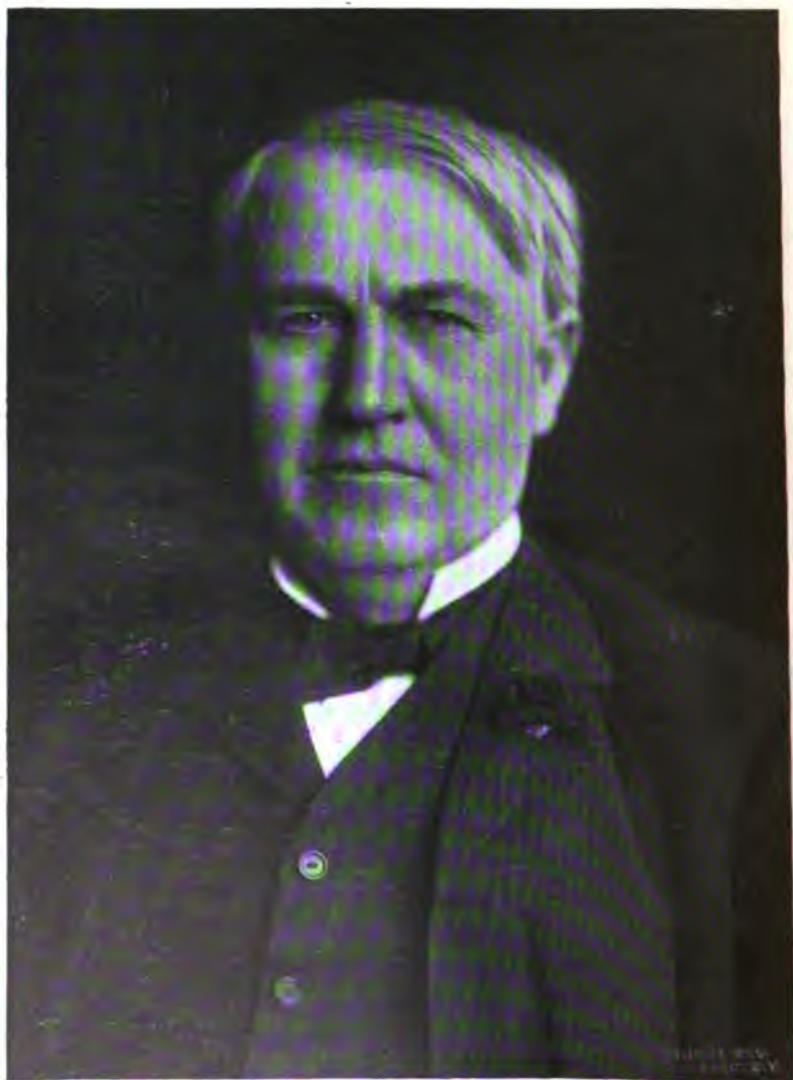
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THOMAS ALVA EDISON.

(See "Thomas Alva Edison," by George Iles.)

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PERSISTENT agitation of the question of forcing President Roosevelt to become a candidate for the next Republican nomination for the chief magistracy, or of securing a tacit promise from him to accept the nomination if tendered without opposition in his own party, has constrained him to reiterate his famous and voluntary—and absolutely unequivocal—declaration with regard to a third term. He had been accused of a “game of hide and seek” with the people on that question; politicians—some sincere supporters of Rooseveltian policies, and others professing such support for selfish reasons—had been circulating all sorts of rumors on the subject; national committeemen had been frankly expressing uncertainty as to the situation; correspondents were saying that as Mr. Bryan was the only Democratic candidate, Mr. Roosevelt simply must be named by the Republicans “to defeat him,” since no other man could; and the Democrats had offered a resolution in Congress, similar to that which was adopted with little practical dissent during the second term of General Grant in the White House, declaring the anti-third-term tradition to be as binding, necessary and as salutary as ever. In view of these and other things Mr. Roosevelt felt that the time to speak once more, and with equal emphasis, on the question, had come. He will not be a candidate, and under no circumstances will he accept another nomination for the presidency. It is impossible to say more than Mr. Roosevelt has said and, to the great majority of citizens, unnecessary to say anything more.

But there are certain third-term "boomers" who have not been silenced and will not be. They are still saying that a command from the party, from the whole party, as represented by the national convention, to serve the people will override every consideration or objection based on consistency, personal honor, inclination, and so on, and compel Mr. Roosevelt to accept another nomination in spite of two, ten, or a hundred unqualified and earnest statements to the contrary. There is no possibility of meeting this sort of prophecy or speculation, and doubtless Mr. Roosevelt will ignore it henceforth. Serious advocacy of his re-nomination by men of weight and loyalty to him is out of the question, however, and this is the view generally taken in the press.

The immediate effect of the President's reiteration is to strengthen materially the candidacies of those Republicans who are most likely to continue the Roosevelt policies. The Taft candidacy has been helped to some extent, as has that of Gov. Hughes of New York, whom his followers and admirers continue to regard as a candidate for the presidential nomination, though not one word from him is expected on the situation. The "field" is still free, however, and the soberest observers believe that no candidate can afford to "rest on his oars" and assume that the fight for the nomination is won.



The Currency and Readjustment

On the surface there are few traces of the financial crisis which was precipitated in October. The business interests have been remarkably calm, and the banks of the country have had little to complain of on the part of their depositors. The monetary stringency was practically over by the end of December. The imports of gold from abroad, the Treasury measures of relief, the sound condition of the country banks, especially west, had all contributed to ease the situation. The payments of currency by the great banks

of the centers was gradually resumed, and the various certificates and substitutes for "lawful money" that had been issued in many places were called in as the supply of currency and specie increased in the country's circulation.

But two serious problems have remained as a legacy of the crisis, and they are not easy of solution. One is the revision of our banking and currency laws in the light of recent experiences so as to provide reasonable assurance against the recurrence of the same troubles. Congress, the bankers, theoretical students of finance are now wrestling with this question, and the widest differences of opinion as to the remedies needed have been revealed by the discussion. All agree that the currency system as it stands is irrational, unprogressive, inelastic, unscientific, a thing of shreds and patches. It is different from any European system, or from that of Canada, and is the survival of the civil war era to a large extent. But even those who are most outspoken in the denunciation of the existing system, like Professor Sumner of Yale, become very cautious and uncertain when suggestions of radical changes therein are proposed.

Of such proposals two are particularly prominent: Several leading bankers and statesmen advocate the establishment of a Bank of the United States, such bank to be the fiscal agent of the government, to keep its funds and to have a monopoly of the note issue. It is true that our experience with banks of the United States has not been pleasant, and the fight of President Jackson on Biddle is still vividly remembered. But it is held that the conditions today are different; that the Treasury is obliged to be in politics far deeper than the Biddle institution ever really was, and that the abuse of the power and influence of the proposed central bank could be prevented by effective legislation and proper control.

Strong arguments are made in favor of this solution, and the practice of Europe affords an impressive object

lesson. Yet no one believes that there is any possibility of legislation creating a bank of this kind and taking away the privilege of the national banks to issue notes based on government bonds. The alternative radical solution is to leave the banking system undisturbed but to authorize "asset currency," that is, notes secured not by government bonds, but by the general assets—securities, commercial paper, etc., of the banks, the government to guarantee these notes and to maintain a fund for their redemption out of the proceeds of a tax upon the banks. Such a currency would be elastic—would rise and fall with the expansion and contraction of trade and commerce—and it is insisted that it can be made absolutely safe as well.

It is not likely that Congress will adopt this solution in preference to the other. The probability is that nothing radical will be attempted in dealing with the currency, and that the outcome of the whole discussion will be a simple measure authorizing the issue of "emergency currency" in seasons of special need, such as the crop-moving period. Such currency is issued in Germany, in France, and elsewhere, and it prevents stringencies and disturbing fluctuations in the interest rate. It is proposed to tax emergency notes 5 or 6 per cent., in order to insure their retirement at the first favorable moment and thus do away with the danger of inflation and an oversupply of money, which invariably breed speculation and unsound business enterprises. The emergency notes would be secured by bonds other than governmental at a certain prescribed percentage of their face value.

The other problem which the crisis has left the country to solve is that of a business readjustment, of restricting production in some direction and lowering prices. It is admitted by all that undue expansion of trading and manufacturing, largely on borrowed capital, had much to do with causing the crisis, and that too much encouragement had been given by the banks to doubtful business ventures. Busi-

ness readjustment is necessarily a slow process, but it need not be excessively painful, and the hope is that it will be effected this year without wholesale discharges of labor and wage reductions.



Oklahoma the New State

In November, President Roosevelt issued his proclamation declaring that Oklahoma had complied with the congressional enabling act, had adopted a constitution that provided for a republican form of government, and was therefore entitled to admission into the sisterhood of states. Since then she has elected two Senators, her first legislature has met, and she has been exercising the rights of independent statehood.

Oklahoma is the forty-sixth state in the Union. Her population is estimated at 1,350,000, of whom only 40,000 are negroes. Her natural resources are varied and opulent, her degree of culture high, her industries well developed, and her future extremely bright. Her percentage of illiteracy is as low as that of proud and old Massachusetts, and her population energetic, intelligent and advanced. Her constitution is "radical," but if it errs, it errs on the side of public advantage and public protection. Her anti-monopoly legislation, her referendum, her safeguards against boss and machine rule, will be watched with sympathy and interest by many older states. The day which saw her entrance into the sisterhood also saw the establishment of prohibition within her boundaries.

Utah was made a state in 1896, and since then no star has been added to the flag till now. Only two Territories remain as candidates for statehood, New Mexico and Arizona and their admission, agitated for years, may be postponed on account of the controversy over the desirability of forcing them to consolidate and apply for statehood as one commonwealth. There is a strong opposition to such union, and as Congress is reluctant to create two new states, the

settlement of the question may take time, though the President, for his part, has decided to waive the demand of union as a condition of admission.

Alaska and Porto Rico will in due time give us difficult problems to solve, but at present neither thinks of statehood as a possibility. The Philippines are too distant, and are in Asia, not in America. Independence, it is now freely admitted, is far more probable in their case—or perhaps something like “Canadian autonomy”—than statehood and membership in our Union.



The Demand for Waterway Development

There has been a remarkable revival in the country of the movement for improving and developing the great American rivers and waterways. The people of the west, far west and southwest have taken hold of the question with intense earnestness and enthusiasm, and the demand as formulated by them is for a waterway from “the Lakes to the Gulf.” Two conventions have recently been held to promote this great project. The first expected result of the agitation is a 14-foot channel from Chicago to New Orleans. The Chicago drainage canal, which has already cost about \$40,000,000 and which is by no means completed—for important extensions and improvements are projected—is to serve as the first link in the great chain of deepened and widened channels and rivers that is to enable the Mississippi Valley to use its waterways as Europe is using hers for the development of trade and commerce.

For decades the railroads have monopolized the traffic at the expense of the water facilities, being cheaper and more convenient and progressive. But a reaction has naturally come about in consequence of the admitted inability of the railroads to handle all the traffic with their present inadequate track mileage and terminal facilities. There has been great difficulty in getting capital for railway extensions, for double tracking, and for replacing antiquated rolling

stock; and while opinions differ as to the causes of this phenomenon—some alleging “radical” agitation and legislation to be the main factors, others believing that capital is scarce at present, while still others accuse the railroad managers of misdeeds and blunders that could not fail to undermine confidence in their securities—it is plain that for many years to come the farmers, the manufacturers, the merchants and all others will suffer delay and loss on account of the backward condition of the railroad industry. Hence, apart from theoretical ideas as to the value and usefulness of rivers and canals as promoters of trade, a great practical necessity has arisen for waterway development.

A commission created by Congress is at work on the great problem, and there is no disposition to commit the government to enormous expenditures in advance of the most expert scientific investigation into the question.

The gigantic Mississippi improvement project is only one of many river-and-canal development schemes that have been launched or revived. In the east and south the “inland Atlantic Coast waterway,” an unbroken passage from Boston to Beaufort, N. C., is being actively promoted. A convention at Philadelphia, at which seventeen states were represented, enthusiastically indorsed it. And it is worthy of note that great railway builders and managers are supporting instead of opposing these projects. They believe that the country cannot safely depend on railroads alone, and that the growth of our trade and industry is such that there will be traffic for all carriers. Mr. James J. Hill has been one of the most earnest advocates of waterway development.

There is a conservative element in the country which holds that “one great project at a time” is a sound motto, and that we ought to complete and open the Panama canal before putting hundreds of millions into waterways at home. To what degree this sentiment will influence Congress, remains to be seen. But the movement has “a future.”

Immigration and Emigration

The months of October, November, and December witnessed an extraordinary increase in the number of departures of aliens from the country. The movement was spoken of as a veritable exodus, and agents of steamship companies estimated that about 500,000 immigrants would be shown to have returned to their homes during 1907. The exodus is attributed by many to the business reaction in the United States, for the tens of thousands of laborers whom the railroads, mining companies, and manufacturing concerns "laid off" in the weeks immediately following the financial crisis preferred, it is believed, to spend the winter in Europe, where prices are lower and the standards of living more modest. Many of them are expected to come back in the spring, especially if industry and commerce should revive by that time. It is well known that the majority of the aliens carried away comfortable sums of money, representing the savings of their stay with us. Some estimates place the amount of money thus taken out of the country at over \$100,000,000.

However, Europe is decidedly alarmed over this return of so many of her laborers, and fears that large numbers of them will soon be destitute and in need of public relief or private charity. In the parliaments of Germany and Austria and Italy the question what to do for these returned emigrants has been raised in formal interpellations. The lesson of these facts is that the immigration-emigration problem has assumed an international character and that it may be found needful to call an international conference to deal with it. Our present immigration law provides for such a conference at the discretion of the President, and it is reported that Mr. Roosevelt is advised to issue a call for one.

Whatever effect the business recession may have on next year's immigration, the fiscal year 1907 saw another "record-breaking" total of admissions. The number of newcomers for the year is given in the annual report of



Gustave V, the New
King of Sweden.



Oscar II, the late
King of Sweden.



The late Lord Kelvin,
famous Physicist
and Inventor.



BRINGING IN THE YULE LOG.

—Cartoon from *Minneapolis Journal*.



THE STANDING CRUSADER.

President Roosevelt: "Follow me!" (or 35,000 words to that effect. See President's Message to Congress).

—Cartoon from Punch.

the commissioner general as 1,298,413. Only about 13,500 aliens were rejected for one or another of the enumerated legal causes and compelled to return. The great bulk of the immigration for the year came from Austro-Hungary, Italy, and Russia. The aggregate for these countries was 883,126. Great Britain sent us 110,000 persons, Germany only 39,000, and France less than 10,000. The number of Japanese immigrants more than doubled as compared with 1906, in spite of the troubles and agitation on the Pacific Coast and the efforts of the Japanese government to restrict direct emigration to the United States.

The South made a good beginning in the direction of procuring desirable European laborers for her factories and farms, but it has been found difficult to distribute the immigration widely. Branch offices of the New York bureau of information and guidance, to facilitate such distribution, will probably be established in the larger cities.



Socialism and English Politics

In municipal elections recently held in Great Britain the Socialists suffered heavy defeats, and the Tories, not the Liberals and Labor party, reaped the benefits of this anti-socialist wave. It is contended by Tory organs that the Socialist reverses indicate likewise a reaction against liberalism, which, it is charged, has made too many concessions to radicalism and alarmed the taxpayers and the propertied classes. It is a fact that of late the whole Tory campaign against the party in power has been deliberately based on the assertion that liberalism and socialism are close allies, so that the supremacy of the former must involve greater and greater victories for the latter. The Liberal papers admit that there is a "Socialist scare" or panic in Great Britain, and that thousands of voters, in their determination to hit at socialism give the Tories the benefit of every doubt and suppress their own liberal leanings and preferences.

They believe, however, that the scare is subsiding, and that when the next general election takes place the Liberals will again attract the voters who are at heart in sympathy with them on the cardinal national and imperial issues.

The question is interesting because it is probable that the Campbell-Bannerman government will find it necessary or expedient to dissolve parliament long before the expiration of its legal term. There are those who believe that the general election will be ordered within a year. This belief is founded on the legislative situation and the consequent struggle between the Commons and the Lords. The upper house has rejected several government bills of importance, and its present mood is so aggressive and unrepentant that it is expected to use its veto just as freely next year. The government will introduce another education bill, another land bill for Scotland, and other "contentious" measures. It has carried an anti-Lords resolution through the Commons and will not submit to the dictation of the partisan hereditary chamber where it thinks it reflects the sentiment of the majority. An appeal to the electors will become necessary in such an event, and the paramount issue then will be the "mending or ending" of the upper house.

The paramount, but not the only issue. Both parties recognize that they must present constructive and advanced programs of social reform to the working people. Negative issues will not do, and political reforms alone are not sufficient. Such questions as old-age pensions, housing of the poor, employment for the involuntarily idle, industrial arbitration, and so on, must be dealt with. The Tories are promising labor quite as much as the Liberals, and neither party can accuse the other of socialism without laying itself open to the same charge. Labor, for its part, is not committed to socialism, but it favors a good deal of social legislation that has loosely been called socialistic. Even the Socialists care more for things than for labels and are willing to realize their policies piecemeal.

The Philippine Assembly

We have had so much to attend to and think about at home that little attention has been paid here to the Philippine National Assembly and its doings. Yet the convening of that popular assembly, the first since annexation, was an event of historic interest, and the work of the representatives of the civilized and pacified Filipinos is worth watching. It is giving promise of capacity and statesmanship. It was in October that the first Philippine national assembly was called to order and organized. Secretary Taft was present on that occasion and delivered a frank, practical, reassuring address to the representatives of the enfranchised Filipinos and the islanders at large. He told them that American policy in and toward the islands had been consistent and progressive; that municipal and provincial self-government had been granted first, that a native constabulary and a largely native judiciary had been established, and that the success of those steps had logically led to the grant of national self-government on a limited but substantial scale; that the government would willingly extend and increase Philippine self-government as the islanders, as voters and citizens, revealed capacity for it. With regard to the future, Mr. Taft denied that the government entertained the idea of disposing of the islands to Japan or any other power and declined to predict their ultimate destiny. Independence was a question for the future—perhaps for the next generation; it may be that the Filipinos will not wish to stand alone and will prefer real autonomy—"Canadian autonomy"—under American sovereignty. At all events, the present duty of the lawmakers and representatives was, in Mr. Taft's judgment, to avoid academic discussions and futile agitation, and devote themselves to practical legislation, to immediate needs and duties. While the majority of the assembly was nationalist and "anti-American," he hoped that they would display sagacity and conservatism in action and justify the confidence and good will of the

American people, who are criticised by European students of colonial problems for "excessive optimism" and Quixotic idealism in their dealing with "inferior races" and trusting so much to the influences of freedom and responsibility.

The president of the Assembly is Sergio Osmeno, former governor of Cebu and a young man who took no part in the insurrection. There are 81 representatives.

The two houses of the Philippine legislature—the upper one being appointive and composed of the civil commissioners—have elected two delegates to our Congress. They sit in the House, but have no votes. They are resident commissioners, with functions similar to those of the commissioner of Porto Rico. Indeed, the Philippines now enjoy a status in our system that is similar to that of Porto Rico. Before long they will doubtless secure free trade with the United States.



Has the German Constitution Been Changed

The imperial ministry of Germany is not a "responsible" one in the Anglo-French sense of the phrase "responsible cabinets." That is, its tenure does not depend on parliamentary majorities and votes. It represents the emperor and governs by his leave. But there is reason to think that recent developments have tended to modify the actual status of the German ministry, to transform it into a body responsible to the Reichstag and dependent upon the majority of that popularly elected body. Indeed, it is asserted in political circles that "a peaceful revolution" has taken place in Germany, and that the written constitution of the empire has quietly but profoundly been modified, with the knowledge and sanction of the emperor and the court, in the direction of greater popular control.

What actually happened in the Reichstag seems of no great importance. Members of the national liberal party had attacked the financial proposals of the government and indicated a disposition to oppose some of the measures it

was desirous of passing. And since the government is not on the best of terms with the Center or the Clerical party, and has no stable majority in the Reichstag apart from the liberals, radicals, and progressives of all shades, the loss of national liberal support would make it impossible for it to pass the fiscal, naval, and other measures on its program. Hence, when the imperial chancellor saw himself threatened with the liberal defection, he summoned the leaders of the parties he was depending on and informed them that unless he could command their support and their votes, he would resign his position. He was reassured, a vote of confidence was promptly given him, and the crisis was over.

But never before in the history of the German parliamentary system had a chancellor sought a vote of confidence or admitted his need of and dependence upon a majority of the Reichstag. Years ago Bismarck defiantly told the Reichstag that he could govern without its confidence, by "blood and iron." And the right of the emperor to dissolve parliament at any time and order new elections has been supposed to render the government able to dispense with parliamentary majorities. Last year, in fact, the rejection of a government budgetary proposal was made the occasion of a dissolution and an appeal to the country. And at that time all said that should the government fail to obtain a majority, it would again dissolve the Reichstag and take its chance with the electors—and so on indefinitely.

Instead, however, of threatening a dissolution, the chancellor, on the occasion in question, for the first time, admitted his inability to govern without a majority. And it is generally believed this admission was deliberate and intended to create a precedent for the future. In other words, the emperor is believed to have decided to make the cabinet henceforth morally responsible to the Reichstag and representative of the political opinions of the majority of that body. Whether this is not a highly exaggerated view

of the occurrence, time will tell. It must be borne in mind that a dissolution of the Reichstag at this time could hardly have given the government a stabler and more homogeneous majority, as there has been no change in the general political situation since the last general election, while certain military scandals have rather tended to weaken the position of the ruling classes. The reform promises of the government to the liberals and working masses yet remain to be fulfilled.



Is Russia Still an Autocracy?

The third parliament of Russia has attracted much less attention than had either of its predecessors. It is not representative in any sense of the people, and little constructive or reform legislation is expected from it. The radical and advanced liberal groups in it are weak and inharmonious, while the center, or moderate party, is inclined to coöperate with the conservatives and reactionaries on its right. Occasionally an independent speech, or a criticism of the ministry or bureaucracy, creates a little excitement, but on the whole the sessions are dull and uninteresting. The government's program is indefinite; it apparently no longer fears "the revolution" and sees no necessity for introducing the great civil and political measures which were to transform Russia into a modern constitutional state. It demands "order first," and makes the sporadic revolutionary acts that continue to occur an excuse for its own inactivity in any progressive sense. The country is still under martial or semi-martial law; arrests and executions and summary trials are still the rule.

It is true that the third douma is not constantly threatened with dissolution, as its predecessors were, but that is due solely to the fact that it has done little or nothing, as a body, to offend or alarm the court and the bureaucracy. The majority is willing to follow the ministry meekly, to

ratify its budget or proposals and its additional loan suggestions, and to leave the legislative initiative to the government.

It is characteristic of the political confusion and reaction in Russia that so absurd a question as the Tzar's autocratic power should have been stormily discussed in the douma and that the rejection of a motion to acknowledge autocracy in an address to the throne should have created a great sensation. In any country having a legislative body and a constitution, as well as a monarch, the latter is regarded as a constitutional ruler as a mere matter of course, for the very nature of autocracy is inconsistent with the idea of an independent legislature. But in Russia the ultra-loyalists and reactionaries have the hardihood to assert that the Tzar gave up nothing in creating the douma, that his will is still the only law of the land, and that he has the right to abolish the douma at any moment and revert to government by bureaucrats. The officials not only share this view, but consider it a crime for any group of men to declare Russia a constitutional country and work openly for the strengthening of the new regime.

The douma, as intimated, rejected the reactionary motion to recognize the alleged autocracy of the Tzar, and it could not have passed it without committing suicide. But, on the other hand, the moderate liberals were not courageous enough to recognize the "constitution" in the address to the throne, and the question was left where it had been for months, the reactionaries insisting that nothing has really changed in Russia, and the advanced liberals holding that it would be an act of counter-revolution, of treason to the people, for the Tzar, to deprive the douma of independent legislative functions or terminate its existence altogether.

The prime minister, strangely enough, took occasion in his first statement to the douma to rebuke the constitutionalists and indorse the claim that the absolutism of the em-

peror was not impaired by the fundamental laws and the grant of representative institutions to the Russian people. In Western Europe such self-stultification is scarcely conceivable, but Russia is a law unto herself, and no incongruity, no paradox, is too wild for her ruling circles.

Russia's reforms are still largely paper reforms. Reaction is supreme again, and the outlook is admittedly cheerless. Thus genuine liberals are pessimistic, though they have not abandoned the hope of saving the douma as an institution and of compelling the government and the privileged elements to make grudging concessions to the peasants, workmen, and the educated minority.



Note and Comment

The Citizens' Union of New York City reprinted the following lines from *Life* in aid of its attempt to secure funds for campaign purposes:

THEY.

Why don't they keep the streets a little cleaner?

You ask with deep annoyance not undue;

Why don't they keep the parks a little greener?

(Did you ever stop to think that "they" means you?)

How long will they permit this graft and stealing?

Why don't they see the courts are clean and true?

Why will they wink at crooked public dealing?

(Did you ever stop to think that "they" means you?)

Why don't they stop this miserable child labor?

And wake the S. P. C. A. up a few?

(While thus you gently knock your unknown neighbor

Did you ever stop to think that "they" means you?)



Immigration to the United States during the year ended June 30, 1907, was vastly greater than in any previous year of the history of the United States, according to the annual report of Frank P. Sargent, commissioner-general of immigration and naturalization:

The total immigration for the year 1907, which was 1,285,349, exceeded that for 1906 by 184,614, and that for the year 1905 by 258,850, or an increase over the year 1906 of more than 17 per cent., and over the year 1905 of more than 25 per cent.

Commissioner Sargent says it is of particular significance that many immigrants landed at ports in the South during the past year. The increase of immigration to the South, the commissioner says,

"is directly connected with the growing desire of the Southern States to draw a number of the better class of immigrants." Striking increases are also shown at New Orleans, Galveston, and Honolulu.

The tide of immigration from some of the countries is indicated by the following figures: Austria-Hungary, 338,452, increase 73,314; Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro, 11,359, increase 6,693; France, 9,731, increase 345; German empire, 37,807, increase 243; Greece, 36,580, increase 17,091; Italy, including Sicily and Sardinia, 285,731; increase 12,611; Russian empire and Finland, 258,943; increase 43,278; Turkey, 20,767; increase 11,257; England, 56,637; increase 7,146; Ireland, 34,530; decrease 465; Scotland, 19,740; increase 3,874; China, 961; decrease 583; Japan, 30,226; increase 16,391; British North America, 19,918; increase 14,855; West Indies, 16,689; increase 3,033.

JAPANESE IMMIGRATION DOUBLED.

While the exclusion laws have rendered practically nil the immigration from China, the immigration from Japan, though relatively not great, has doubled in the last year. This increase is significant, too, because it comes in the face of regulations adopted by the American government, with the assent of Japan, which it was supposed would curtail the immigration of Japanese to this country very materially.

Commissioner Sargent presents official reports made by inspectors sent to Mexico and Canada to study the situation with special reference of the coming of Japanese to America through those countries. The reports show that thousands of Japanese landed in Mexico during the last year, and ultimately gained admission surreptitiously into this country. While the regulations concerning Japanese immigration have tended to reduce the number of regularly admitted immigrants, thousands of Japanese still are coming into the country by stealth.

Of the immigrants admitted 873,923 had less than \$50 each in their possession, while 107,502 were able to show amounts in excess of that sum. The total amount of money brought into the country by arriving aliens was \$25,599,893, or an average of almost \$20 per person.

The aggregate number of outward-bound passengers, 569,882, was 73,145 larger than in 1906.

Commissioner Sargent strongly urges that advantage be taken of a provision of the new immigration act for calling an international conference on immigration and emigration.

He points out that adequate provision should be made for the issuance of proper passports to persons coming to America. By this means such organizations as the "Black Hand Society" could not gain a foothold.

Among the recommendations made by Commissioner Sargent, many of which are administrative in character, are the following:

That marine hospital surgeons be stationed at the principal points of embarkation abroad to examine aliens before they start for America.

That a treaty be negotiated with Mexico respecting immigration through that country; or, if that cannot be done, that the Mex-

ican border be closed to all aliens except our own citizens and bona fide residents of Mexico.



At the auction sale of the library of the late Matthew A. Stickney of Salem, recently, an engraved view of Harvard College executed on copper by Paul Revere was sold to Harvard University for \$725. The other plates by Paul Revere were also sold at lower prices.



Under instructions from President Roosevelt Dr. Charles A. Eastman, a Sioux Indian, has renamed more than fifteen thousand Sioux with family names, in order to make the inheritance of land more simple and secure.

Where possible he has kept the original Sioux name of some members of a family—as in bestowing the name “Matoska,” meaning “White Bear,” on the family of that chief. Sometimes the combination of wife’s name and husband’s has made a musical name as “Winona Otana.” The favorite name for woman means “she who has a beautiful home,” which Doctor Eastman has Anglicized in the patronymic “Goodhouse.”

But by far the hardest task is in finding new names for the absurdities of Indian nomenclature. “Bob-Tailed-Coyote” was a young Indian who has come to prefer himself as “Robert T. Wolf.” After a long struggle with “Rotten Pumpkin,” Doctor Eastman has at last recorded the owner of the name on the tribal records under the noncommittal title of “Robert Pumqian.”—*World Today*.



The first Italian Methodist Episcopal Church of Chicago closed the Conference year with a membership of 100 including probationers. The Sunday school has an enrollment of over 250. This church is working in the largest of the Italian colonies in the city of Chicago, the one lying west of the river and between Taylor and Harrison streets, and numbering possibly 25,000 souls. The church is temporarily located at 98 Blue Island avenue. November 1 a building site was secured at the northeast corner of Polk and Sholto streets, a payment of \$3,000 being made and a mortgage of \$3,500 being given. The Italians themselves have given beyond their ability, and will give their labor to wreck the brick barn that now occupies the site when the time for building the church comes. Of necessity the larger part of this first payment has come from American friends of the work. A young Italian architect, Signor Giovanni Boschetti, of the Politecnico Milanese, is giving his services and preparing plans for an artistic Italian church. The Rev. Piero M. Petacci is pastor.



A Century of Foreign Criticism On The United States---A Study of Progress.*

XII. Our Monopoly of Wit

By John Graham Brooks

ONE of our English visitors, after traveling several months in the United States, showed concern because of our lack of humor. When he reached the Mississippi he expressed his delight because he met a new kind of American who "*sometimes understood a joke.*"

"In general, I thought they had less of the frigid, uninviting formality, which characterises the Americans further to the eastward. They were somewhat gruff, indeed, at times; but they seemed to trust themselves and us with more readiness, and *sometimes understood a joke*, which I hardly ever saw exemplified on this side of the Mississippi."*

I still recall the mental agitation roused by those four words, "sometimes understood a joke." That they fitly applied to other nations, was something I had long taken

*Travels in North America, Vol. III, p. 355.

*Mr. Brooks' series of articles will appear monthly from September to May. The September articles were: I. "The Problem Opened;" II. "Concerning Our Critics." October: III. "Who is the American?" IV. "Our Talent for Bragging." November: V. "Some Other Peculiarities;" V. "American Sensitiveness." December: VII. "The Mother Country as a Critic;" VIII. "Change in the Tone of Foreign Criticism." January: IX. "Higher Criticism;" X. "Other French Visitors;" XI. "Democracy and Manners."

for granted, but here they were fixed upon the funniest people in the world—the Americans. It proved very amusing to put this passage before friends whose patriotic pieties had never been disturbed. I had lived half a life without once asking why the Americans should have engrossed a possession so precious as the world's wit and humor. Had it come to this, that, of all the world, an English tourist was to lay rough hands on a belief so sanctified? I read the passage to one of the most amusing of our countrymen. He listened to it as if dazed. When it was repeated to him, he said, "Is that his way of being funny?" When it was shown that Captain Hall was not trifling, the American replied, "Well, what would you expect of an Englishman?" This is the American attitude. By some alchemy, nature has endowed us with capacities for humor that makes us lonely among the nations. We have all been brought up on sallies against the English for the leisurely way in which they respond to Yankee wit. Few of us have not heard at least a thousand of those merry tales to illustrate the sluggish ways of the British in "seeing" our jokes. It is, therefore, with unusual emotion that we read of Hall's late discovery,—an American who "sometimes, understood a joke."

A German meant to compliment us when he wrote that he noticed an improvement in the appreciation of humor in the United States, as if there were, after all, hope for us in this respect. Edmond de Nevers is struck by "the absence of the sense of the ridiculous." He thinks we owe such prestige as we have to the Irish. Even our pleasantries against the Paddy "are mostly by the descendants of the Irish," though he makes no reference to Mr. Dooley. Dickens wrote of us, "They certainly are not a humorous people," though he admitted that we had "a certain cast-iron quaintness" in which the New England Yankee "takes the lead."*

*"American Notes," p. 206.

An American much in Oxford confesses to have told one of his most irresistible stories at a college dinner given by one of the Dons. "When I finished," he said, "there wasn't a laugh around the table. I attributed it to the habitual stolidity of the English in the presence of a good joke. I hinted as much to the man next me, who said, 'Oh, but we have been telling that ever since the Master of Trinity got it off.'" The American added, "That was my first shock. I honestly thought we had a monopoly of humor that nobody even questioned." That is probably still the opinion of most good Americans.*

Even if true, it is stiffly gainsaid by many of these foreign critics. One of the French writers makes a special study of our funny papers. After spending a good deal of time on the files of *Puck* and *Judge*, he says, "If these are supposed by their readers to be examples of humor, those who read them have that sense only in its most elemental stage of development. How can a really intelligent people think such horseplay—*des grosses plaisanteries*—witty?" Harriet Martineau says we have a kind of drollery that is neither English humor nor French wit, and Captain Marryat, who certainly did not lack humor, says, "There is no country, perhaps, in which the habit of deceiving for amusement, or what is termed hoaxing, is so common. Indeed, this and the hyperbole constitute the major part of the American humor."†

When Miss Martineau speaks of a kind of jesting "in conformity with our institutions," she throws light on this whole dark problem. I once heard a Greek scholar read

*This is like the angered surprise of an Englishman as he read the advice in an American paper, that a party just off for England should keep with their own countrymen and "so avoid the horrid English intonation." To suggest that the English people had either accent or intonation seemed to him an indignity.

An American in Austria has a kindred emotion in reading in a restaurant a placard on which was written, "English spoken and American understood."

†"A Diary in America," Vol. I, p. 8.

from a collection of Greek jokes. To the hearers, nine out of ten of these ancient humors were of such exceeding solemnity that all were puzzled to know why they should be classed among things called funny. But in the audience not six of us knew enough of Greek institutions and life to get the local color and contrasts that created the humorous element. An American, caring enough for the English *Punch* to subscribe for it, told me, "We have no wittier sheet, but the regular succession of horse and racing jokes bores me." He added, "I neither know anything nor care anything about horses," which gives us all the explanation we need. This is offset by a German who thought our *Life* the very limit of dullness, until he had lived a year in this country: "When I understood something of the inner life of the nation, its politics, industry and leading social events, I discovered why I could not at first appreciate the wit."

That hurrying travelers in foreign countries should not keep in mind a fact so elementary as this, has a grim humor of its own. A college instructor in the East, returning from his first summer tour on the continent, gravely said that among other impressions he was struck by the absence of humor abroad. This penetrating voyager had a slight Ollendorff capacity to make sentences in two or three languages. With the subtle and pliant idiom of these tongues, he had not even a nodding acquaintance. Of the current political and social happenings among these peoples, he also knew little. Yet it was his apparent expectation to be admitted forthwith among those intimacies of light and shade in national experience, that alone can give the key to wit and humor. The "Souvenirs à la Main" in the Paris *Figaro* are not explosively entertaining to one who knows nothing of what happens from day to day in the French capital.

We need not, therefore, be utterly cast down by the chilling tone of these foreigners about our own limitations. They do embarrass us about one proud and confident claim, namely, that we possess in some supreme and exclusive de-

gree the gift of being funny. That we have varieties of wit and humor peculiar to our traditions, is very generally admitted. Here, for example, is an attempt at a definition of English as against Yankee humor:

"And we must avow that in our opinion the Yankee humor has not the ruddy health, the abounding animal spirits, the glow and glory of healthful and hearty life of our greatest English. As the Yankee has a leaner look, a thinner humanity, than the typical Englishman who gives such a fleshy and burly embodiment to his love of beef and beer, so the humour is less plump and rubicund. It does not revel in the same richness nor enjoy its wealth in the same happy unconscious way, nor attain to the like fulness and play of power. We cannot imagine Yankee humour, with its dry drollery, its shrewd *keeking*, *shut-eyed* way of looking at things, ever embodying such a mountain of mirth as we have in Falstaff."

A visitor professes to have cut the next example from an Ohio paper. He says our bragging habits have produced a humor of "rare and special flavor." He assumes that the writer is making merry at the expense of some boasting rival editor:

"This is a glorious country! It has longer rivers and more of them, and they are muddier and deeper, and run faster and rise higher, and make more noise, and fall lower, and do more damage than anybody else's rivers. It has more lakes, and they are bigger and deeper, and clearer and wetter than those of any other country. Our rail-cars are bigger, and run faster, and pitch off the track oftener, and kill more people than all other rail-cars in this and every other country. Our steamboats carry bigger loads, are longer and broader, burst their boilers oftener, and send up their passengers higher, and the captains swear harder than steamboat captains in any other country. Our men are bigger and longer and thicker; can fight harder and faster, drink more mean whiskey, chew more bad tobacco, and spit more, and spit further than in any other country. Our ladies are richer, prettier, dress finer, spend more money, break more hearts, wear bigger hoops, shorter dresses, and kick up the devil generally to a greater extent than all other ladies in all other countries. Our children squall louder, grow faster, get too expansive for their pantaloons, and become twenty years old sooner by some months than any other children of any other country on the earth."

Earlier in the century the Yankee trader is thought

to have developed a form of humor of which this is given as an example:

"Reckon I couldn't drive a trade with you today, Square," said a genuine specimen of the Yankee pedler as he stood at the door of a merchant in St. Louis.

"I reckon you calculate about right, for you *can't* nowadays."

"Wall, guess you needn't git huffy, 'beout it. Now, here's a dozen ginooine razor-strops—wuth two dollars and a half—you may hev 'em for two dollars."

"I tell you I don't want any of your traps, so you may as well be going along."

"Wall, now, look here, Square. I'll bet you five dollars that if you make me an offer for them 'ere strops, we'll have a trade yet."

"Done," said the merchant, and he staked the money. "Now," says he chaffingly, "I'll give you *sixpence* for the strops."

"They're your'n!" said the Yankee, as he quietly pocketed the stakes! "but," continued he, after a little reflection, and with a burst of frankness, "I calculate a joke's a joke; and if you don't *want* them strops I'll trade back." The merchant looked brighter. "You're not so bad a chap after all," said he. "Here are your strops—give me the money." "There it is," said the Yankee, as he took the strops and handed back *the sixpence*. "A trade is a trade, and a bet a bet. Next time you trade with that 'ere sixpence, don't you buy razor-strops."

It is, however, often granted that this endowment is more widely diffused among our people than in England. Further than this, most of the critics do not go. That we have any monopoly of what is essential to the soul of wit and humor is rather cavalierly denied. An American essayist, the charm and delicacy of whose humor has such growing recognition, has recently returned from six months in England where he was in much popular demand as a lecturer.* He tells me that the response of an English audience to humor seems to him on the whole quicker than that of an American audience. This is probably also a tribute to the quality of the lecturer's humor.

Our prolific pleasantries to prove the poverty of the English capacity to "catch on" are really very amazing. Not

*Dr. Samuel M. Crothers, author of "The Gentle Reader," "The Pardoners' Wallet," etc.

to mention Shakespeare and the wits of his age, what is to be said of Sidney Smith, Charles Lamb, Jerrold, Monckton, Milnes, Thackeray, Dickens, Tom Taylor, and many others? We have not alone to think of these individuals, but to think also that England furnished the audience to appreciate them, which is even more to the purpose. Let the American set down his most patriotic list and balance them against the English wits. Can we outmatch Sidney Smith, Charles Lamb, or Dickens by any three of our most glittering names? Any summing up of the subtleties of French wit would embarrass us at least as much. I select England especially, because it has long amused us to banter her for her general density in these matters.

There is much agreement among our critics that the quality of American humor suffers chiefly from exaggeration; that the elements of contrast and surprise are put to great strain; that too little appeal is made to the imagination. William Archer gives us an illustration: A Chicago man traveling in Louisiana wrote to his sweetheart: "Dear Mamie,—I have shot an alligator. When I have shot another, I will send you a pair of slippers."*

Again. A tired traveler arrives at a country hotel and calls for a boot-jack to remove his boots. The proprietor noticing the size of his guest's feet says, "You come by the Croyden road, didn't ye?" "Yes." "Wall, you noticed that one road forked off toward Westbridge. I'm tellin' you this, because no boot-jack made by the hand of man will git them boots off. You've got to go back to the fork in them roads."

The French find most fault with this extravagance, especially as seen upon the stage. If they find it on the ranch or in a Western paper, the setting appears to them perfect. One boasts that he has discovered the essence of American fun in this exaggeration coupled with our inveterate good nature. "They show a droll solicitude not to injure anyone's feelings, even though he be an arrant scamp." This

*"America Today," p. 99.

Frenchman, staying in a small California hotel, is tricked out of a sum of money by a sharper who lived on friendly terms with everybody in the town. The victim rushes to the landlord. "But this fellow is what you call a crook. Is it not so? Is he not a thief, a thief?" The landlord, quite undisturbed, replies, "Wall, that's a purty strong word you're usin'. I shouldn't like to call him a thief, though after I shake hands with him, I do generally count my fingers."*

Another variation attributed to us is a tendency to make one's self out very vicious in order to heighten the effect. A newly arrived English prelate with much clerical excess in his appearance, boards a trolley car in New York. He is on the alert for information. Seeing what he supposes to be a vigorous working class specimen, he sits down by him with the question, "I hear you have been having very interesting political events here in New York during the last week or two." The gentleman from the Bowery turned to take a leisurely but rather consuming look at his questioner, "I don't know," was the answer, "I've been drunk the last fortnight." And the conversation closed.

Another variety is left without definition, but this French inquisitor thinks, I know not why, that it could have happened nowhere out of America. A Western paper notices the death of "our old friend and neighbor Lyman Rogers." Sympathy is expressed for the bereaved wife, followed by a tribute to the dead, and closing with the

*This guest reports an instance in still milder form. "But did you ever see a stingier old skinflint?" To which is replied, "I don't know's he's stingy exactly, but he does keep his benevolent impulses pretty well under control."

A very recent traveler, whose chief interest was the study of Christian Science, hears of some one who has abandoned his connection with this faith. The investigator eagerly seeks to know the reasons for the man's apostasy. "But why," he asks, "having enjoyed such an experience, did you give up?" "Well, to tell you the truth," was the reply, "I just got tired out being so d—d happy all the time." This was at once classed as American humor, and would be very pointless in any community which knew nothing of what is at least popularly attributed to this faith.

words, "He has gone to a better home." Whereupon the newly made widow brings instant action for libel against the editor.

One reviewer writes that the most peculiar form of American humor is the "high falutin." The following which he thinks is by Webster "is the best of its kind:"

"Men of Rochester, I am glad to see you; and I am glad to see your noble city. Gentlemen, I saw your falls, which I am told are one hundred and fifty feet high. This is a very interesting fact. Gentlemen, Rome had her Cæsar, her Scipio, her Brutus, but Rome in her proudest days had *never* a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high! Gentlemen, Greece had her Pericles, her Demosthenes, and her Socrates, but Greece in her palmiest days *NEVER* had a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high! Men of Rochester, *go on*. No people ever lost their liberties who had a waterfall one hundred and fifty feet high!"

From frontier life an Englishman quotes this as "impossible in any other country." An elderly lady from the East, with a passion for botanical studies, goes into the cowboy's country, builds a small house, and begins her work of collecting specimens. Absorbed one day at her work far out on the prairie, she sees a cowboy riding toward her as for life. When within call, he cries out, "Your house is on fire!" What the botanic lady expected in way of news is unreported, but she said to the cowboy, "Oh, is that all?" Whereupon the amazed ranchman exclaimed, "Well, God bless my soul, Madam, that's all I think of at the present moment, but I'll look round the country and see if I can find something to interest you," and rides away.

Another visitor is told by a Southern teacher, the late Dr. McIver, that our traveling salesmen—drummers—are the reservoirs of what is most peculiar in American wit. Dr. McIver added that the drummers, immediately after the Civil War, were the first real peace-makers. They went in large numbers through the Southland seeking trade. There was the never failing resource of a batch of good stories. "During these first bitter years," said the Doctor, "when the clergy, editors and politicians were fighting each other across

the line, the drummer was the real brother and neighbor, and it convinces me that the Good Samaritan was himself a drummer. You remember that the church folk came upon the poor fellow and the first said, 'This is too bad, but I have an appointment in Jericho, so I will ask some one from the Christian Association to look out for him.' The next man—probably a deacon—has to meet his wife in Jericho at five o'clock, and thinks he will telephone to the Associated Charities to take up the case. Finally comes the drummer, who is touched by compassion. He takes the poor fellow in hand, according to scripture. The internal evidence that he was a drummer is complete. He knew where the best hotel was; he was coming that way again, and he had liquor by him."

From the press an Englishman cuts out the two following as "very characteristic:" "Wanted, a servant girl that isn't above living on an equality with the family." Seeing a large number of hacks in a funeral, the traveler asks a man on the street, if some important citizen has died. "No, not very; and you know, Stranger, you can't always tell just what estimate the Almighty puts on a departed soul, by the number of hacks."

Another selects as "peculiarly American" the following from Josh Billings:

"The mule is half horse and half jackass, and then comes to a full stop, Nature discovering her mistake. The only way to keep a mule in a pasture is to turn it into a meadow adjoining, and *let it jump out*. They are like some men, very corrupt at heart. I've known them to *be good mules for six months, just to get a good chance to kick somebody*."

"Some people are fond of bragging about their ancestors, and their great descent, when in fact *their great descent* is just what is the matter with them."

"God save the fools, and don't let them run out! for if it wasn't for them, wise men couldn't get a living."

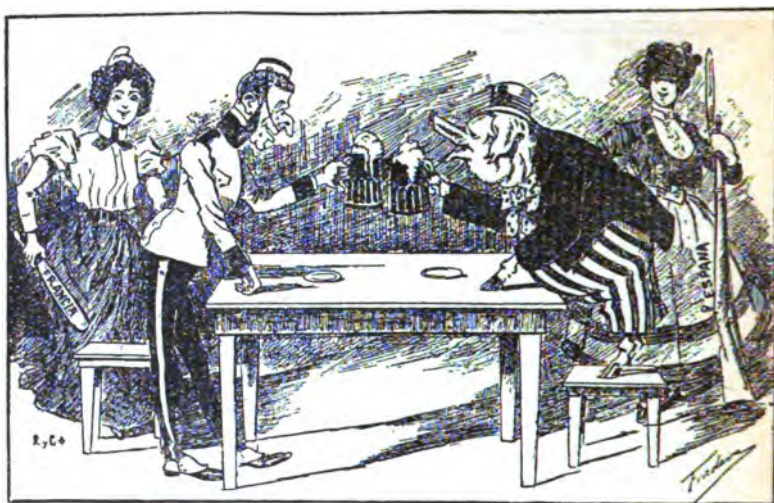
"It is true that wealth won't make a man virtuous, but I notice there ain't anybody who wants to be poor just for the purpose of being good."

It is drolleries like these that attract attention, especially



The encounter does not seem, at present, exactly a happy one for poor Cuba.

From *Kladderadatsch* (Berlin) preceding the Spanish-American War.



The Anglo-Yankee Alliance. Spain to France: "Hit Johnny Bull as hard as you can, and I'll take care of the pig."

Cartoon from *Barcelona Comica* (Barcelona) during early days of the Spanish-American War.

from the English. A Frenchman confesses that he "spent days trying, without success, to see why Mr. Dooley should be given such high rank." All readers of "Tartarin" know that Alphonse Daudet did not lack humor, yet he is said to have done his best to laugh over the pages of Mark Twain but always in vain.

One critic cuts from a Pittsburg paper an account of a suicide who left ample justification for taking his life in the following culmination of misfortunes:

"I married a widow who had a grown-up daughter. My father visited our house very often, fell in love with my step-daughter and married her. So my father became my son-in-law, and my step-daughter my mother, because she was my father's wife. Some time afterwards my wife had a son—he was my father's brother-in-law and my uncle, for he was the brother of my step-mother. My father's wife, i. e., my step-daughter, had also a son; he was, of course my brother, and in the meantime my grandchild, for he was the son of my daughter. My wife was my grandmother, because



"Blood thicker than Water"

The present friendly understanding happily existing between Great Britain and the United States becomes popular on both sides the Atlantic.

From *Punch* (London) preceding Spanish-American War.

she was my mother's mother. I was my wife's husband and grand-child at the same time. And as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather, I was my own grandfather."

If there are shades of difference in American humor, Miss Martineau's suggestion is right, that the differences are largely traceable to whatever is peculiar in our institutions and national experience. This is the commonplace with which we began, but which very few travelers among foreign peoples appear to realize in their attempts to standardize wit.* I have heard several Americans, still cutting their teeth upon the language, insist that the German funny paper, *Fliegende Blätter*, was very heavy and not in the least to be compared with some humorous American sheet. But how could a callow provincialism like this justify itself?

*I have heard very snuffy comments by an outsider on the merry works of Wilhelm Busch, author of Hans Huckbein, Max and Moritz, etc. It could not be compared to the "high quality" of the Frenchman Caran d'Ache, for example. But to "democratize laughter:" to add to the jollity of an entire nation decade after decade is a fact behind which we cannot go.

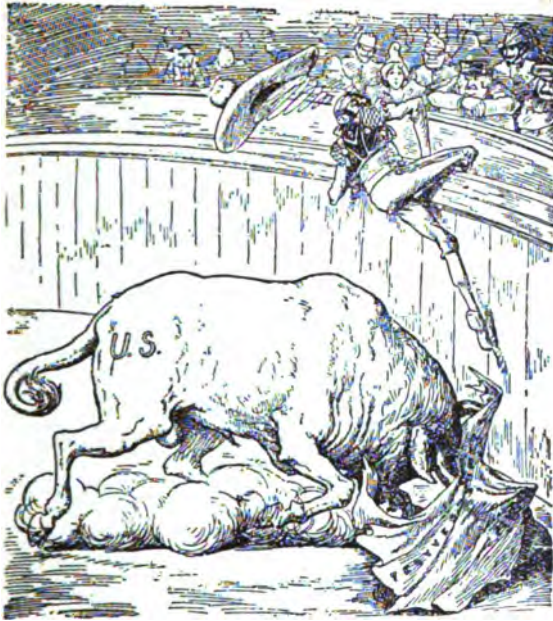
If there is anywhere in the world a detached and cosmopolitan genius competent to act as umpire, it is conceivable that he would declare *Life* funnier than *Fliegende Blätter* or *vice versa*—but it is not conceivable that outsiders, such as these American students still were, should have any opinion of the slightest value on that subject. To know whether the German sheet is witty or otherwise requires an intimacy of touch with delicate phases of life and thought that only years can give. I listened to a play in Paris, which at two points brought out from the audience a tumult of merriment. I had carefully read the play and perfectly understood the laughter-provoking sentences, but it was several days before I could fall in with the gaiety. I found the explanation at last in the grotesque awkwardness in which a pompous local mayor had entangled himself. I stood quite as much in need of a surgical operation to admit the joke as Sidney Smith's Scotchman. But that need is common to all the world until it is admitted into this inner and familiar



Uncle Sam: "Now that he turns his shoulder I'll give him such a lick it will be the lick of the century."

"Eh?"
"Oh, hello! I have the pleasure to salute you, Señor."

The moral of the foregoing is given in the old Catalanian proverb, "*Que amén-essa y no pega per bestia queda* (He who makes a bluff and does not make it good is a dirty slob).



The poltroon Spaniard and the American Bull.
 From the *Borsnem Yankó* (Budapest, Hungary) preceding
 the Spanish-American War.

life of a people. Not only have the general currents of national experience to be known, but also the more hidden currents of tradition, custom and prejudice as these express themselves in the emotions of the hour. It was only after several years of continuous life in France that Hamerton could get the full humor of a provincial theater.

If we are content with modest tributes, they do not fail. I asked an English author of one of the really good books upon the United States* how he would state the difference between the English and American appreciation of humor. This gentleman has lived long in this country and his book shows an admirable competence to judge. He said, "I think the difference is a real one, that the people

*"The Land of Contrasts."

of this country have a more generally diffused sense of humor than in England." Professor Münsterberg gives his judgment as follows. He has also been here long enough to give weight to his words. He characterizes the quality as "whimsical," but adds that it is a great social equalizer.

"There is only one more sovereign power than the spirit of sport in breaking down all social distinctions; it is American humor. We could not speak of political or intellectual life without emphasizing this irrepressible humor; but we must not forget it for a moment in speaking of social life, for its influence pervades every social situation. The only question is whether it is the humor which overcomes every disturbance of social equilibrium and so restores the consciousness of free and equal self-assertion, or whether it is this consciousness which fosters humor and seeks expression in a good-natured lack of respect. No immoderation, no improper presumption, and no pomposity can survive the first humorous comment, and the American does not wait long for this. The soap-bubble is pricked amid genial laughter, and equality is restored. Whether it is in a small matter or whether in a question of national importance, a latent humor pervades all social life.

"A happy humorous turn will remind them all that they are equal fellow-citizens, and that they are not to take their different functions in life too solemnly, nor to suppose that their varied outward circumstances introduce any real inequality. As soon as Americans hear a good story, they come at once to an understanding, and it is well known that many political personalities have succeeded because of their wit, even if its quantity was more than its quality."*

Mr. Bryce's experience has so much in common with our own, that we listen to him on this delicate point without pique.

"There is a difference, slight yet perceptible, in the part which both sentiment and humor play in American books, when we compare them with English books of equivalent strength. The humor has a vein of oddity, and the contrast between the soft copiousness of the sentiment and the rigid lines of lingering Puritanism which it suffuses, is rarely met with in England. Perhaps there is less repose in the American style; there is certainly a curious unrestfulness in the effort, less common in English writers, to bend metaphors to unwonted uses."†

*"The Americans," pp. 543-4.

†"The American Commonwealth," Vol. II, p. 618.



Instead of *Inri* (Honor) He (Sagasta) substitutes *Paz* (Peace).
Cartoon from *Don Quixote* (Madrid) at the conclusion of the Spanish-American War.



"Pigs! Pigs! Cheap Today"
Cartoon from *Don Quixote* (Madrid) before the Spanish-American War.



The End is at Hand (See last chapter of "Don Quixote").
Cartoon from *Kladderadatsch* (Berlin) near the conclusion
of the Spanish-American War.

"Humor is a sweetener of temper, a copious spring of charity, for it makes the good side of bad things even more visible than the weak side of good things: but humor in Americans may be as much a result of an easy and kindly turn as their kindliness is of their humor."†

This partial analysis which our critics help us to make does not deprive us of a single jocose talent. It is not that we are lacking, but rather that others are more richly endowed than we were aware. It looks as if we had preened ourselves upon a far too exclusive possession of the "rare sweetener of life's severities." To know that our foreign neighbors have this solace, even as we have it, ought to be good news to us. To be cocksure that we are the funniest among nations would too surely bring upon us from impartial outsiders that most damning criticism, "lack of humor" on our own part.

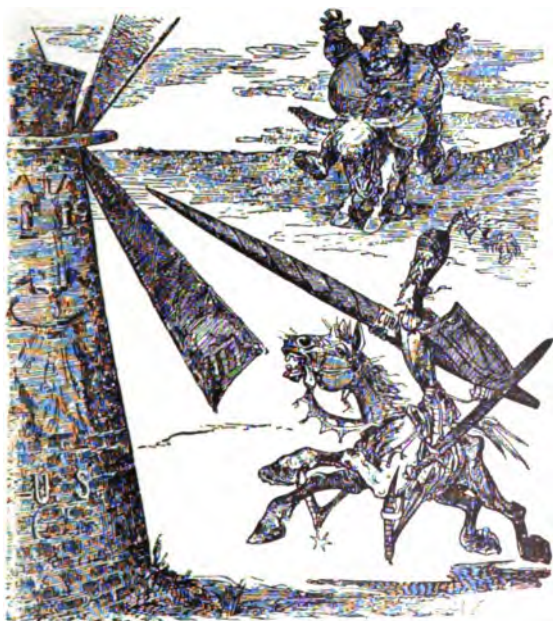
†*Ibid*, p. 666.

XIII. Our Greatest Critic

IN the Introduction to "The American Commonwealth" Mr. Bryce says, "When I first visited America eighteen years ago, I brought home a swarm of bold generalizations. Half of them were thrown overboard after a second visit in 1881. Of the half that remained, some were dropped into the Atlantic when I returned across it after a third visit in 1883-84: and although the two later journeys gave birth to some new views, these views are fewer and more discreetly cautious than their departed sisters of 1870.*"

If this openness and flexibility of mind are indispensable to the critic's judgment, another qualification already noted is not less so. It is an unforced human sympathy

*Vol. I, p. 4.



The Spanish Don Quixote and the Portuguese Sancho.
From the *Bolond Istók* (Budapest, Hungary) preceding the
Spanish-American War.



Uncle Sam Plays the Flute in these new piping Times of Peace, while his sheep enjoy the fresh Pastures He has gained.

Cartoon from *Kladderadatsch* (Berlin) satirizing American conquests of Spanish-American War.

with one's fellowmen. I heard a snobbish American ask Phillips Brooks in Europe how he managed to avoid the crowd of his fellow countrymen. The great preacher's answer had in it an edge of rebuke and severity which the printed reply does not convey. "I do not try to avoid them, because I like them." "Because I like them!" There are not many critics who can say that without telling lies. Some subtle and clever books in my list are rich in entertainment, but one closes them with the feeling that the writers do not like their kind; that they rather fear and dislike too close contact with them.

This feeling of good will towards one's kind may be in-

stantly detected in every first-rate foreign observer. It is in Sir Charles Lyell, it is in Chevalier, it is in de Tocqueville, it is in James Bryce. There is a largeness about these men which enables them to deal with human nature in another country, at least as generously as they would deal with it in their own. If they note differences in habits, customs, and behavior, they are not merely pestered by them, but rather interested to account for and explain them. Lyell finds himself in a small town of the Middle West at a time when it was literally frontier. He is annoyed by curious and persistent questions,—but he does not pillory the whole town, like Mrs. Tlollope, as intolerable nuisances. He does not, like the author of "Cyril Thornton," look upon the annoyance merely as impertinence. As a man of science, even a prying inquisitiveness interests him. It is a pity that its exercise must be quite so personally directed to his clothes and glass, but the narrowness and monotony of their lives explain this. Curiosity is excellent intellectual material. When the community has more varied interests, this eagerness to know things will have its higher and more impersonal expression. To philosophize about one's kind in so kindly a temper as this, in the very midst of discomforts and awkward intrusions, is given to no man who does not like his fellows. One could quote many passages from "The American Commonwealth" to show this spirit of cosmopolitan good fellowship with which the author enters into broad human relations with Americans. In his chapter on "The Pleasantness of American Life," he says:

"This naturalness of intercourse is a distinct addition to the pleasure of social life. It enlarges the circle of possible friendship by removing the *gêne* which in most parts of Europe persons of different ranks feel in exchanging their thoughts on any matters save those of business. It raises the humbler classes without lowering the upper; indeed, it improves the upper no less than the lower by expunging that latent insolence which deforms the manners of so many of the European rich or great. It relieves women in particular, who in Europe are especially apt to think of class distinctions, from that sense of constraint and uneasiness which



Cartoon from *Kladderadatsch* (Berlin) at conclusion of Spanish-American War, showing Uncle Sam, intoxicated by Victory, Defying the Powers.

is produced by the knowledge that other women with whom they come in contact are either looking down on them, or at any rate trying to gauge and determine their social position. It expands the range of a man's sympathies, and makes it easier for him to enter into the sentiments of other classes than his own."*

Here is none of the arch snobbery that preens itself on the exclusiveness of one's friendships. That is good which enlarges the circle. "Equality improves manners, for it strengthens the basis of all good manners, respect for other

*Vol. II, p. 663.

men and women *simply as men and women irrespective of their station in life.*" This is the inclusive kindliness which makes democracy possible. There is neither vamping nor cant when he approves the social condition in which the shoemaker and the factory hand address you as an equal.

In the first few days Mr. Bryce confesses to the unpleasantness he felt at the brusque and careless disregard with which some officials treated his inquiries. He soon saw that this was without intended offense and it ceased to vex or even disquiet him.

The smaller critic does not forgive a wounded personal vanity. The defense of his own fussy dignity becomes at once his main concern. One of these in a western town asks a man, "who looked as if he needed a shilling," to take his valise to the hotel. The needy individual turned upon him with the question, "Stranger, does that



Cartoon from *Kladderadatsch* (Berlin) upon the Position of the United States in the twentieth century. England, as Butler, waits upon Uncle Sam, who is about to devour the world. The European "Concert" furnishes music.

pack require two folks to carry it?" "No, one person can carry it." "Well, then, I guess you'll take it yourself." The victim of this retort was incensed beyond measure; "I even put myself out a little," he says, "to do him a good turn, only to meet this brutal rebuff." Mr. Bryce would have paid money to get such a reply. He would even have stayed over a train to make the man's acquaintance. It is, however, certain that Mr. Bryce's tone and manner would never have called forth the rebuff.

I have known an American scholar to travel some weeks in Germany in a chronic state of disgust at the brusqueness of the lesser German officials. He returned for a longer stay in that country to learn, in his own words, that "I had lost half the pleasure of that first trip by being a plain—fool. I finally learned why those officials take themselves and their work a good deal more seriously than we do in our country, and I also learned that behind the manner, there is an admirable conscientiousness and willingness to take great trouble to help you out of difficulties."

It is the distinction of the first-rate critic to *assume* this good will at the start. He assumes it and acts upon it without waiting for the proofs.

In the middle of the last century a German by the name of Platenius thus comments on the American habit of sitting with the feet elevated on railings and tables. "I have not yet found the cause of this very common practice, but I am confident it is explained and justified by some physiological reason like that of imperfect digestion or circulation." This diagnosis may be at fault, but the temper is that of the perfect traveler. Mr. Bryce has this temper; he has the human good will; he has done his work of investigation with unmatched thoroughness. From life-long study and travel his grasp of "world politics" long since put him easily in the first rank of publicists. He had traveled widely enough and intelligently enough to apply the comparative method in making up a human document. If he is discuss-

ing American manners or morals, his judgment means something because he has watched manners and morals in many countries. If he deals with our asserted passion for dollars, he has had experience enough among many people to apply some intelligent test to the criticism. It is this large mastery of contemporary political and social experience which makes Mr. Bryce, not only superior to de Tocqueville, but clearly our greatest critic.

It is not only that the author of "The American Commonwealth" paid many visits to this country. It is also because here and in England he kept in the closest intellectual touch with those Americans who were competent and glad to assist him. His inquiries were so definite and so penetrating; they so touched the "livewire" issues of the time, that it was an honor and intellectual pleasure to get information for him. One of his American friends and helpers said, "We never get such good talk about our own home problems as when Mr. Bryce is present to ask questions." This gentlemanly temper, this sympathy and searching observation are not absent in a single critic who ranks with Lyell, de Tocqueville, Chevalier, and Bryce.

This is not a ranking of critics according to their good opinion of this country. The weakest and untriest things about us are often the hasty and indiscriminate praises. Lyell, Chevalier, de Tocqueville, have admonitions enough but they so stand out on a background of proper information and human good will that only the pettiest provincialism will take offence. No man has given more final tests of sincerity in his democratic sympathies than Mr. Bryce. His attitude toward Irish Home Rule and even more the moral bravery he showed during the Boer War (whatever the merits of that struggle may have been) are even better proofs than passages like this: "When the humbler classes have differed in opinion from the higher, they have often proved by the event to have been right and their so-called betters wrong." But to this inborn spirit of democratic

good fellowship and breeding, must be added a training for his task that few men living or dead have received. We have to think of "The American Commonwealth" not as a study finished in 1887, but, through its revisions and later letters, as the sustained and coherent judgment of more than thirty years. He is not in the least a mere bookworm. His academic distinction was eminent, but as a globe trotter he was as intelligently the student as in writing the Holy Roman Empire. It was these large studies, together with his knowledge of comparative politics and his arduous labor as a practical politician, that have given him a supreme fitness to report upon the political structure and social spirit of this country.

Not the least among the services of this monumental work is, that hundreds of Europeans read it as a preparation for their coming to this country. I once heard from a foreign scholar this admirable word: "To read Bryce before you leave home and then, with your own notes and memories, to read it again when you return, is the surest way to know America and to know it at its best." I have also heard one of our own scholars say that "he knew no single study that so effectively helped an American to know his own country as he ought to know it, as 'The American Commonwealth.' "*"

As one looks back upon the universal touchiness to foreign comment, it is the more surprising that scarcely a protest has been raised against Bryce's strictures. In spite of the uniform cordiality and appreciation, there is a good deal of plain speaking that would have aroused resentment even a generation before the work appeared. One angry verbal protest I do remember: that "Bryce must have been blind in *at least* one eye to say that 'neither the Rocky Mountains, with their dependent ranges, nor the Sierra Nevada, can be compared with variety of grandeur and

*It is perhaps a trivial warning, but I have found that the average person is more likely to read both volumes if he begins with Part IV of the second volume.

beauty with the Alps.'” Goldwin Smith says this more strongly still and it is probably true. But Bryce refers also to our cities: “their monotony haunts one like a nightmare.” He makes a few exceptions, but says:*

“In all, the same shops, arranged on the same plan, the same Chinese laundries, with Li Kow visible through the window, the same ice-cream stores, the same large hotels with seedy men hovering about in the dreary entrance-hall, the same street cars passing to and fro, with passengers clinging to the door-step.”

“Travel where you will, you feel that what you have found in one place, that you will find in another. The thing which hath been, will be: you can no more escape from it than you can quit the land to live in the sea.”†

Nor is this “monotony” an affair alone of externals. It appears in our mental habits, where it may be merely tiresome, or dangerous if it express itself in our political thinking. Like de Tocqueville, Bryce fears our lack of independence in politics; that there are “so few independent schools of opinion.” “The structure of the party discipline leaves little freedom of individual thought or action to the member of the legislature.” It is our “weak point” that free and unbiased political opinion finds such difficulty in “bringing itself to bear upon those who govern either as legislators or executive officers.”‡ Outside the line of party interests, there may be the bravest shoutings and display of intellectual courage, as if to call off the attention from vital issues. So vigorous a party Republican as Congressman Littlefield of Maine has just told us in plain words, “If there is anything more cowardly than one Congressman, it is two Congressmen:”

“It is a humiliating fact that the House of Representatives is the most cowardly political body in the United States. It is not even equal to the ordinary State Legislature. The ordinary congressman, when he is elected gets the notion that there is a career before him. It is almost impossible to get any member of

*“The American Commonwealth,” Vol. II, p. 670.

†“The American Commonwealth,” Vol. II, p. 674.

‡Ibid, p. 288.

Congress to vote against any proposition that seems to imperil his chances of return."*

This is what Mr. Bryce points out. We have seen the same criticism in de Tocqueville. We shall see it later in other form in Münsterberg and more powerfully still in Ostrogorski.

Mr. Bryce also speaks of the "commonness of mind and tone, a want of dignity and elevation in and about the conduct of public affairs, an insensibility to the nobler aspects and finer responsibilities of national life." This is also true; but that so great a multitude of American readers should accept these and other strictures while showering praises on the author's head, is a new and extremely hopeful fact.

In the half century which separates de Tocqueville from Bryce, no one had attempted to cope with the whole theory and practice of our political life, as well as to enter minutely into questions of manners, habits, and ideas. Mr. Bryce does this in his first edition of 1888, more completely in the third edition and in the letters published in 1905, in which he reviews the changes observable in the United States between his first visit in 1870 and that of 1905. No one of our critics has given any such extensive and intensive study of political structure in this country. No one has entered more intimately into the whole spiritual life of the nation. That the net judgment of this profound study should be (I cannot help using the word) so *doggedly* hopeful; that it should be informed by a certain gaiety of good cheer and confidence that all is to turn out well with us in the United States, has of course much to do with the supreme rank accorded to Mr. Bryce's books. The serenity of the author's optimism falls in with that most persistent trait of the American character, hopefulness. Scarcely a critic fails to note this insistent American characteristic. Mr. Bryce not only gives voice to this, but he adduces an

*Reported from address before the Providence, R. I., Commercial Club, April 23, 1907.

ordered host of reasons which he believes justifies our optimism. In the Introduction he writes of the doubters who fail "to realize the existence in the American people of a reserve of force and patriotism more than sufficient to sweep away all the evils which are now tolerated, and to make the politics of the country worthy of its material grandeur and of the private virtues of its inhabitants. America excites an admiration which must be felt on the spot to be understood. The hopefulness of her people communicates itself to one who moves among them, and makes him perceive that the graver faults of politics may be far less dangerous there than they would be in Europe. A hundred times in writing this book have I been disheartened by the facts I was stating: a hundred times has the recollection of the abounding strength and vitality of the nation chased away these tremors."*

I was once asked by an English friend much in this country if there were any way in which this obstinate residuum of American optimism could be explained.

"You have men who make a bluff at pessimism. They talk fiercely against all sorts of things in their own country, but they always surprise you finally by adding 'Still it's all coming out right in the end.' Nothing impresses me in the United States more than this characteristic. But I do not understand it, nor does Mr. Bryce satisfy me. If your politics are as bad as he implies and as most of you say they are; if so much of your business is polluted, as your best witnesses insist, why does every discussion among you have the same refrain, 'Yes, it's bad, but it's sure to turn out all right in the end?'"

This seems to me to touch the one critical weakness in Mr. Bryce's volumes. Again and again he brings the reader to a yawning gulf of perplexities. We are allowed to take one frightened glimpse into the depths, only to be hurried instantly back onto high safe ground. Nothing is more momentous in the national life than the character and influence of large cities. Yet our political method appears to have failed in managing these moulding centers in our

*"The American Commonwealth," Vol. I, p. 10.

common life. The main ground of Mr. Bryce's optimism about us is our inveterate, underlying hopefulness.

From a good many wise people, I have tried to get some answer to this question, Does the *evidence* in Mr. Bryce's books justify his optimism.*

One is quick to note that the answers take the form of religious faith, rather than of a reasoned conviction that appeals to definite proofs. One of our first-rate scholars of American politics tells me, "It is very discouraging that Pennsylvania, after the moral rousing of last year, should apparently sink back helpless under the same contemptible party tyranny. But," he hastens to add, "I am sure it will all come out right." Yes, most of us *believe* that, but do the volumes of Mr. Bryce contain the evidences of these things not seen?

Thirty-five years after his first coming, Mr. Bryce reviewed the most important changes observable in the United States since 1870. His summary is the more remarkable because he had seen much of the "Shame of Cities" as it had been reported by men like Lincoln Steffens and Ray Stannard Baker. Most of this relentless inquisition into our political and business life was as truthfully as it was ably done. In spite of the direct personal character of the evidence, no important part of it has been in the least shaken by those under fire. Everywhere one heard angry and scornful denial in private. I heard a United States Senator say, "It's sewer-water,—mere sewer-water, not fit for a human being to touch." But if it is false, why not answer it, that the people may have some authentic statement? "Well," was the reply, "there is, of course, a lot of unpleasant fact so mixed up with these charges as to make it very difficult to reply." Yes, "such a lot of unpleasant facts" which no one dared to face in open public discussion. They were facts which did this service: they laid bare the whole

*In the final chapters on Progress, an attempt is made to add evidence on this point from authentic changes which our critics enable us to see and measure through the century.

organized intimacy between privileged business and politics. We had all been taught that our political corruption was in some dark way peculiar to large cities. Investigation during the last seven or eight years has destroyed that illusion. The large city merely gave concentrated and dramatic expression to evils that inhere in large business activities that depend on legislative favors.*

Public service corporations with affiliated businesses like mines and other primary natural resources have set the pace in this subjection of the politician to private rather than public interests. That these powers should have become in recent years so centered in speculative markets; that business distinction should be now largely tested by capacity to manipulate securities; that the most precious wealth-resources should be like the stake in a gambler's game, are dangers that only selfish interest or mental dullness now fails to recognize. "Bad politics" follows and reflects the deeper evils of a grossly unfair competitive business. Unfair in the sense that our excessive inequalities of wealth are known to be due largely to special favors or outright theft of public domain in mining, grazing, and lumbering. An excessive tariff is behind specific large fortunes "in iron." The tariff, together with rebates, has made several Steel Kings. Great mastery in the securing of rebates has made other vast fortunes. With a few distinct exceptions, this whole natural history of multimillionaire-dom is a story, no line of which can be told apart from a political corruption which these businesses *started*. This corruption did not *begin* with the blackmailer or the people. These are developed as later and consequent evils.

Better than with oil, mines, lumber, cattle, or steel, railway transportation is that through which we may best see this evil. Dr. Albert Shaw is not an alarmist, neither is he a general scold. He knows about our railroads. With-

**Outlook*, March and April, 1905.

out wishing to do them injury, here are his deliberate opinions expressed in his *Review of Reviews*.

"The mismanagement of insurance companies has been a mere passing trifle when compared with the mismanagement of American railroad interests."

"We have a small and select population of plutocrats who control our railroads and have somehow managed to put into their private pockets some hundreds of thousands of millions of dollars through their ability to skim the cream off the country's prosperity.

"Many of those in control 'have juggled with securities, have played the stock-market up and down, have played tricks with their dividend policies, have so falsified their bookkeeping as to conceal surpluses, and have virtually confiscated the property of the confiding stockholders by the use they have made of the proxies which they themselves have solicited through the mails at the stockholders' expense.' They 'have got control of the American railroad system, have bled it unmercifully for their own benefit, and the result is that it no longer serves the practical purposes for which railroads exist.'"

Though himself seeing great objection to government management of railroads, he concludes:

"Whatever may be the objections to government ownership—and those objections are very great—it would be better than the indefinite continuance of an irresponsible and uncontrolled private management in the interest of a ring of plutocrats."

That judgment is caustic but it is not exaggerated. If we add to it, that the partnership between the railroad and iron, oil, lumber, cattle, mines, etc., has been through local and federal legislation in such dark and covered ways as to infect the very sources of our political life, we have merely a further and complete statement of the fact. This digression is only to make the question a little more intelligent: does Mr. Bryce take this evil thing *fully and fairly into account*? Seeing it all, has the bravery of his optimism good warrant?

One cannot answer it with satisfaction, because it is uncertain how far he is looking to the future rather than to the present. He seems to be saying, as he faces the evil, "Ugly as it is, you will throw it off. Your buoyancy, health, and confidence will cut out that rottenness as we in Eng-

land cut out our 'rotten boroughs' and recognized debaucheries that were blacker than America ever knew."

For this faith he gives two forceful reasons. First, the strategic advantage which public opinion has in this country. As compared to other countries, he finds its peculiarity in this, that our public opinion "stands above the parties, being cooler and larger minded than they are; it awes party leaders and holds in check party organizations. No one openly ventures to resist it. It determines the direction and the character of national policy. It is the product of a greater number of minds than in any other country, and it is more indisputably sovereign. It is the central point of the whole American policy. To describe it, that is, to sketch the leading political ideas, habits and tendencies of the American people, and show how they express themselves in action, is the most difficult and also the most vital part of my task."

This is a preliminary word in his Introduction in explanation of the detailed study of public opinion in several later chapters.*

In noting the powers of the President, he says, "Nowhere is the rule of public opinion so complete as in America, nor so direct, that is to say, so independent of the ordinary machinery of government."†

The really great changes since Bryce's first edition strengthen every opinion he has expressed on this point. De Tocqueville finds the President almost a weakling in using public opinion. Ten years after de Tocqueville, the French Ambassador de Bacourt wrote his sister, "The State minds its own business so much that I have nothing to do." Mr. Bryce first writes:

"An American may, through a long life, never be reminded of the Federal Government except when he votes at Presidential and Congressional elections, lodges a complaint against the Post-

*Part IV, II Vol.

†"The American Commonwealth," Vol. I, p. 63.

Office, and opens his trunk for a Custom House officer on the pier at New York, when he returns from a tour of Europe."

As he comes now to a wide-armed welcome as Ambassador, he finds

"The Federal power in some of the most ordinary minutiae of daily life—when he buys a pound of meat, goes to the druggist for medicine, buys coffee at the corner grocery, or secures a railroad ticket."

He finds the immense hopefulness of public opinion here to be in the fact that its directive power is more and more consciously active in the entire body of the people.

President Woodrow Wilson at Columbia University says of this extraordinary growth that:

"In nothing has it grown more than in the development of the presidency. His cabinet becomes more and more dependent upon him; upon his single office, more and more the center of the vital forces of opinion and political initiative.

"The President alone is elected by the people as a whole, has no local constituency, speaks for no special interest. If he truly interpret the national thought and boldly enough insist upon it, he is irresistible."

Professor Münsterberg goes so far in agreement with Mr. Bryce as to say that "the parties with all their paraphernalia are merely the lower house of the nation, while Public Opinion is the upper house. He says again, "Most of all, it must be insisted that public opinion is all the time following up these excrescences on party life, and that public opinion presses forward year by year at an absolutely sure pace."

In no way has Mr. Bryce more helped us than in showing the folly of that long list of critics who gleefully traced our frailties to the *kind* of government we had chosen. I tried to keep a list of the specific degeneracies that writers connected with our *form* of government. We had set up as a Republic and *therefore* were becoming "godless," "irreverent," "mannerless," "silent," "monotonous," "supersensitive." We were "flighty" and "headstrong," "miserly in some directions and wasteful in others,"

all because we had cut loose from aristocracies. That five of our States repudiated their debts, or long threatened to do so, was an "inevitable result of democracy." Politika gives his reasons why our inordinate boasting follows from our type of government.* As he says the effect of democracy is "to make men turbulent citizens, abandoned Christians, inconstant husbands and treacherous friends." Capt. Marryat says, "Slander and detraction are the inseparable evils of a democracy."†

We are shown how inevitable it is that we should consume such enormous quantities of cheap liquor, "because we are a democracy." Without the influence of aristocracy, we cannot produce art or literature.

Of all this shallowness Mr. Bryce makes short work. "One of the most polished and aristocratic societies in Europe has for two centuries been that of Vienna: yet what society could have been intellectually duller or less productive?" He says these theorizers about democracy are like Daniel giving us a dream and his own interpretation of it.

"Few mistakes are more common than that of exaggerating the influence of forms of government. As there are historians and politicians who, when they come across a trait of national character for which no obvious explanation presents itself, set it down to 'race,' so there are writers and speakers who, too indolent to examine the whole facts of the case, or too ill-trained to feel the need of such examination, pounce upon the political institutions‡ of a country as the easiest way to account for its social and intellectual, perhaps even for its moral and religious peculiarities."**

"Let anyone study the portrait of the democratic man and democratic city which the first and greatest of all hostile critics of democracy has left us, and compare it with the very different descriptions of life and culture under a popular government in which

*Aperçu, p. 155.

†Diary I, p. 17.

‡Professor Freeman writes: "It is absurd to infer that a democratic federal form of government has a necessary and special tendency to corruption, when it is certain that corruption has been and is just as rife under governments of other kinds." "Impressions of the United States," p. 123.

**"The American Commonwealth," Vol. II, p. 612.

European speculation has deported itself since de Tocqueville's time. He will find each theory plausible in the abstract, and each equally unlike the facts which contemporary America sets before us."

Mr. Bryce's second source of confidence is in the character of our education which works through this public opinion. More than twenty years ago he wrote of the new forms of education in the United States, "as powerfully affecting politics, the development not only of literary, scientific and historical studies, but in particular of a new school of publicists, who discuss constitutional and economic questions in a philosophic spirit; closer intellectual relationship with Europe, and particularly with England and Germany; increased interest of the best class of citizens in politics; improved literary quality of the newspapers and the periodicals." In 1905 he turns with still greater reliance to these educational hopes. His running comparison between our best and the best in Europe adds interest to his estimate.

"There has been within these last thirty-five years a development of the higher education in the United States perhaps without a parallel in the world.

"The interest taken in the constitutional topics and economic questions, indeed in everything that belongs to the sphere of political science, is as great as it is in Germany or France, and greater than in Britain.

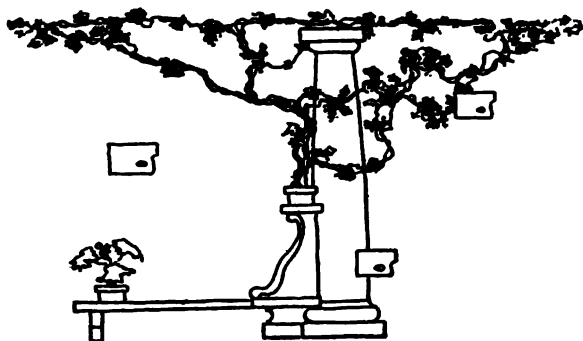
"America has now not less than fifteen or perhaps even twenty seats of learning fit to be ranked beside the universities of Germany, France, and England as respects the completeness of the instruction which they provide and the thoroughness at which they aim.

"Even more noticeable is the amplitude of the provision now made for the study of natural sciences, and of those arts in which science is applied to practical ends. In this respect the United States has gone ahead of Great Britain."*

*"America Revisited," *Outlook*, March, 1905.

These words too are reassuring: "The notion which has obtained currency in Europe that the people of the United States conscious that they have become a great World Power, are planning, and preparing to build up, a vast dominion over subject States or tribes seems ludicrous to any one who keeps his ears and eyes open in the country."

That the remaining shadows neither discourage nor seriously alarm him is the message for which we have most to thank this writer. That his hopes for us are based upon the strengthening and enriching of our education as it acts upon public opinion brings this cheer: a steadying and informing education is a remedy and a responsibility over which we have control. It is the distinction of Mr. Bryce to have shown better than any of our critics how direct a bearing this educated opinion has upon every destiny that is to constitute the enduring greatness of our common country.





The Story of American Painting*

V. The Development of Landscape and Marine Painting.

By Edwina Spencer

Author of "American Sculptors."

OUR review of the first century of painting in America, from John Smybert's arrival here in 1728 to the death of Gilbert Stuart in 1828, has shown us a cycle devoted entirely to portraiture. Serious interest in landscape for itself, aside from its use as a background for the human figure,—our present concern with the faithful portrayal of nature's varied aspects—had not yet developed in any country, here, or abroad; while in America the sole and insistent demand was for portraiture, from the time of our earliest limners down to the production of Trumbull's historical compositions,—and indeed the latter are valuable chiefly as portrait groups.

Yet landscape painting was not unfamiliar to our artists. We know that Smybert and the generations following him essayed it for their own pleasure, though probably none of their experiments have survived "the tooth of time." But they painted according to the European

*Miss Sepnker's series will appear in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* in the months from September to May. The articles heretofore printed are: "Foreword," and "Painting in Colonies" (September); "The Period of the Revolution" (October); "The Years of Preliminary Growth" (November); "Formative Influences" (December).

standards of their day, and their landscapes were in the "grand manner"—artificial in conception and "made up" from imagination, instead of copied from actual scenery. It was, of course, inevitable that the lack of opportunity for study at home, and the necessity for seeking every artistic help and inspiration abroad, should make our early painting more or less an echo of contemporary England and Renaissance Italy. Aside from Stuart's work, and that done by Copley before he went to London, it was a retrospective art, leaning on the traditions and influences of the Old World. Painting had not yet accorded their rightful place to the manifold beauties of land and sea. The few landscapes produced among us roused no interest; the freshness and charm of our own natural scenery had made no artistic appeal.

Such was the barrenness of the landscape field when our first century of painting drew to a close. Only Thomas Doughty, a young leather manufacturer who gave up business for art in 1820, had begun to portray bits of woodland and river valley; but he was not destined to be the originator and inspirer of the new movement. That may be dated from 1828, when Thomas Cole, a struggling young artist in a New York garret, exhibited in a shop window some of his sketches of Catskill mountain scenery,—little canvases which were big with portent, for they heralded the dawn of a new day. So, curiously enough, the year which, with Stuart's death, so significantly marks the close of our first hundred years of portraiture, is equally significant in its prophecy. Landscape painting, in which our men were later to win such signal successes, began to find honor and appreciation from that date.

The almost instant popularity of these landscapes gave the first impulse toward an expression of something distinctly American in our art; and Thomas Cole's ardent, enthusiastic personality exerted an influence which was felt long after his too early death at forty-seven. He was born at Bolton-le-Moor, England, in 1801,—an only son, with

three sisters. The father was a lovable, kindly, industrious soul, who never seemed able to succeed financially; and when Thomas was a mere lad the family migrated to this country. Their vicissitudes were great; but the boy while helping his father in every way possible, played away his disappointments on his beloved flute, dreamed of art and music, and was increasingly ambitious for high achievement.

In 1820, a traveling limner passing through Steubenville, Ohio, where they lived, gave him an English book on art, illustrated with engravings, which made Cole's eager young soul burn to become a painter.* He longed, even then, to attempt landscapes; but it was imperative that he should earn money at once, and portraits alone afforded remuneration. After enduring all sorts of pain, privation and disappointment, as an itinerant portrait-painter, and spending a winter in Philadelphia where he lived on bread and water in an empty room and slept rolled up in a blanket, he returned to his family who were now established in New York, and set up his easel in his father's garret.†

This was in 1825. He had never given up his desire to paint landscapes, and while drawing at the Academy during his stay in Philadelphia, he also sketched constantly from nature. Now he began to give rein to his inclinations, and a merchant was persuaded to place a few little sketches in his window. A gentleman who bought one for ten dol-

*His greatest joy had always been to wander off by himself with his flute and his pencil; his childish play-time was given to drawing, and this first book on art which he had ever seen was a thrilling revelation. He told Dunlap, years after, that he kept it close beside him night and day; while "the names of Stuart and Sully came to his ears like the titles of great conquerors, and the great masters were hallowed above all earthly things."

†Cole never liked to dwell upon these experiences. He walked from town to town (sometimes a hundred miles apart) seeking employment as a limner; his green baize bag over his shoulder, in which were his few clothes, his home-made brushes and other painting materials, and his flute. The flute, like that of Goldsmith, and like Luther's sweet voice, often gained him food and lodging; thus he "played his way" over many a weary mile. He was paid for his portraits (1) in various articles—a saddle, a silver watch, a gold chain (which proved to be copper), a pair of shoes, etc., rarely in money.

lars learned that the young artist's dream was to paint the scenery along the Hudson River, and offered him the means of doing so.

As a result, three pictures were exhibited in another shop window, in 1828, this time for twenty-five dollars apiece. They were first noticed by Trumbull, who bought one on the spot, and went to tell Dunlap about them. John Durand (an engraver who afterwards helped to found our landscape art) happened in, and all three set out to find the new painter. They climbed to his garret, bought the other two pictures, and gave him such serious and intelligent praise as must have been exceedingly sweet to the sensitive, aspiring novice. Dunlap, always quick to appreciate and encourage the work of others, called attention to Cole in the journals of the day, and from this turning-point in his career "his fame spread like fire."

He made two long visits to Europe; but most of his twenty years of professional life were spent at his little home in the Catskills, where he died in 1848. Here his many friends among the artists, and his dear companion, William Cullen Bryant, came for long walks and talks among the hills they all loved, and from here his influence radiated. His lofty idealism was like that of Washington Allston; his enthusiasm for the advancement of our art like that of Hunt. A friend records that he was "full of tenderness and sweet humanities;" indeed the fineness and purity of his spirit, his honor and his courage, place Cole high on the long list of generous, honorable and courageous men* whom American art can claim.

During the latter part of his career, Cole became more and more absorbed in expressing, by means of landscape, great allegorical and religious ideas; painting various series

*A recent writer speaks of Cole's early entering upon "an era of uninterrupted prosperity," but this popularity of his brush did not bring him ease. His first trip to Europe was undertaken to gain means of support for his family and of paying debts which "it crushed his very soul to think of." He cared for his three sisters, and assumed very large debts left by his father; all his life he was "at home with difficulties."

of subjects, like "The Voyage of Life," four canvases showing Infancy, Youth, Manhood, and Old Age drifting on the Stream of Time. Equally famous was "The Course of Empire," depicting the rise, progress, decline and fall of a great nation, and the succeeding desolation. Such also was his last picture, "The Cross and the World." They were immensely popular at the time, and though such subjects now seem trite and uninteresting, some of these canvases are still impressive. They reveal a powerful imagination struggling with the old mistake of trying to make painting express ideas far more suited to literature than to art.

Cole's works of real importance are his American landscapes, which were a revelation to Americans, as well as to Europeans, of the charm of our native scenery. In the present era of landscape painting, it is difficult to realize the sudden furore which these canvases roused, and the ardent delight with which the early landscapists explored the continent for material. They were deeply sincere in their love for the beauties around them,—sharing the feeling which prompted Cole to write "neither the Alps nor the Apennines, nor even Etna itself, have dimmed in my eyes the beauty of our own Catskills." Bryant's sonnet,* written upon his friend's departure for Europe, voices the new spirit making itself felt.

Associated with Cole are the names of Doughty, Durand and Kensett, examples of whose work, (with Cole's "Roman Aqueduct"), were reproduced in THE CHAUTAU-

*"Thine eyes shall see the light of distant skies,
Yet, Cole! thy heart shall bear to Europe's strand
A living image of our own bright land,
Such as on thy own glorious canvas lies.
Lone lakes—savannas where the bison roves—
Rocks rich with summer garlands—solemn streams—
Skies, where the desert eagle wheels and screams—
Spring bloom and autumn blaze of boundless groves.
Fair scenes shall greet thee where thou goest—fair,
But different—everywhere the trace of men.
Paths, homes, graves, ruins, from the lowest glen
To where life shrinks from the fierce Alpine air.
Gaze on them till the tears shall dim thy sight,
But keep that earlier, wilder image bright."

QUAN for November. Thomas Doughty, (1793-1856) has been mentioned as being the earliest in the field; he painted in London and Paris, as well as at home, and when the other men who had produced a few landscapes here gave it up from lack of encouragement, Doughty had the resolution to persevere. But his success varied greatly while his later life was full of misfortune, illness and despondency. His pictures, however, have real charm; little, unpretentious bits of hill-side, valley and river, they hold a place of their own in the memory.

The active "founders" of the movement were Cole and Asher Brown Durand. Cole was the inspirer and the pioneer; he blazed the way which Durand afterward followed. The latter was one of our finest engravers, devoting himself to that work until a half dozen years after he met Cole. He then essayed portrait and figure painting; and not until a short time before his friend's death did he give himself up to landscape. But, fortunately, just when Cole had turned from pure landscape to allegorical and religious subjects, Durand took up the simple, sincere portrayal of nature, and never swerved from it until he peacefully laid down his brush forever. Born in 1796, he lived to be ninety,—long enough to see a tremendous development in the field he had chosen.

John F. Kensett, the next to devote himself to landscape, followed Durand's simple, sincere way of looking at nature, and produced excellent pictures, whose skies have an especial luminous beauty. Kensett, born in 1818, was twenty-two years Durand's junior; and, with very few exceptions, the large number of men who now began to turn to landscape painting were all born at least a quarter of a century later than Doughty, Durand and Cole. They were the men of "the fifties," beginning their professional lives during the mid-century—direct successors of the pioneers, and struggling with problems of a new departure, yet carrying on the movement, with increasing force, until a more skilful technique and a broader knowledge began to make

its advent with the young men of "the seventies." Many of them kept active pace with the advance made by the next generation.

Most of these artists of the fifties who painted chiefly the scenery of New York and New England, have been grouped with Cole and Durand as the Hudson River, or White Mountain, school.* Others, full of enthusiasm for new scenes, went with our first explorers to the Rocky Mountains and the Yellowstone, filling very large canvases with western views. The best painter among the latter was Thomas Moran, who has produced so many pictures of the Yellowstone and the Yosemite; he continued to enlarge his skill and widen his scope with the years, so that he belongs properly to a later time, and his fine etchings will be noticed in a succeeding article. The immense landscapes of Albert Bierstadt, with their panoramic presentation of mountains, water-falls, lakes, rivers, and prairies made a tremendous impression on the public of his day; his most frequent subjects were scenes in the Rocky Mountains, but he turned out an astounding number of works throughout a long life.

An important and unique place belongs to Frederic Edwin Church,* (1826-1900) who as a boy was taken into Cole's Catskill home, and may be called his only pupil. From the beginning Church devoted himself to expressing the grandest and most imposing aspects of nature; for years he ransacked the globe in search of natural marvels to copy. From icebergs to volcanoes, he ran the gamut of tremend-

*The frequent allusion in historical or critical writing to this or that "school" of art in this sense means a group of artists, in any country or time, who have adopted the same ideas and methods and are trying to express the same ideals. Occasionally, as in speaking of "the school of Raphael," it indicates the followers or imitators of one man; but it is equally used for the tendencies of artists of a certain country or locality, as the French or Dutch schools of a given period, the Florentine school, the early school of Fontainebleau.

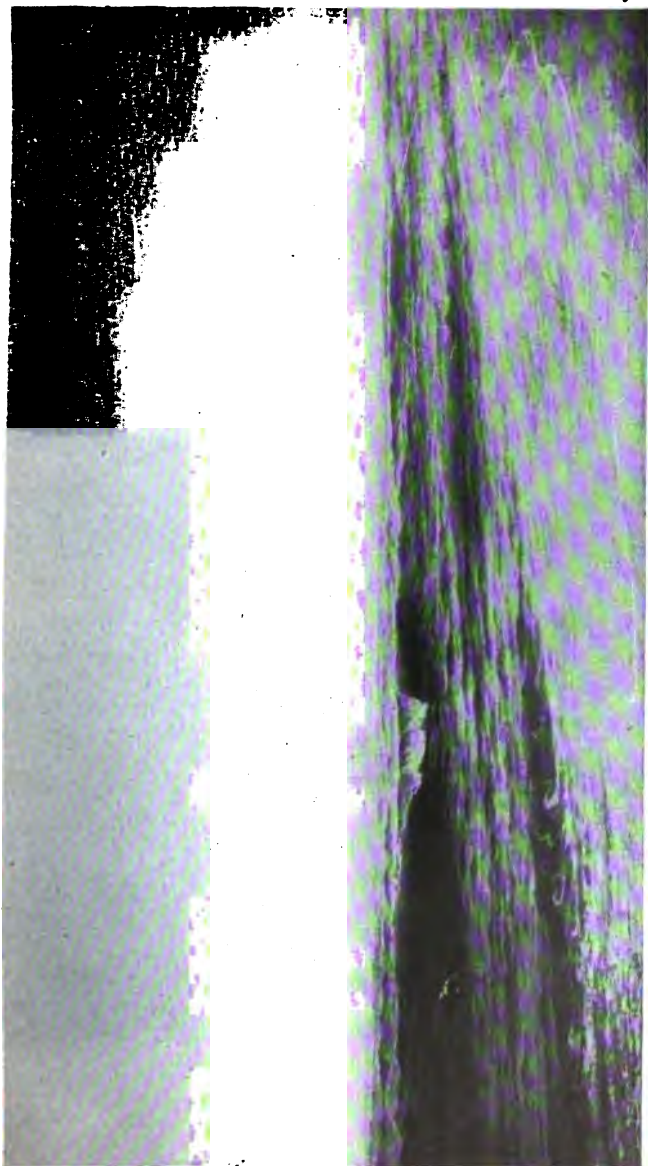
†F. E. Church, the landscapist, is different in identity from F. S. (Frederick Stuart) Church, the figure painter, with whose dainty, fanciful conceptions of graceful maidens playing with jolly beasts and birds most of us are familiar.



Cannon Rock, by Winslow Homer. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



The Gulf Stream, by Winslow Homer. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



On the Coast of New Jersey, by William T. Richards. In the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.



Young Holstein Bull, by Carleton Wiggins. In the **Metropolitan**
Museum of Art, New York.





Broad Silent Valley, by Alexander H. Wyant. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



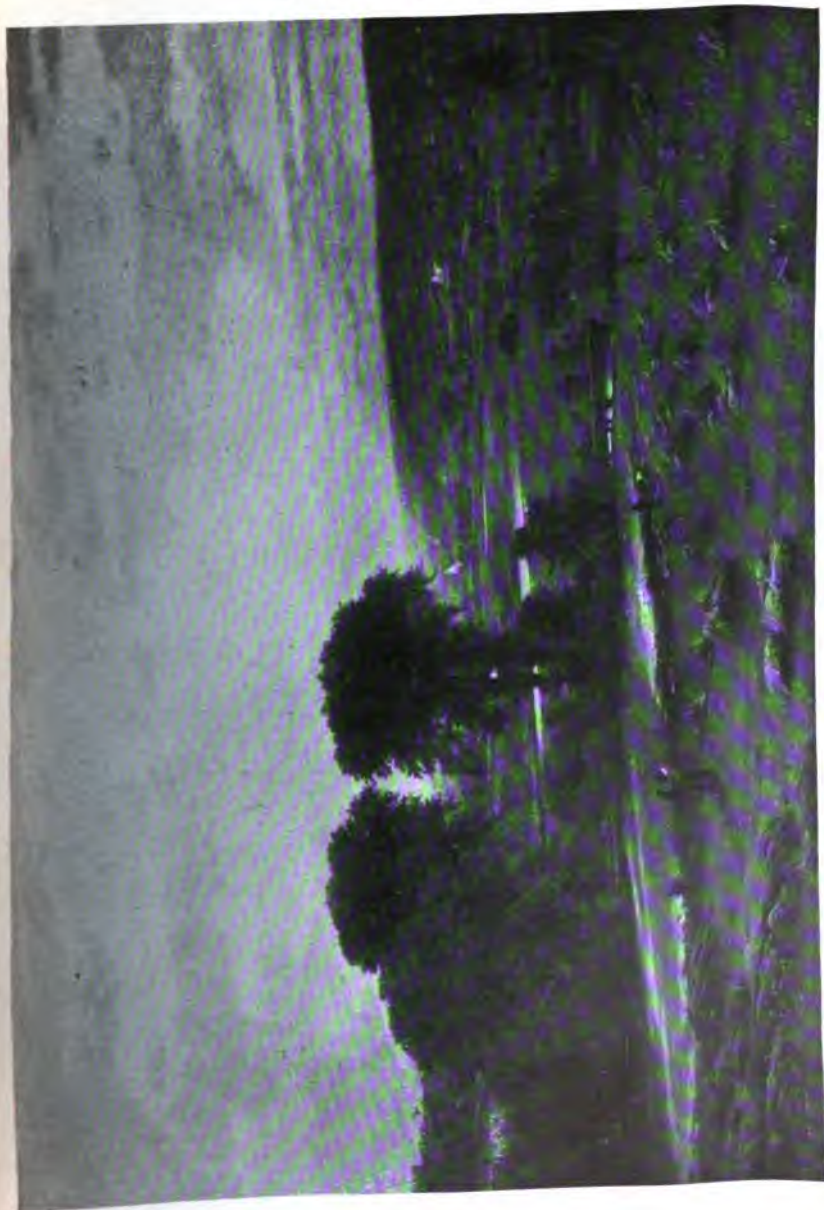
Spring Woods, by Henry Ranger. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



Spring, by H. Bolton Jones. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



The Delaware Valley, by George Inness. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

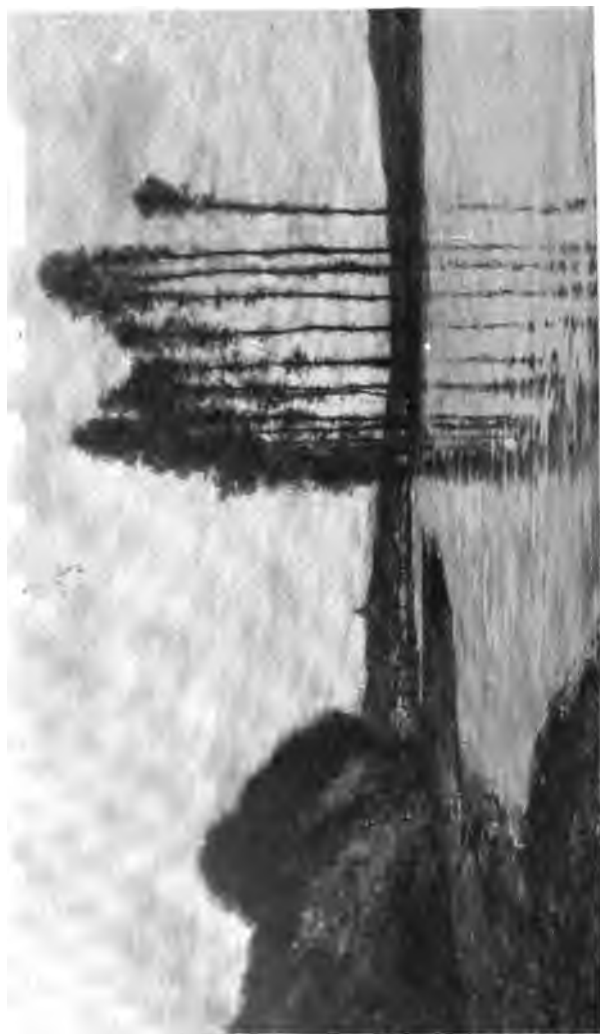


Peace and Plenty, by George Inness. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



Sheepfold, by Horatio Walker. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.





View on the Seine ("The Harp of the Winds"), by Homer D. Martin. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



Gloucester Harbor, by William Morris Hunt. From an etching by Parrish (after the original painting) in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.



Venetian Scene, by Burr H. Nicholls.

ous subjects. His tropical forests of South America, his remarkable views of the Andes, his scenes in Greece and the Egean islands, in Mexico, and other countries are amazingly well handled; and his was for years the most satisfactory portrayal of the falls of Niagara—(see illustration in November CHAUTAUQUAN). Church's industry and activity were beyond belief,—indeed his health was seriously affected by the hardships of travel and of long-continued work in the tropics.

In contrast to the work of Church, both in spirit and treatment, are the landscapes of a little group of men who painted small canvases presenting the simplest and most familiar aspects of the American countryside. They are full of refinement and charm,—sincere, loving, leisurely transcripts of nature,—the work of Worthington Whittredge, John Bunyan Bristol, David Johnson, and various others. The most notable name of this group is that of Alexander H. Wyant, (1836-1892,) one of our truest and most poetic landscapists; and I greatly regret the limitations of space which prevent giving a detailed account of these painters, who represent perhaps the best in the early school.

Such important names, too, as Hubbard, Hill, Cropsey, Mignot, the two Hart brothers, (William and James,) John W. Casilear, Samuel Colman, Jervis McEntee, Sandford R. Gifford and Swain Gifford, must not be omitted. But the story of American landscape painting demands a volume in itself, and it is possible to give here only the simplest outline of its origin and development, dwelling upon none but the few men whose influence was especially prominent in forming or directing its progress.

Sufficient emphasis rarely is placed upon the importance to our art of the work accomplished by Cole, Durand, and their immediate successors. The name Hudson River school, (or White Mountain school), represents neither a group of fine technicians, nor men rich in feeling for color or design. Much that they painted was crude and hesitating;



Indian Encampment, by Ralph Albert Blakelock. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

in the path they were following they had no artistic traditions or precedent to follow, and the benefits of wider scientific knowledge and subtler insight belong to a later time. But they were all animated by an intense patriotism, (such as made Cole record that he would have given his left hand to be able to identify himself more closely with this country by saying he was born here,)* and their unfeigned enthusiasm for their native scenery never flagged. They climbed the mountains and roamed the valleys of the east; they endured all the hardships of western exploration

*Dunlap tells us that Cole's family, on both sides, lived in America before going to England,—one of his grandfathers near Baltimore.

with the first expeditions to the Rockies and the Yosemite. The Hudson, the White Mountains and the woods of New England, the Delaware, the tropical scenes of the Carolinas and Georgia, all were copied with rejoicing, even to the least detail.

They were proud of being the first artists to reveal the country's wealth of natural beauty, and of being the first exponents of work which was purely American in inspiration and portrayal.* A serene delight in the charm and glory of nature, an earnestness and an unfailing dignity, ran through all their work like threads of gold. This formed their bond of unity; it was largely what made them a power in their own day, and what helped them lay the substantial foundation for the future development of landscape painting in America,—as well as for its future appreciation. They aroused the interest in landscape which has ever since been characteristic of our collectors and art lovers; they bequeathed to succeeding landscapists a national spirit which still survives, in spite of changes in technique and artistic standards.

During the mid-century, when most of these early men visited Europe, the highest artistic authority was centered in Düsseldorf. For serious training, it commanded the allegiance that was later transferred to Paris, and its standards influenced our art for years. A result of this German teaching was careful and accurate drawing, produced by its rigid drilling; yet the methods tended to crush all originality and spontaneity. A fondness for romantic subjects, with a good deal of false sentiment, was characteristic of the school; but more unfortunate was its tendency toward weak, forced and unnatural coloring. To Düsseldorf

*The poet Bryant has been mentioned as an intimate friend of Cole; he sympathized deeply with the artist's passionate love for American scenery, and his poems show the result of their long woodland rambles. Later, Emerson, Holmes, Whittier and Lowell added their tributes to the beauties of their native land; but they were mere lads when Cole became known in 1828. A question which might be discussed with profit is, "To what extent did these early painters of American landscape interest and stimulate the poets?"

we owe many of those smooth, shiny, dark-brown landscapes, with every leaf and grass-blade clearly outlined, and those monotonous marines, in which a dingy sky bends to meet a still dingier India-rubber ocean, that haunt some of our older homes and galleries.

The revelation of nature's real brilliancy, the study of light and color in landscape, the whole artistic world owes to France,—and to the much maligned painters of the "impressionist" school, whose effects did not begin until 1860. But before that influence reached us, the way was paved for its reception by the return from France of William Morris Hunt, bringing with him the ideas and methods of the French school of Fontainebleau and Barbison.*

When Hunt came back to America in 1855, he found the methods of Düsseldorf in vogue, and began at once his crusade against one of the chief faults of the style,—minute finish of every detail, to the neglect of the broad, essential truths of form and color. He had learned from his study in Paris, and from his friends among the great Frenchmen of Fontainebleau, the necessity for a simpler, more direct method; he looked at a figure or landscape as formed by masses of light and shade; he painted them as they appear at the ordinary distance,—when intervening space prevents the eye from detecting every irregularity in the bark of a tree or the outline of each leaf.

One of Hunt's oft-repeated exhortations to his pupils was "Dare to do it in the simplest way!" He contended for that truth and simplicity of portrayal which roused the early Parisian ridicule of Millet as "too poor to give his peasants folds in their garments!" The breadth of execution which does not distract the mind with detail any more than nature herself does, but presents what it has to convey with force and vitality, was Hunt's aim.

As a teacher he was wonderful, and there his widest

*For a brief account of Hunt's life, with reproductions of some of his works and several portraits of him, see the article on "Formative Influences" in the December CHAUTAUQUAN.

helpfulness lay. One of his students says "Certainly there never was an instructor more electrifying, more encouraging, more capable of conveying his meaning in the simplest and most direct manner." His talks on art to his classes, (which were garnered by a pupil into a small book,) exerted a tremendous influence. Earnestness and sincerity were the only passports needed to his friendship and generous sympathy. He was extraordinarily magnetic; a man of great force and of intense enthusiasm, "the brightest among the wits, the most serious among the thinkers and workers." He roused and stimulated those with whom he came in contact; and the effect of his life and character upon artistic conditions, is incalculable during the barren years when he held aloft so bravely the torch of inspiration.*

For two decades and a half, Hunt threw all the strength of his remarkable personality into the advancement of American Art. He painted many portraits (because they were so insistently demanded rather than from choice), and two fine mural decorations,—which, with his unique charcoal drawings, will be noticed in succeeding articles. Landscape, however, interested him intensely; from his student days until his death, he devoted much time to it, painting from New England to Florida, and studying every phase of the varying seasons. His "Falls of Niagara," painted the year before he died, is a canvas full of grandeur. The culmination of all his landscape work, however, is the "Gloucester Harbor,"—that brilliant bit of sky and water, fairly bathed in bright air and sunshine. Struggling against the old dull tones, striving to achieve what no one yet had accomplished here, a reflection on canvas of the real vigor and glow of nature itself, Hunt exclaimed when the "Gloucester Harbor" was finished, "At last, I have painted a picture with light in it!"

*F. P. Vinton, the painter, writes, "He made one feel that life contains great possibilities; that art is a divine thing; that the ambition of a painter ought to be, not to gain position or the applause of critics and society, but to be true to his best and highest aspirations, regardless of praise or censure."

Although our art had been actively influenced by England, Italy and Germany, it was not until a year or two before Hunt's return to America that French ideas and methods began to be known to our painters. Between 1850 and 1860, a few dealers commenced to import French landscapes, which made an instant impression; and in 1866 the Allston Club of Boston (of which Hunt was president) raised five thousand dollars to purchase "The Quarry,"* by Courbet, which is now in the Museum of Fine Arts.

Soon after, American art students, who were yearly increasing in number, began flocking to Paris. There and at Munich they received the most advanced instruction that Europe had to offer; and these enthusiastic youngsters of the "seventies" had the benefit of much that was denied their equally enthusiastic precursors of the "fifties." Since then progress had been made along many lines; and while the earlier men were more or less mature when they went over—with their ideas and technique already formed—these students began to learn from the very beginning, and built up a solid basis of craftsmanship to underlie their future efforts.

Before 1880 many of them were back in America, hard at work painting and teaching,—spreading the knowledge they had gained. Meantime, in two important ways, the ground had been prepared for them, and for the rapid advance which followed. Hunt's greatest service to our art was the impulse he gave to our artistic sympathies, enlarging our outlook, deepening our appreciation, raising our standards. He helped to make a welcome for such of our

*In 1866, when "The Quarry" was purchased here, Courbet, who afterward achieved an important place in French art, had received very little appreciation in his own country. What this sale to a club of American artists meant to him is shown by an allusion to it one of Armand Gauthier's writings. Gauthier was with the artist on the evening when the money for the picture arrived; and Courbet exclaimed, "What care I for the Salon, what care I for honors, when the art students of a new country, and a great country, *know and appreciate and buy my works?*" Climbing upon the omnibus to go home (with the money pinned in his vest) he declared that day to be the proudest of his whole life.

own men as Elihu Vedder and John La Farge. Our early appreciation of Millet* was due to him; and the instant recognition of Courbet's work by the artists of Boston was partly a result of his influence. The facts regarding American encouragement of Millet and Courbet are known to few. But now-a-days, when we hear so much talk of our "sudden" artistic development, and our lack of art appreciation, it is well to realize that from the days of West, Copley, Stuart, Trumbull, and good old Dunlap with his frank, sympathetic volume of art annals, there always have been cultivated, intelligent Americans alert to enjoy and encourage the best in the art of every land.

In addition to Hunt's efforts, there came, three years before his death, the great stimulus of the Centennial Exhibition. Its display of foreign and native art had an electrifying effect,—helping the artists to study, compare, and criticise, but doing even more good by revealing to the public at large what our painters and sculptors had already achieved, and what a worthy thing American art bade fair to become. Aided by the remarkable growth and prosperity of the nation, a rapid advance set in. The Art Students' League which was organized in New York in 1875 was incorporated in 1878; and during the same year the Society of American Artists came into being. Following these there has since arisen the net-work of art schools, art clubs, private and public galleries which spreads from coast to coast.

During the past thirty years landscape painting has become one of our most important and typical forms of artistic expression; and our painters rank with the very best that the contemporary art of the world can offer. The old topographical completeness of detail has given way to unity and harmony of effect; the theories of the so-called "impressionists" have been assimilated and adapted to our needs in solving the modern problems of light and color; while the intellectual and emotional content of the work is pecu-

*See November CHAUTAUQUAN.

liarily interesting. The contemporary men and their achievements will be discussed separately in next month's issue.

All that has been said of landscape proper, applies equally to marine painting,—which developed along the same lines, and is difficult to treat separately because so many of our landscapists have also portrayed the ocean with excellent success. In the early days, marine painting attracted few devotees. Probably the first man to make a life-long study of the sea was a New England Quaker, William Bradford (1830-1892), who gave much of his time to Arctic scenes,—accompanying several expeditions toward the north pole, and painting icebergs in Labrador. William T. Richards (1833-1905), who began his best work somewhat late in his career, has left us many exquisitely harmonious canvases, of quiet beaches and rolling surf.

Men of the same generation were Edward Moran (1829-1901, a brother of Thomas Moran), and Maurice Frederick Hendrik de Haas. Moran lived and painted much on the Grand Menan, at the mouth of the Bay of Fundy, and late in life executed a series of scenes from our naval history. De Haas, born in Rotterdam in 1832, came to New York from Holland in 1858, and for the succeeding thirty-seven years until his death, was identified with American marine painting. Arthur Quartley (1839-1886) had only four or five years of professional life, yet achieved such poetic and powerful work as to give him high rank. J. C. Nicoll and Alfred Thompson Bricher are still among us, producing excellent pictures.

Of somewhat later men, Alexander Harrison, a native of Philadelphia, but long established in Paris, has won many European honors; while other well-known names are those of Gedney Bunce, F. K. M. Rehn, Henry B. Snell, and Frederick W. Kost, each of whom is typical in his individual way. Carlton T. Chapman has added to his other marines the depiction of naval warfare,—having painted various exploits of our navy, from the days of Paul Jones to those of Admiral Dewey, with careful study of historical

detail. The fine marines of Maynard, Dodge, Bicknell, Butler, Carlsen and Twachtman, deserve special mention; and the remarkably strong development, during recent years of Charles H. Woodbury rejoices all lovers of old ocean. Woodbury is a Boston man, who devotes himself to studying the effects of light and color upon turbulent or quiet water,—painting the simplest bits of jutting rock or breaking wave with a force and daring that is irresistible. He lives a great deal on the water, in comradeship with storm and calm, learning every phase of his subjects.

The most powerful and original of our marine painters is Winslow Homer,—a much older man than Woodbury, and a craftsman of unusual technical strength combined with imaginative genius. His earlier work was chiefly figure painting, and his career will be reviewed next month in that connection. But of late he has given himself entirely to a rugged, forceful portrayal of "the ancient sea, murmuring the ancient spell;" and there is a grandeur in his canvases, a majesty and power, that make them both unique and precious.

The development of landscape and marine painting in America has been vigorous and consistent, owning a past and present of which we may well be proud.

PAINTINGS.

For the work of the Hudson River School, the collection of the New York Historical Society is especially fine; also the Corcoran Gallery at Washington. To a lesser degree these men are represented in the Wadsworth Athenæum at Hartford, the Metropolitan Museum, the Pennsylvania Academy, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the Chicago Art Institute, and the Albright Gallery at Buffalo. The Lenox Library, New York, and other libraries and associations founded some years ago in different parts of the country contain certain examples; while many remain in private hands.

Cole's "Course of Empire" is in the New York Historical Society; with other examples of his Italian and American subjects. Three typical American views, and his "Mount Etna" are in the Wadsworth Athenæum. His "Angels Appearing to the Shepherds" in Boston is poor. His "Tornado" is in the Corcoran Gallery.

Doughty and Durand are to be studied in the places above mentioned. The latter's largest picture, "A Mountain Forest," is in the Corcoran, and "The Beeches" by him is in the Walters Collection, Baltimore.

Kensett's "White Mountains" belongs to the Century Club,

New York; and nineteen of his canvases are in the Metropolitan Museum.

Church's "Niagara" is in the Corcoran; his "Niagara from the American Side," is in the Museum of Fine Arts, Edinburgh, Scotland. His famous "Cotopaxi" is in the Lenox Library; he has two in the Walters Collection; and "The Icebergs" is owned by Sir E. Watkins, in London, England.

Hunt's landscapes and the work of the marine painters will be listed next month with contemporary work.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

The only life of Cole is by his pastor, Louis L. Noble, who calls his book, "The Voyage of Life and other pictures of Thomas Cole" (New York, 1853). It is largely a compilation from Cole's diary and letters.

In "Lives of Poor Boys Who Became Famous," by Sarah K. Bolton (New York and Boston, 1885), is a notice of Cole.

In Bryant's "Orations and Addresses," published in 1873 (pages 1-40), may be found his funeral oration upon Cole, delivered May 4, 1848, before the National Academy of Design.

"The Life and Times of Asher B. Durand," by his son, John Durand (New York, 1894). Biographical notices of F. E. Church appeared at the time of his death in the *Outlook* for April, 1900; *Public Opinion*, April 19, 1900; *Harper's Weekly*, April 21, 1900; *The Athenaeum*, April 14, 1900.

SEARCH AND REVIEW QUESTIONS UPON THE REQUIRED READING
WILL BE FOUND IN THE ROUND TABLE SECTION AT THE BACK OF THIS
MAGAZINE.

(End of C. L. S. C. Required Reading for March.)

Some Great American Scientists*

VI. Thomas Alva Edison

By George Iles

Author of "Inventors at Work."

THOMAS ALVA EDISON, great as an inventor, is remarkable simply as a man. His massive head, square jaw, and virile stride are those of a born conqueror, let him have chosen what path he might. At the base of his victories stands a physical vigor that laughs at fatigue, that finds him at sixty a boy in lightness of heart, in love of fun. He hopes for at least thirty years more of hard work; his father lived to be ninety-four, and his grand-father to one hundred and three. Two of the best strains in the world meet in his blood. His father, of Dutch stock, was born in Digby, Nova Scotia; his mother, Nancy Elliot, a native of Ohio, was of Scottish descent. At Milan, Ohio, on February 11, 1847, their famous son was born. His father was so poor that the boy went to school for only two months. But his mother, who had been a school teacher, taught him all she knew; and her lessons were the best he ever learned, for they put him in the way to instruct himself. For all the narrowness of his early circumstances, Edison has acquired an informal education both wide and thorough. He knows supremely well how to think, how to work, how to express himself with clearness and precision.

When he was seven years old his parents removed to Port Huron, Michigan, where five years afterward he began to earn his bread as a newsboy on the Grand Trunk Railroad. One day at Mount Clements, a station on the line,

*The first article of this series, "Asa Gray," by Prof. Charles Reid Barnes, appeared in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for September; the second, "John James Audubon," by Prof. Samuel C. Schmucker, in October; the third, "Simon Newcomb," by Prof. Malcolm McNeill, in November; the fourth, "Louis Agassiz," by David Starr Jordan, in December; the fifth, "Samuel Pierpont Langley," by William F. Magie, in January.

an act of bravery proved the turning point in his career. He saw the station master's child playing on the track, while a train rapidly approached. In a flash, at the risk of his life, and not a moment too soon, Edison plucked the child to safety. Its father, Mr. J. U. Mackenzie, as a mark of gratitude, taught Edison telegraphy, and thus introduced him to the world of electric art in which he has become illustrious. As an aid in learning how to work a key, Edison built a telegraph instrument with his own hands in a Detroit gunshop. It was rough and clumsy, but it served, and that was all he wanted. Thus early did he manifest that skill of hand without which there can be no inventor. And as he put together key and lever, a spring and a rudely wound electro-magnet, he came to understand how a telegraph instrument does its work. He discovered what a "circuit" is, what "polarities" mean; he gained a first hand acquaintance with batteries, much more troublesome then than now. Principles, as well as patterns, then and there began to impress that extraordinary intelligence.

His resourcefulness, too, was soon displayed. One morning, in April, an ice jam snapped the cable between the shores of Port Huron and Sarnia, divided by the St. Clair River, here a mile or more in width. Telegraphy was suspended, and the railroad people were at their wit's end. But Edison was far from being at the end of his wit. He jumped aboard a locomotive, manipulated its whistle with the long and short signals of the Morse alphabet, and in two minutes, by attracting the attention of the Sarnia operator, messages were exchanged across the ice-floes. Edison is wont to recall this as his first feat in wireless telegraphy.

We find him next at Stratford, Ontario, a night operator on the Grand Trunk Line. To keep tab on him the local agent required "six" to be ticked off on his instrument every half hour. Edison deemed this attendance quite needless; accordingly he notched a wheel so that every thirty minutes it set off the six dots demanded. That wheel

was afterward developed into the "call" of the district telegraph systems. In those days, more commonly than now, telegraph operators were a roving tribe, and, in the course of a wide pilgrimage, Edison at seventeen was working a key at Indianapolis. Here he devised his automatic repeater, which takes an electric pulse as it arrives faint and feeble at the end of a long journey, and makes it touch off a strong local current which wings the message for a second lengthy flight.

Taking to the road once again, Edison in 1868 found himself in Boston. He had now become so expert that, when he wrote his smallest hand, he could receive fifty-four words a minute. It was during this stay in Boston that he invented his electrical vote-recorder, on which, at twenty-one, he secured his first patent. This apparatus recorded and summed ayes and noes exactly and at once. Yet it was declined, with thanks, by the Legislature of Massachusetts. Its inventor, bitterly disappointed, believed that this "No" was voted because his mechanism threatened to put an end to filibustering, a process in which legislators then, and afterward, have found advantage. Ever since, in aught but experiments undertaken solely for inquiry's sake, Edison has always ascertained that there is a market for an invention before he seeks to give it substance and form.

At this period of his career, the committal of two or more messages at a time to a wire was enlisting the skill of many ingenious men. "Why shouldn't I try, too?" asked Edison. At the end of many toilsome experiments he came to two distinct plans for sending two telegrams simultaneously over a wire. Then, uniting both methods, he created his quadruplex system, enabling four operators to work one wire at once. This apparatus was installed by the Western Union Company, and forthwith began saving no less than \$600,000 a year. Devices much less important, and incomparably more simple, excited Edison's passion for improvement, for thorough reconstruction. He examined a

round of telegraphic printers, found them all imperfect in design and liable to derangement under stress. This, especially in stock-exchange service, was a serious matter. He designed a new automatic printer, so effective that it is at work today, little changed after thirty years' good service.

With capital earned by his patents, Edison, in 1873, established at Newark a factory for the manufacture of his inventions, for experiments of a new breadth and boldness. Thus, at twenty-six, to what he could build with his own hands was joined what could be made by the hands of other skillful men, under his direction. From that day to this, Edison's method has been that of a general in the field. First he conceives an idea for a new device or process, and thoroughly informs himself as to its feasibility. He then engages the mechanics and engineers, the physicists, chemists, or mathematicians required to aid him in attack. From stage to stage of experiment, he and his staff are in conference. With no regard to cost or trouble he moves steadily to victory, or comes to clear proof that an attempted battle is not worth winning.

Among the successes thus achieved is the phonograph, which Edison considers his chief creation. It came as the logical result of his automatic recorder of telegrams. He says:

"In 1877 I had worked out satisfactorily an instrument which would not only record telegrams by indenting a strip of paper with dots and dashes of the Morse code, but would also repeat a message any number of times at any rate of speed required. I was then experimenting with the telephone also, and my mind was filled with theories of sound vibrations and their transmission by diaphragms. Naturally enough, the idea occurred to me: If the indentations on paper could be made to give forth the click of the instrument, why should not the vibrations of a diaphragm be recorded and similarly reproduced? I rigged up an instrument hastily, and pulled a strip of paper through it, at the same time shouting, 'Hallo.' Then the paper was pulled through again, my friend, Batchelor, and I listening breathlessly. We heard a distinct sound, which a strong imagination might have translated into the original 'Hallo.'"

Long before that memorable day Scott, and other inventors, had coated glass or metal plates with lampblack, and there obliged sound-waves to trace their paths. Edison adopted yielding paper, and there bade these waves dig a channel, instead of merely marking a superficial line. That channel became a means of repeating every sound-wave that had been said or sung into the paper. Of course, at first this echo was muffled and uncertain. Results were much better when tinfoil took the place of paper. Today, at the end of many improvements, the impressed cylinder is of wax: in a length of six inches it receives 1,200 words from a sapphire point vibrating from a mica diaphragm. Every syllable and tone is reproduced with marvelous verity and fulness as another sapphire, tipped as a ball, runs along the waxen channel, vibrating a thin, corrugated diaphragm of copper. In its present form this instrument is in wide and growing use for business correspondence. A merchant, a banker, speaks into its tube at his convenience. A clerk, at a second and reproducing machine, afterward listens to the record and typewrites it for the post-office. In education the phonograph is just as valuable. It utters words, in English or other tongues, for the behoof of students; it repeats, as often as desired, a lesson in engineering or other science. Could scholars but agree on a standard pronunciation of the English language, the phonograph stands ready to give them a means of unvarying reference for future years.

Next to the phonograph in Edison's honor roll comes his incandescent lamp. This invention most severely tested his courage and endurance, his unmatched suggestiveness of mind. In October, 1879, after repeated failures, he produced a lamp that lasted longer than a single day, assuring him that success lay within his grasp. From comparing threads of many kinds he felt certain that a vegetable fiber, duly treated, would be the best light-giver. He accordingly despatched William Moore to China and Japan in quest of every promising variety of bamboo. From these he chose a

filament uniform in quality and fairly durable. Art followed nature. Further investigation showed that cellulose squirted through a tiny orifice, and suitably treated, was preferable to bamboo. That his lamp might become popular, many accessories were required. Edison provided an electrical generator, and a three-wire mode of transmission which greatly reduced the amount of needed copper. He adopted and improved new methods of exhausting his bulbs, of introducing their platinum wires, of sealing and testing each lamp for service. He mapped electric lighting as a whole, and supplied every detailed need with unfailing originality. Today his lamp is undergoing eclipse because tungsten glows more brightly and cheaply than carbon. But in the history of illumination Edison has written a noble chapter. Those who now go beyond him do so because he broke ground for them and made straight their paths.

As far back as 1883 Edison began applying electricity to transportation. His first locomotive is perhaps the most uncouth model that ever left his shops; and yet it ran at a lively speed around his experimental track. The field was entered by other inventors and Edison, drawn away by tasks that promised better rewards, is not among the men who have created electric railroading. But for years past he has worked at a storage battery to propel road vehicles cheaply and well, with the minimum of weight. Never has he faced a tougher problem. We enter his laboratory at Orange: there is a zinc rod, let us say, dissolving in an acid solution, and yielding an electric current. Nearby is a plating tank, where a second zinc rod is being deposited from a solution, by virtue of just such a current as that flowing from the first rod. It would seem easy for such a man as Edison, to contrive a cell which should first dissolve a metal and give forth a current; then redeposit that metal as a like current enters its solution. But the two processes, simple though they appear, are intricate in the extreme; they do not match one another at all. We can readily freeze water, and

as readily thaw the resulting ice in a direct reversal. Chemical energy, however, does not move in straight lines of this kind, but in labyrinths to be threaded only in one direction. To offer a homely comparison: a very little heat will fry an egg, but what Arctic cold could unfry that egg and restore its complex albumens to their first estate? Last October when I called on Mr. Edison I found him busy in experiments on his new storage cells. He had been using cobalt and nickel-iron, immersed in an alkaline liquid. Cobalt had risen to a prohibitory price, so he was testing a substitute, excellent in promise. He said:

"These new cells will weigh fifty-three pounds for each horse-power developed one hour; so that a battery of 530 pounds will afford two horse-power for five hours, or any equivalent desired. Just when nobody uses an electric truck or runabout, say betwixt midnight and six in the morning, power-houses have nothing to do and are glad to re-charge vehicle batteries at low prices. Thus a user all day virtually draws upon a central station as cheaply as if he were connected with it by a trolley wire. I expect my new batteries to run as long as 30,000 hours before they need be thrown away."

Edison's career has not been a series of unbroken triumphs. Many a model, a child of hope and promise, has he at last had to fling on the scrapheap. In one notable case he has turned a failure to a handsome profit. Close to his laboratory is his factory for phonographs. This huge building, floored, walled and roofed in concrete, is as much a unit as if it were a single brick without seam or chink. It stands a monument to a victory born of defeat. Near Edison's home in New Jersey are vast deposits of iron. These are so abundant that though thin in metal he decided, about ten years ago, to begin their reduction. He straightway invented pulverizers of new effectiveness. Their streams of dust were let fall close to powerful magnets; these deflected the iron particles just enough to bring them into a chute of their own. But Edison had not reckoned with the rich ores of the Mesaba range, easily excavated from surface deposits at a few cents a ton. Did he, in

despair, cast his pulverizers into the melting pot? No. He bade them grind cement in so fine a powder that it produces a concrete of unsurpassed strength. He shows, in a large model, a well designed villa which may be cheaply duplicated a thousand times from metal patterns. Its concrete may be readily poured and finished within but twelve hours.

This man is much more than a great inventor. As far as mortal can, he keeps abreast with the swift strides of science, physical and chemical, botanical and medical. Two years ago, when I paid him my respects, he pointed to a group of radio-active minerals placed on photographic paper.

"This radium is giving old-fashioned ideas a knock, isn't it? Here is an element that changes its identity, shatters each of its atoms into a thousand fragments, and stays two degrees warmer than its surroundings all the time. Talk about coming to the limits of knowledge! Why, we are scarcely on the threshold; we've just begun to suspect a few things, that's all!"

Last October, when I told him that I had just seen beautiful photographs in natural colors in the new Lumiere plates, he said: "I want a dozen of those plates for experiment as soon as Lumiere can send them. I wonder how red will come out of them, red has always given most trouble in color photography."

A totally different field of labor has his keenest interest and sympathy. There is probably no one in America, outside of the medical profession, who more closely follows the work of Dr. Wright, Dr. Ross, and other great physicians, in banishing with vaccines and antitoxins malaria and typhoid, consumption and cancer. And how does he find time for all this reading of books, technical papers, "proceedings" so repellent to ordinary men? For such leisure as he enjoys he has to thank his deafness. He is so cheery and lovable, so fascinating a talker, that were his hearing normal his friends would never for a moment let him sink into his reading chair. But debarred from all society but that of his family, denied the theater, the concert room, and the lecture hall, he reads as if he were a student working for an examination.

The True Story of a Bohemian Pioneer

By Emily Greene Balch

I was a little girl when we came to America. My father had been a poor man in Bohemia, and one day a neighbor, a well-to-do farmer, came to him and said that he wanted to go to America but that he knew no German (which he regarded as indispensable for the journey) and that if my father, who could speak German, would come with him and help him he would pay his expenses. So it was arranged that way. We got as far as Manitowoc, on the Wisconsin shores of Lake Michigan, where there was a large Bohemian settlement and there our farmer decided that he could shift for himself and left us. We sat there on the dock by the lakeside, my father, my mother, my little brother and myself without one cent among us.

"Well, we got along somehow. I went to school and learned to read, progressing as far as the Fourth Reader, and father saved a little money. At that time Nebraska, which was not admitted as a state till later, in 1867, was attracting settlers and my father decided to migrate from Wisconsin to Nebraska territory.

"We started in the autumn of 1866 with a little party of Bohemian families. I was eight years old then and my brother several years younger. My father had eight hundred dollars to make a start with and it seemed a great deal to us, but no other of the families had so little.

"We got as far as Saint Joseph on the Missouri River, just south of the Nebraska line, and there my father was persuaded by a blacksmith with whom he had made friends to stay over the winter. This was very good advice and if any of the party had been more experienced they would not have started till spring in the first place.

"So we stayed at Saint Joe where the traces of the

war were still to be seen—remnants of the fortifications, and chain and other debris on the bank where they had been shot from across the river. But the other families went on into Nebraska that fall and got themselves established in a provisional way. But that was all they could do; it was too late to start any farming and the men, all except one cripple, came back and wintered at Saint Joe, where they could get employment, leaving their families on the prairies in the sod houses with the one crippled man.

"Also, by the blacksmith's advice, my father bought a pair of oxen, *good ones*, which proved to be an excellent investment and far more serviceable than the old army horses that the others bought. The horses were cheap, but they turned out to be quite useless; they always balked and finally, when we got to our destination, they ran away. Father also bought my brother a good little Indian pony.

"When spring came we started out again and traveled some weeks. The women and children slept in the wagon and the men under it. Going up hill father would fasten the pony on ahead of the oxen to help them up.

"When we got to the Blue River father said: 'According to the map my land should be across there, as I figure it out,' and he was right. We looked about for our neighbors but we could see nothing. Then we heard a cock crow, but still we could see no house, for we were not used to sod houses. At last we found a bridge of felled tree trunks leading across the river to our neighbor's home.

"In those days men either built their houses of sods piled up on the flat prairie or else made dug-outs in the bank of the river. At first we lived in an old dug-out already made, later we made quite a nice one for ourselves. It was tall enough to stand up straight in and the earth sides were whitewashed, but for some time we had no door, having nothing to make one of. Once, that first summer, my father had gone to break some land for a neighbor twelve miles away and had taken my brother with him so that my mother

and I were left alone and there came up a fearful storm. That was while we still had no door. In these days when you were driving across the prairie in the dark, you had to be careful not to break through into people's dug-outs. Heavy rains made trouble. Water would leak in and sometimes rats and snakes would come through. As soon as they could the settlers would get into houses made of logs plastered with mud.

"Our oxen proved of the greatest advantage to us when it came to 'breaking prairie.' Horses were not strong enough for that work. Father not only used the oxen himself, but loaned them for nothing to the neighbors. In those days all were the best of friends. It was all for one and one for all. Father also made money with his oxen, 'breaking prairie' for American farmers. When new emigrants came out father would go to Nebraska City, sixty-four miles away, to fetch them with his oxen. It took him four days. He had trained them to run and they went fast. So in more ways than one our oxen helped us to get a start. Later father also broke steers himself for use and this was very profitable.

"At first there were many kinds of hardships. The climate was much worse then than it is now. In winter big blizzards would come and last a week, now we never have them more than a day and night at a time. In summer there were hot winds such as we have not had now for years and terrible droughts. In those days there were no trees except along the banks of the rivers. As the country has got settled up and trees planted all about and especially as the prairie has been ploughed up and cultivated and fields of alfalfa sown it has made a great difference. The hot winds are said to start in the prairie country; it just breeds them.

"One winter, I think that it was the first year, father went to Beatrice, about twenty miles away, with the yoke of oxen and the wagon and nine bushels of wheat. We had

had one big fall of snow before he started but soon after another big storm came and he was kept away a week. He had been afraid of what was coming but the neighbors laughed at him. Mother was almost wild when he did not come back. The snow was so deep that where the creek ordinarily was now there was a hill of snow. She went to a neighbor and wanted him to go and look for father, but he had no boots that he could go in. Mother had barely come back to the house to get him a pair when father got home with just the oxen and what he called a 'smick.' He brought nothing with him, but he was glad enough to get back at all. The oxen had refused to face the storm (they never will) and had turned around and broken everything. So he had come home as he was, leaving the things in care of a man that he knew who lived near the place where it happened, which was twelve miles off. Mother decided to go back with him to fetch what he had left, leaving me at home alone. Another storm came up and they could not get back for four days. I was only nine years old. After a time I had eaten up all the bread and burned all the wood. I had sense enough to make my way to the river and follow up on the ice to a neighbor's. A woman came back with me and chopped wood for me. Then father and mother got home. They had been only twelve miles off and had expected to return right away, but it had been impossible.

"In the spring when all that snow came off at once and rain came besides it made a flood. The land was under water for miles. Everybody had to move out, up on to a hill. The mills could not grind and there was not enough to eat. We used flour mixed with shorts. We gave away almost everything. Mr. H., a well-to-do neighbor, came and borrowed a little corn meal.

"That summer we had nothing. The pony ran away and was gone seven weeks. The oxen were used to his leading and would not plough without him. Father went

to hunt for him and when he returned he was so worn and changed that we did not know him. We got the pony back, but he was ruined and we sold him for twenty-five dollars. We had no money and nothing to eat. We did have plenty of clothes; we had brought those with us. Many, who had not, used sacking. One time we had nothing but corn meal, not even salt, and we could not swallow it. Mr. V. came once and spent a week with us. He had brought all sorts of things with him and he laughed at us. He had raisins and prunes and so forth. Next year he was in the same straits that we were. He had spent all his money and no more came in.

"Now-a-days settlers have a very different experience. It is not at all so hard. They can earn money and buy things and there are railroad facilities. In those days work was often paid for with an order on the store. In 1868 the Northwestern Railroad came to Omaha and other lines soon came to nearby points, but at first there was nothing of the sort. Once father carried a bushel of corn for his chickens ten miles on his back.

"Even worse than the blizzards and floods were the plagues of locusts which came later. We had then in '69 or '70, but at that time they were not so bad here and did not do so much damage as when they came again. In '74 they were much worse and in '75 they hatched here. They have never been so bad since. We heard a sound and it grew dark and we thought that a storm was coming. The sun was hidden. We thought that it was the end of the world. Then they began to come down. In one hour they had eaten everything, even the tobacco. They bent down little trees with their weight. They were so thick on the ground that when we took a step they were over our ankles and our feet made holes, like footprints in the snow. The river was covered with them so that in some places we could not see the water. They would eat the paint off a house and chew up lace curtains. Sometimes they were so thick

on the rails that they stopped the trains. The masses of them in the river made a terrible smell afterwards, but it did not seem to cause any sickness.

"In those days Indians used often come through. They were Omahas and Pawness and they used to visit one another annually, by turns. Sometimes there would be five hundred in a party. They went in single file, five or ten paces apart, at a sort of a little trot. It was the government's orders that, to avoid trouble, they were not to go in a bunch. They would gather, however, to camp. They would be two or three days going through. Some traveled on foot but the squaws were mostly on ponies with crossed sticks trailing behind, with the children and goods loaded on the middle. The sticks were young trees and they were fastened with the brush of their tops dragging, which made them springy and elastic. The Indians then were superior to those that we see now-a-days. They looked livelier and were better dressed.

"Often, when you least expected it, you would suddenly find a big Indian standing beside you. Shivers went right through a person. They had a regular snaky walk. They would come up and ask for a little flour or want to swap something, but they never bothered. They were all right if they were treated right. Some people treated them mean and would not give them anything so of course they suffered. If an Indian got mad or excited he did not care what he did. If we gave one a chicken we just pointed it out in the bunch and he shot it with an arrow. Once my brother wanted a pretty whip that one of them had and gave him a dog and a pair of shoes for it. (A dog the Indians would kill at once and eat.) The Indian said my brother could have the whip, but that first he wanted to carry it with him on his visit and that he would leave it on his return. My brother did not feel that he could make any objection, but he did not expect to see the whip again. On the return, however, the Indian brought it.

"I grew up a very strong girl. I did all sorts of work, even to breaking prairie, which is hard work for a man. Once I was ploughing with the girl that my brother married. I was managing the oxen while she held the plough. After a time she said that it was too hard work, she could not hold the plough into the soil. So we changed work, but she was not used to the oxen and said *gee* when she should have said *haw* and they broke and ran. After that she held the plough. Another time she wanted to ride the mare. I told her that she did not know how, but she insisted and was thrown and a good deal hurt.

"Two separate times I was bitten by a rattlesnake. There was no doctor and we did what we could. It was a week before I could put my foot to the ground.

"I do not know why my father never taught me to read Bohemian. In the evenings he used to read aloud to us in Bohemian and I knew my English reader almost by heart. But it was not till after my marriage that I taught myself to read Bohemian. It was not difficult, as I could speak it and the spelling is perfectly regular when once you understand the system. After my marriage I was delicate for a time. I suffered from my early overwork and exposure. I had leisure and read much in English and Bohemian.

This, as nearly as I can repeat it, is the story told me by a pleasant-voiced, middle-aged woman in the soft twilight of a recent Fourth of July. Out on the lawn her son was setting off fireworks to amuse an adopted grandchild. Indoors her husband, also a Bohemian, the well-to-do owner of grist mills on the near-by river which had figured in her story, was reading his paper. Everything spoke of peace and plenty. I thought of the attractive, well-built town, with its churches, country court, "opera house" and pretty Bohemian cemetery and wondered what it must feel like to have seen such changes and to have been oneself so active an instrument in bringing about the development from prairie wilderness to tamed and civilized settlement.

The Vesper Hour*

By Chancellor John H. Vincent.

WHEN the old pastor came he at once captured the heart of the new. He won at once. The writer of these lines sees him now as he saw him then—fifty-five years ago. He was a Saxon with fair complexion, light hair, blue eyes and a voice, ah that voice! He that once heard it could ever forget its depth and strength and sweetness and a certain quality of authority in it that made one remember Him of whom it was said, "And he spake with authority." Henry Hurd was a thinker. He had read widely. And he had spent some time with Dr. Jackson of Glen Haven Water Cure where he had been initiated into a school of thought the entire creed of which he did not accept but certain emphases of which exerted a great influence over him: The relation of the material to the spiritual, the harmony between them, the religion of physical health, the symbolism of nature, the revelation of spiritual verities in all material things, reality of law in spiritual life—law like the laws of matter in the realm material, God's ways in the spirit of man, like his ways in the body and in the wide fields of the physical universe. God is immanent; not yonder only, but yonder and here; and His ways are uniform and trustworthy, as are His ways in the outer and physical world. And to Hurd the words "God is love" meant all that the words could mean of divine care and sympathy and patience and unremitting, unfailing affection. God is a mother with all that mother can mean. God is a Father-Mother and a Mother-Father. No figure of human speech can adequately convey to the human soul all that God is of sympathy and compassion. And with all this, God is absolutely holy. As holy he regards sin with infinite loathing and the sinner with unmeasured and im-

*The Vesper Hour, contributed to THE CHAUTAUQUAN each month by Chancellor Vincent, continues the ministries of Chautauqua's Vesper Service throughout the year.

measurable compassion. And the problem of problems is how to allure the free and responsible souls of men to the choice; in lowly spheres of life we often find men and women of rare ability or possessing a noble and exalted type of character which entitles them to a high place in our esteem as we seek actual illustrations of either genius or virtue. Sometimes the two are in charming fashion blended.

As we devote the Vesper readings of the current season to biographical illustration of great moral and spiritual qualities of character it may be profitable to go back of the libraries and to take from the field of real and every day life at least one name unknown to fame.

In the early life of the writer of these lines there appeared in a country neighborhood in New Jersey a fair faced, tall, graceful, and attractive personality who came to the neighborhood on a visit. He had in former years been a pastor of the little church of which the writer of these lines was at that time in charge. The name of Henry Hurd was on everybody's tongue. Nearly every day some parishioner or some citizen not connected with the church would speak of Henry Hurd. In the official board it was not unusual to quote the habit or opinion or policy of Mr. Hurd. Sometimes it was "Brother Hurd," but usually they spoke of "Henry Hurd." The pastor for the time being of that little country church was bound to hear of his predecessor—his way of doing things, something he had said in the pulpit or in his private conversations. The reputation of this remarkable man made the successor eager to become personally acquainted with him. It was easy to start a correspondence, to extend an invitation and to secure a visit from the man who had stolen the hearts of these earnest country folks. He loved the true, the beautiful and the good. Without lowering the sense of obligation and the peril of persistent resistance Hurd put such emphasis upon both the divine love and the divine holiness that men

forgot personal peril in their longing for conformity to the divine ideal.

Henry Hurd was as insistent upon the care of the body and the observance of physical law as he was of spiritual conformities. He believed in *this* life. He would make earth heaven. He would make every home a type of heaven and so accustom the believer to habits of normal physical, intellectual, social, and spiritual life as to make this present world and this present individual life a real foretaste of the life everlasting.

Henry Hurd passed into the life invisible in the late fifties. His death was a translation. His was on the whole the most beautiful character I ever knew. And next to that of my own mother the most impressive and effective in its confirmation of my faith in the reality of a spiritual world in the very heart of which we are living every day and the richest results of which we lose through lack of a childish faith in the teachings of the Holy Scriptures.

Well will it be for us if we devote ourselves daily to the cultivation of the spiritual life, the life of reverent love for God and fellowship with him, the life of sympathetic love for men and earnest effort for their good.



Gifford Pinchot, Forester of the United States Department of Agriculture.





Professor Albert A. Michelson, Winner of the Nobel Prize for Physics and the Copley Medal.

Professor Albert A. Michelson

Two of the greatest honors that it is possible to confer upon a scientist were recently granted almost simultaneously to Professor Albert A. Michelson, Head of the Department of Physics in the University of Chicago. The first of these, the Copley medal of the Royal Society of England, given Professor Michelson for his study of light, is esteemed by scientists as the greatest prize in the scientific world. It has been granted to but one other American, Professor Simon Newcomb, the famous astronomer.

While Professor Michelson was upon the Atlantic on his way to London the Swedish Academy of Science announced that the Nobel prize for work in Physics had also been awarded Professor Michelson, who found it necessary to continue his journey from London to Christiania to receive this latest honor. The Nobel prize is a cash award of something over \$37,000. President Roosevelt has received the only previous Nobel prize conferred on an American, the peace award for his work as mediator in the late Russo-Japanese war.

Professor Michelson is regarded by scientists as the foremost investigator in the problem of light. In his study of this branch of physical science Professor Michelson has invented a number of marvellous scientific instruments which are of great value in measuring and recording light waves. By means of his inventions Professor Michelson was enabled to measure exactly the wave length of light, a discovery which is of the utmost value in the science of physics. Other of his work of almost equal importance has been the analysis of lines in the metallic spectra.

Professor Michelson was born in Strelno, Germany, in 1852, and early came to the United States. He was educated in San Francisco and at the United States Naval Academy. He later studied in various foreign universities. He resigned from the navy in 1881, and has held chairs of

Gifford Pinchot

physics in Case Scientific School, Clark University, and since 1892, the University of Chicago. He is a member of many scientific societies and has received many honorary degrees and other academic distinctions.

Gifford Pinchot

THE severity of the impending timber famine which seriously threatens the United States as a result of a century of misuse of our immense forests will be mitigated by the work of one man, Gifford Pinchot, Chief of the Forest Service of the United States. Mr. Pinchot is the first man in this country to devote himself entirely to the scientific study of forestry. To this end he has investigated the forestry methods of various European countries and has established for our government a forestry department which seeks to place the preservation of our timber resources on a scientific and common-sense basis.

The immense losses due annually to floods are traceable entirely to a shortsighted policy of stripping the watersheds of the forests which absorb the rains and regulate the water flow of rivers. Without these vast natural reservoirs the spring rains flow at once into the rivers and cause dangerous and costly floods such as that suffered by Pittsburg last spring. It becomes necessary, therefore, that the government devote itself to the protection of the forests which have not yet been destroyed and to the creation of others at vital points. Under the expert guidance of Mr. Pinchot backed by the power of President Roosevelt this policy has for some years been pursued despite the shortsighted and selfish opposition of various Senators and Congressmen. Many of the Western forests have become national reserves, thus conserving water supplies for irrigation purposes. In the East some replanting has been done, the first steps in a work which must require much greater attention in the near future.

The Forestry Service organized by Mr. Pinchot is yet in its infancy for Congress grants the needed money with a niggardly hand. But the work that has been done is along the right lines and credit for the immense saving to the nation effected with limited resources of men and money must be rightly accorded the present chief of the Forest Service.

The father of Gifford Pinchot, James W. Pinchot, is keenly interested in his son's work and has endowed a School of Forestry at Yale University. Graduates from this school enter the Government service in many instances, thus increasing the small body of adequately trained men whose work is already of vital importance to our national prosperity, both agricultural and commercial.



**Greeting to C. L. S. C. Readers from President
James of the University of Illinois.**

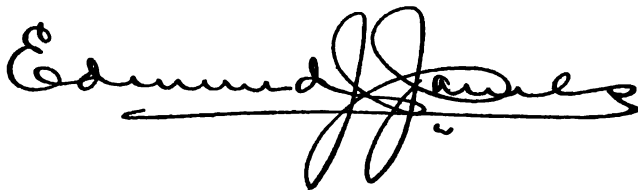
Professor George E. Vincent,
University of Chicago
Chicago, Illinois

My dear Mr. President,

College and university men are coming, I believe, to appreciate the work of such organizations as the Chautauqua Institution, very much in proportion as they look into them carefully and make themselves acquainted in detail with the quality and extent of the work done. All generous and open-minded university men rejoice in every evidence that people who have not had the opportunity to attend the university are interested in what may be called the university point of view and the university way of looking at and considering vital questions in which our society is or ought to be interested.

I have followed the work of Chautauqua ever since it began, and have been greatly impressed with the work it has done. I congratulate you upon what has been accomplished and upon the outlook for the future.

Faithfully yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Edmund James". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the typed name. It features a large, stylized initial "E" and a long, sweeping underline that extends across the width of the signature.



The Purloined Letter

By Edgar Allan Poe.

At Paris, just after dark one gusty evening in the autumn of 18—, I was enjoying the two-fold luxury of meditation and a meerschau, in company with my friend, C. Auguste Dupin, in his little back library, or book closet, *au troisième*, No. 33, Rue Dunôt, Faubourg St. Germain. For one hour at least we had maintained a profound silence; while each, to any casual observer, might have seemed intently and exclusively occupied with the curling eddies of smoke that oppressed the atmosphere of the chamber. For myself, however, I was mentally discussing certain topics which had formed matter for conversation between us at an earlier period of the evening; I mean the affair of the Rue Morgue, and the mystery attending the murder of Marie Roget. I looked upon it, therefore, as something of a coincidence, when the door of our apartment was thrown open and admitted our old acquaintance, Monsieur G—, the Prefect of the Parisian police.

We gave him a hearty welcome; for there was nearly half as much of the entertaining as of the contemptible about the man, and we had not seen him for several years. We had seen sitting in the dark, and Dupin now arose for the purpose of lighting a lamp, but sat down again, without doing so, upon G.'s saying that he had called to consult us, or rather to ask the opinion of my friend, about some official business which had occasioned a great deal of trouble.

"If it is any point requiring reflection," observed Dupin, as he forbore to enkindle the wick, "we shall examine it to better purpose in the dark."

"That is another of your odd notions," said the Prefect, who had a fashion of calling everything "Odd" that was beyond his comprehension, and thus lived amid an absolute legion of "Oddities."

"Very true," said Dupin, as he supplied his visitor with a pipe, and rolled towards him a comfortable chair.

"And what is the difficulty now?" I asked. "Nothing more in the assassination way, I hope?"

"Oh, no; nothing of that nature. The fact is, the business is very simple indeed, and I make no doubt that we can manage it sufficiently well ourselves: but then I thought Dupin would like to hear the details of it because it is so excessively *odd*."

"Simple and odd," said Dupin.

"Why, yes; and not exactly that either. The fact is, we have all been a good deal puzzled because the affair is so simple, and yet baffles us altogether."

"Perhaps it is the very simplicity of the thing which puts you at fault," said my friend.

"What nonsense you *do* talk!" replied the Prefect, laughing heartily.

"Perhaps the mystery is a little too plain," said Dupin.

"Oh, good heavens! whoever heard of such an idea?"

"A little too self-evident."

"Ha! ha! ha-ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho!" roared our visitor, profoundly amused, "oh Dupin, you will be the death of me yet!"

"And what, after all, is the matter on hand?" I asked.

"Why, I will tell you," replied the Prefect, as he gave a long steady and contemplative puff, and settled himself in his chair. "I will tell you in a few words; but before I begin, let me caution you that this is an affair demanding the greatest secrecy, and that I should most probably lose the position I now hold, were it known that I confided it to anyone."

"Proceed," said I.

"Or not," said Dupin.

"Well, then; I have received personal information, from a very high quarter, that a certain document of the last importance has been purloined from the royal apartments. The individual who purloined it is known; this beyond a doubt; he was seen to take it. It is known, also, that it still remains in his possession."

"How is this known?" asked Dupin.

"It is clearly inferred," replied the Prefect, "from the nature of the document, and from the non-appearance of certain results which would at once arise from its passing out of the robber's possession;—that is to say, from his employing it as he must design in the end to employ it."

"Be a little more explicit," I said.

"Well, I may venture so far as to say that the paper gives its holder a certain power in a certain quarter where such power is immensely valuable." The Prefect was fond of the cant of diplomacy.

"Still I do not quite understand," said Dupin.

"No? Well; the disclosure of the document to a third person, who shall be nameless, would bring in question the honor of a personage of most exalted station; and this fact gives the holder of the document an ascendancy over the illustrious personage whose honor and peace are so jeopardized."

"But this ascendancy," I interposed, "would depend upon the robber's knowledge of the loser's knowledge of the robber. Who would dare—"

"The thief," said G., "is the Minister D—, who dares all things, those unbecoming as well as those becoming a man. The method of the theft was not less ingenious than bold. The document in question—a letter to be frank—had been received by the personage robbed while alone in the royal *boudoir*. During its perusal she was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of the other exalted personage from whom especially it was her wish to conceal it. After a hurried and vain endeavor to thrust it in a drawer, she was forced to place it, open as it was, upon a table. The address, however, was uppermost, and, the contents thus unexposed, the letter escaped notice. At this juncture enters the Minister

D——. His lynx eye immediately perceives the paper, recognizes the handwriting of the address, observes the confusion of the personage addressed, and fathoms her secret. After some business transactions, hurried through in his ordinary manner, he produces a letter somewhat similar to the one in question, opens it, pretends to read it, and then places it in close juxtaposition to the other. Again he converses, for some fifteen minutes, upon the public affairs. At length, in taking leave, he takes also from the table the letter to which he had no claim. Its rightful owner saw, but, of course, dared not call attention to the act, in the presence of the third personage who stood at her elbow. The Minister decamped, leaving his own letter—one of no importance—upon the table."

"Here, then," said Dupin to me, "you have precisely what you demand to make the ascendancy complete—the robber's knowledge of the loser's knowledge of the robber."

"Yes," replied the Prefect, "and the power thus attained has, for some months past, been wielded, for political purposes, to a very dangerous extent. The personage robbed is more thoroughly convinced every day, of the necessity of reclaiming her letter. But this, of course, cannot be done openly. In fine, driven to despair, she has committed the matter to me."

"Than whom," said Dupin, amid a perfect whirlwind of smoke, "no more sagacious agent could, I suppose, be desired, or even imagined."

"You flatter me," replied the Prefect; "but it is possible that some such opinion may have been entertained."

"It is clear," said I, "as you observe, that the letter is still in the possession of the Minister; since it is this possession, and not any employment of the letter, which bestows the power. With the employment the power departs."

"True," said G.; "and upon this conviction I proceeded. My first care was to make thorough search of the Minister's hotel; and here my chief embarrassment lay in the necessity of searching without his knowledge. Beyond all things I have been warned of the danger which would result from giving him reason to suspect our design."

"But," said I, "you are quite *au fait* in these investigations. The Persian police have done this thing often before."

"Oh, yes; and for this reason I did not despair. The habits of the Minister gave me, too, a great advantage. He is frequently absent from home all night. His servants are by no means numerous. They sleep at a distance from their master's apartment, and, being chiefly Neapolitans, are readily made drunk. I have keys, as you know, with which I can open any chamber or cabinet in Paris. For three months a night has not passed, during the greater part of which I have not been engaged, personally, in ransacking the D—— Hotel. My honor is interested, and, to mention a greater secret, the reward is enormous. So I did not abandon the search until I had become fully satisfied that the thief is a more astute man than myself. I fancy that I have investigated every nook and corner of the premises in which it is possible that the paper can be concealed."

"But is it not possible," I suggested, "that although the latter may be in possession of the Minister, as it unquestionably is, he

may have concealed it elsewhere than upon his own premises?"

"This is barely possible," said Dupin. "The present peculiar condition of affairs at Court, and especially of those intrigues in which D— is known to be involved, would render the instant availability to the document—its susceptibility of being produced at a moment's notice—a point of nearly equal importance with its possession."

"Its susceptibility of being produced?" said I.

"That is to say, of being *destroyed*," said Dupin.

"True," I observed; "the paper is clearly then upon the premises. As for its being upon the person of the Minister, we may consider that as out of the question."

"Entirely," said the Prefect. "He has been twice waylaid, as if by footpads, and his person rigorously searched under my own inspection."

"You might have spared yourself this trouble," said Dupin. "D—, I presume, is not altogether a fool, and, if not, must have anticipated these waylayings, as a matter of course."

"Not *altogether* a fool," said G., "but then he's a poet, which I take to be only one remove from a fool."

"True," said Dupin, after a long and thoughtful whiff from his meerschaum, "although I have been guilty of certain doggerel myself."

"Suppose you detail," said I, "the particulars of your search."

"Why the fact is, we took our time, and we searched *everywhere*. I have had long experience in these affairs. I took the entire building, room by room; devoting the nights of a whole week to each. We examined first, the furniture of each apartment. We opened every possible drawer; and I suppose you know that to a properly trained police agent, such a thing as a *secret* drawer is impossible. Any man is a dolt who permits a 'secret' drawer to escape him in a search of this kind. The thing is *so* plain. There is a certain amount of bulk—of space—to be accounted for in every cabinet. Then we have accurate rules. The fiftieth part of a line could not escape us. After the cabinets we took the chairs. The cushions we probed with the long fine needles you have seen me employ. From the tables we removed the tops."

"Why so?"

"Sometimes the top of the table, or other similarly arranged piece of furniture, is removed by the person wishing to conceal an article; then the leg is excavated, the article deposited within the cavity, and the top replaced. The bottoms and tops of bed posts are employed in the same way."

"But could not the cavity be detected by sounding?" I asked.

"By no means, if, when the article is deposited, a sufficient wadding of cotton be placed around it. Besides, in our case, we were obliged to proceed without noise."

"But you could not have removed—you could not have taken to pieces all articles of furniture in which it would have been possible to make a deposit in the manner you mention. A letter may be compressed into a thin spiral roll, not differing much in shape or bulk from a large knitting needle, and in this form it might be inserted into the rung of a chair, for example. You did not take to pieces all the chairs?"

"Certainly not; but we did better—we examined the rungs of every chair in the hotel, and, indeed, the jointings of every description of furniture, by the aid of a most powerful microscope. Had there been any traces of recent disturbance, we should not have failed to detect it instantly. A single grain of gimlet-dust, for example, would have been as obvious as an apple. Any disorder in the glueing—any unusual gaping in the joints—would have sufficed to insure detection."

"I presume you looked to the mirrors between the boards and the plates, and you probed the beds and the bed clothes, as well as the curtains and carpets."

"That of course; and when we had absolutely completed every particle of the furniture in this way, then we examined the house itself. We divided its entire surface into compartments, which we numbered, so that none might be missed; then we scrutinized each individual square inch throughout the premises, including the two houses immediately adjoining, with the microscope, as before."

"The two house adjoining?" I exclaimed; "you must have had a great deal of trouble."

"We had; but the reward offered is prodigious."

"You include the grounds about the houses?"

"All the grounds are paved with brick. They gave us comparatively little trouble. We examined the moss between the bricks, and found it undisturbed."

"You looked among D——'s papers, of course, and into the books of the library?"

"Certainly; we opened every package and parcel; we not only opened every book, but we turned over every leaf in each volume, not contenting ourselves with a mere shake, according to the fashion of some of our police officers. We also measured the thickness of every book-cover, with the most accurate measurement, and applied to each the most jealous scrutiny of the microscope. Had any of the bindings been recently meddled with, it would have been utterly impossible that the fact should have escaped observation. Some five or six volumes, just from the hands of the binder, we carefully probed longitudinally, with the needles."

"You explored the floors beneath the carpets?"

"Beyond doubt. We removed every carpet, and examined the boards with the microscope."

"And the paper on the walls?"

"Yes."

"You looked into the cellars?"

"We did."

"Then," I said, "you have been making a miscalculation, and the letter is *not* upon the premises as you suppose."

"I fear you are right there," said the Prefect. "And now, Dupin, what would you advise me to do?"

"To make a thorough re-search of the premises."

"That is absolutely needless," replied G. "I am not more sure that I breathe than I am that the letter is not at the hotel."

"I have no better advice to give you," said Dupin. "You have, of course an accurate description of the letter?"

"Oh yes!" And here the Prefect, producing a memorandum-book, proceeded to read aloud a minute account of the internal

and especially of the external appearance of the missing document. Soon after finishing the perusal of this description, he took his departure, more entirely depressed in spirits than I had ever known the good gentleman before.

In about a month afterwards he paid us another visit, and found us occupied very nearly as before. He took a pipe and a chair and entered into some ordinary conversation. At length I said:

"Well, but G., what of the purloined letter? I presume you have at last made up your mind that there is no such thing as over-reaching the Minister?"

"Confound him, say I—yes; I made the re-examination, however, as Dupin suggested—but it was all labor lost, as I knew it would be."

"How much was the reward offered, did you say," asked Dupin.

"Why, a very great deal—a very liberal reward—I don't like to say how much, precisely; but one thing I will say, that I wouldn't mind giving my individual cheque for fifty thousand francs to anyone who could obtain me that letter. The fact is, it is becoming of more and more importance every day; and the reward has been lately doubled. If it were trebled, however, I could do no more than I have done."

"Why, yes," said Dupin, drawlingly, between the whiffs of his meerschauum, "I really think, G., you have not exerted yourself to the utmost in the matter. You might do a little more, I think, eh?"

"How?—in what way?"

"Why—puff,—puff—you might—puff, puff—employ counsel in the matter, eh?—puff, puff, puff. Do you remember the story they tell of Abernethy?"

"No; hang Abernethy!"

"To be sure! hang him and welcome. But once upon a time a certain rich miser conceived the design of sponging upon this Abernethy for a medical opinion. Getting up, for this purpose, an ordinary conversation in a private company, he insinuated his case to the physician, as that of an imaginary individual.

"We will suppose," said the miser, 'that his symptoms are such and such; now, doctor, what would you have directed him to take?'

"Take!" said Abernethy, 'why take advice, to be sure.'"

"But," said the Prefect, a little discomposed, "I am *perfectly* willing to take advice, and to pay for it. I would *really* give fifty thousand francs to anyone who would aid me in the matter."

"In that case," replied Dupin, opening a drawer, and producing a cheque-book, "you may as well fill me up a cheque for the amount mentioned. When you have signed it, I will hand you the letter."

I was astounded. The Prefect appeared absolutely thunder-stricken. For some minutes he remained speechless and motionless, looking incredulously at my friend with open mouth, and eyes that seemed starting from their sockets; then, apparently recovering himself in some measure, he seized a pen, and after several pauses and vacant stares, finally filled up and signed a cheque for fifty thousand francs, and handed it across the table to Dupin. The latter examined it carefully and deposited it in his pocketbook; then,

unlocking an *escritoire*, took thence a letter and gave it to the Prefect. This functionary grasped it in a perfect agony of joy, opened it with a trembling hand, cast a rapid glance at its contents, and then, scrambling and struggling to the door, rushed at length unceremoniously from the room and from the house, without having uttered a syllable since Dupin had requested him to fill up the cheque.

When he had gone, my friend entered into some explanations.

"The Parisian police," he said "are exceedingly able in their way. They are persevering, ingenious, cunning, and thoroughly versed in the knowledge which their duties seem chiefly to demand. Thus, when G. detailed to us his mode of searching the premises at the Hotel D—, I felt entire confidence in his having made a satisfactory investigation—so far as his labors extended."

"So far as his labors extended?" said I.

"Yes," said Dupin. "The measures adopted were not only the best of their kind, but carried out to absolute perfection. Had the letter been deposited within the range of their search, these fellows would, beyond a question, have found it."

I merely laughed—but he seemed quite serious in all that he said.

"The measures, then," he continued, "were good in their kind, and well executed; their defect lay in their being inapplicable to the case, and to the man. A certain set of highly ingenious resources are, with the Prefect, a sort of Procrustean bed, to which he forcibly adapts his designs. But he perpetually errs by being too deep or too shallow for the matter in hand; and many a school boy is a better reasoner than he. I knew one about eight years of age, whose success at guessing in the game of 'even and odd' attracted universal admiration. The game is simple, and is played with marbles. One player holds in his hand a number of these toys, and demands of another whether that number is even or odd. If the guess is right, the guesser wins one; if wrong, he loses one. The boy to whom I allude won all the marbles of the school. Of course he had some principle of guessing; and this lay in mere observation and admeasurement of the astuteness of his opponents. For example, an arrant simpleton is his opponent, and holding up his closed hand, asks, 'Are they even or odd?' Our schoolboy replies, 'Odd' and loses; but upon the second trial he wins for he then says to himself, 'The simpleton had them even upon his first trial, and his amount of skill is just sufficient to have them odd upon the second; I will therefore guess odd;' he guesses odd, and wins. Now, with a simpleton a degree above the first, he would have reasoned thus: 'This fellow finds that in the first instance I guessed odd, and, in the second, he will propose to himself, upon the first impulse, a simple variation from even to odd, as did the first simpleton; but then a second thought will suggest that this is too simple a variation, and finally he will decide upon putting it even as before. I will therefore guess 'even'—he guesses even, and wins. Now this mode of reasoning in the schoolboy, whom his fellows termed 'lucky,'—what, in its last analysis, is it?"

"It is merely," I said, "an identification of the reasoner's intellect with that of his opponent."

"It is," said Dupin; "and upon inquiring of the boy by what

means he effected the thorough identification in which his success consisted, I received answer as follows: 'When I wish to find out how wise, or how stupid, or how good or how wicked is anyone, or what are his thoughts at the moment, I fashion the expression of my face as accurately as possible, in accordance with the expression of his, and then wait to see what thoughts or sentiments arise in my mind or heart, as if to match or correspond with the expression.' This response of the schoolboy lies at the bottom of all the spurious profundity which has been attributed to Rochefoucault, to La Bougive, to Machiavelli, and to Campanella."

"And the identification," I said, "of the reasoner's intellect with that of his opponent, depends, if I understand you aright, upon the accuracy with which the opponent's intellect is admeasured."

"For its practical value depends upon this," replied Dupin. "And the Prefect and his cohort fail so frequently, first, by default of his identification, and, secondly, by ill-admeasurement, or rather through non-admeasurement of the intellect with which they are engaged. They consider only their own ideas of ingenuity; and, in searching for anything hidden, advert only to the modes in which they would have hidden it. They are right in this much—that their own ingenuity is a faithful representative of that of the mass: but when the cunning of the individual felon is diverse in character from their own, the felon foils them, of course. This always happens when it is above their own, and very usually when it is below. They have no variation of principle in their investigations; at best, when urged by some unusual emergency—by some extraordinary reward—they extend or exaggerate their old modes of practice, without touching their principles. What, for example, in this case of D—, has been done to vary the principle of action? what is all this boring and probing and sounding, and scrutinizing with the microscope, and dividing the surface of the building into registered square inches—what is it all but an exaggeration of the application of the one principle or set of principles of search, which are based upon the one set of notions regarding human ingenuity, to which the Prefect, in the long routine of his duty, has been accustomed? Do you not see that he has taken it for granted that all men proceed to conceal a letter,—not exactly in a gimlet hole bored in a chair leg—but, at least, in some out-of-the-way hole or corner suggested by the same tenor of thought which would urge a man to secrete a letter in a gimlet hole bored in a chair-leg? And do you not see also that such *recherchés* nooks for concealment are adapted only for ordinary occasions, and would be adopted only by ordinary intellects; for, in all cases of concealment, a disposal of the article concealed—a disposal of it in this *recherche* manner,—is, in the very first instance, presumable and presumed; and thus its discovery depends, not at all upon the acumen, but altogether upon the mere care, patience, and determination of the seekers; and where the case is of importance—or, what amounts to the same thing in the political eyes, when the reward is of magnitude,—the qualities in question have never been known to fail. You will now understand what I meant in suggesting that, had the purloined letter been hidden anywhere within the limits of the Prefect's examination in other words, had the principle of its concealment been comprehended within the principles of the Prefect—its discovery would have been a matter altogether beyond question. This functionary,

however, has been thoroughly mystified; and the remote source of his defeat lies in the supposition that the Minister is a fool, because he has acquired renown as a poet. All fools are poets; this the Prefect feels; and he is merely guilty of a *non distributio medii* in thence inferring that all poets are fools."

"But is this really a poet?" I asked. "There are two brothers, I know; and both have attained reputation in letters. The Minister, I believe, has written learnedly on the Differential Calculus. He is a mathematician and no poet."

"You are mistaken; I know him well; he is both. As poet and mathematician he would reason well; as mere mathematician, he could not have reasoned at all, and thus would have been at the mercy of the Prefect."

"You surprise me," I said, "by these opinions which have been contradicted by the voice of the world. You do not mean to set at naught the well-digested idea of centuries. The mathematical reason has long been regarded as the reason *par excellence*."

"*Il y a à parier,*" replied Dupin, quoting from Chamfort, "*que toute idée publique, toute convention recue, est une sottise, car elle a convenue au plus grand nombre.*" The mathematicians, I grant you, have done their best to promulgate the popular error to which you allude, and which is none the less an error for its promulgation as truth. With an art worthy of a better cause, for example, they have insinuated the term 'analysis' into application to algebra. The French are the originators of this particular deception; but if a term is of any importance—if words derive any value from applicability—then 'analysis' conveys 'algebra' about as much as, in Latin, 'ambitus' implies 'ambition,' 'religio' religion, or 'homines honesti,' a set of honorable men."

"You have a quarrel on hand, I see," said I, "with some of the algebraists of Paris; but proceed."

"I dispute the availability, and thus the value, of that reason which is cultivated in any especial form other than the abstractly logical. I dispute, in particular, the reason educed by mathematical study. The mathematics are the science of form and quantity; mathematical reasoning is merely logic applied to observation upon form and quantity. The great error lies in supposing that even the truths of what is called pure algebra, are abstract or general truths. And this error is so egregious that I am confounded at the universality with which it has been received. Mathematical axioms are not axioms of general truth. What is true of relation—of form and quantity—is often grossly false in regard to morals, for example. In this latter science it is very usually untrue that the aggregated parts are equal to the whole. In chemistry also, the axiom fails. In the consideration of motives it fails; for two motives, each of a given value, have not, necessarily, a value when united, equal to the sum of their values apart. There are numerous other mathematical truths which are only truths within the limits of relation. But the mathematician argues, from his finite truths through habit, as if they were of an absolutely general applicability—as the world indeed imagines them to be. Bryant, in his very learned 'Mythology,' mentions an analagous source of error, when he says that 'although the Pagan fables are not believed, yet we forget ourselves continually and make inference from them as existing reali-

ties.' With the algebraists, however, who are Pagans themselves, the 'Pagan fables' are believed, and the inferences are made, not so much through lapse of memory, as through an unaccountable addling of the brains. In short, I never yet encountered the mere mathematician who could be trusted out of equal roots, or one who did not clandestinely hold it as a point of his faith that x^2 plus px was absolutely and unconditionally equal to q . Say one of these gentlemen, by way of experiment, if you please, that you believe occasions may occur where x^2 plus px is not altogether equal to q , and having made him understand what you mean, get out of his reach as speedily as convenient, for, beyond doubt, he will endeavor to knock you down.

"I mean to say," continued Dupin, while I merely laughed at his last observations, "that if the Minister had been no more than a mathematician, the Prefect would have been under no necessity of giving me this cheque. I knew him, however, as both a mathematician and poet, and my measures were adapted to this capacity, with reference to the circumstances by which he was surrounded. I knew him as a courtier, too, and as a bold intrigant. Such a man, I considered, could not fail to be aware of the ordinary political modes of action. He could not have failed to anticipate—and events have proved that he did not fail to anticipate—the waylayings to which he was subjected. He must have foreseen, I reflected, the secret investigations of his premises. His frequent absences from home at night, which were hailed by the Prefect as certain aids to his success, I regarded as only ruses, to afford opportunity for thorough search to the police, and thus the sooner to impress them with the conviction to which G., in fact, did finally arrive—the conviction that the letter was not upon the premises. I felt also, that the whole train of thought, which I was at some pains in detailing to you just now, concerning the invariable principle of political action in searches for articles concealed—I felt that this whole train of thought would necessarily pass through the mind of the Minister. It would imperatively lead him to despise all the ordinary nooks of concealment. He could not, I reflected, be so weak as not to see that the most intricate and remote recess of his hotel would be as open as his commonest closets to the eyes, to the probes, to the gimlets, and to the microscopes of the Prefect. I saw, in fine, that he would be driven, as a matter of course, to simplicity, if not deliberately induced to it as a matter of choice. You will remember, perhaps, how desperately the Prefect laughed when I suggested, upon our first interview, that it was just possible this mystery troubled him so much on account of its being so very self-evident."

"Yes," I said, "I remember his merriment well. I really thought he would have fallen into convulsions."

"The material world," continued Dupin, "abounds with very strict analogies to the immaterial; and thus some color of truth has been given to the rhetorical dogma, that metaphor, or simile, may be made to strengthen an argument, as well as to embellish a description. The principle of the *vis inertiae*, for example, seems to be identical in physics and metaphysics. It is not more true in the former, that a large body is with more difficulty set in motion than a smaller one, and that its subsequent momentum is commen-

surate with this difficulty, than it is, in the latter, that intellects of the vaster capacity, while more forcible, more constant, and more eventful in their movements than those of inferior grade, are yet the less readily moved, and more embarrassed and full of hesitation in the first few steps of their progress. Again, have you ever noticed which of the street signs over the shop doors are the most attractive of attention?"

"I have never given the matter a thought," I said.

"There is a game of puzzles," he resumed, "which is played upon a map. One party playing requires another to find a given word—the name of town, river, state or empire—any word, in short, upon the motley and perplexed surface of the chart. A novice in the game generally seeks to embarrass his opponents by giving them the most minutely lettered names; but the adept selects such words as stretch, in large characters, from one end of the chart to the other. These, like the over-largely lettered signs and placards of the street, escape observation by dint of being excessively obvious; and here the physical oversight is precisely analagous with the moral inapprehension by which the intellect suffers to pass unnoticed those considerations which are too obtrusively and too palpably self-evident. But this is a point, it appears, somewhat above or beneath the understanding of the Prefect. He never once thought it probable, or possible, that the Minister had deposited the letter immediately beneath the nose of the whole world, by way of best preventing any portion of that world from perceiving it.

"But the more I reflected upon the daring, dashing, and discriminating ingenuity of D—; upon the fact that the document must always have been at hand, if he intended to use it to good purpose; and upon the decisive evidence, obtained by the Prefect, that it was not hidden within the limits of that dignitary's ordinary search—the more satisfied I became that, to conceal this letter, the Minister had resorted to the comprehensive and sagacious expedient of not attempting to conceal it at all.

"Full of these ideas, I prepared myself a pair of green spectacles, and called, one fine morning, quite by accident, at the Ministerial hotel. I found D— at home, yawning, lounging, and dawdling, as usual, and pretending to be in the last extremity of ennui. He is, perhaps, the most really energetic human being now alive—but that is only when nobody sees him.

"To be even with him, I complained of my weak eyes, and lamented the necessity of the spectacles, under cover of which I cautiously and thoroughly surveyed the whole apartment, while seemingly intent only upon the conversation of my host.

"I paid especial attention to a large writing table near which he sat, and upon which lay confusedly, some miscellaneous letters and other papers, with one or two musical instruments and a few books. Here, however, after a very long and deliberate scrutiny, I saw nothing to excite particular suspicion.

"At length my eyes, in going the circuit of the room, fell upon a trumpery filigree card-rack of pastboard, that hung dangling by a dirty blue ribbon, from a little brass knob just beneath the middle of the mantle-piece. In this rack, which had three or four compartments, were five or six visiting cards and a single letter. This last was much soiled and crumpled. It was torn nearly in two,

across the middle, as if a design, in the first instance, to tear it entirely up as worthless, and had been altered, or stayed, in the second. It had a large black seal, bearing the D— cipher very conspicuously, and was addressed, in a diminutive female hand, to D—, the Minister himself. It was thrust carelessly, and even, as it seemed, contemptuously, into one of the uppermost divisions of the rack.

"No sooner had I glanced at this letter, than I concluded it to be that of which I was in search. To be sure, it was, to all appearance, radically different from the one of which the Prefect had read us so minute a description. Here the seal was large and black, with the D— cipher; there it was small and red, with the ducal arms of the S— family. Here, the address to the Minister, was diminutive and feminine; there the superscription, to a certain royal personage, was markedly bold and decided; the size alone formed a point of correspondence. But, then, the radicalness of these differences, which was excessive; the dirt; the soiled and torn condition of the paper, was so inconsistent with the true methodical habits of D—, and so suggestive of a design to delude the beholder into an idea of the worthlessness of the document; these things, together with the hyper-obtrusive situation of this document, full in the view of every visitor, and thus exactly in accordance with the conclusions to which I had previously arrived; these things, I say, were strongly corroborative of suspicion, in one who came with the intention to suspect.

"I protracted my visit as long as possible, and, while I maintained a most animated discussion with the Minister, upon a topic which I knew well had never failed to interest and excite him, I kept my attention really riveted upon the letter. In this examination, I committed to memory its external appearance and arrangement in the rack; and also fell, at length, upon a discovery, which set at rest whatever trivial doubt I might have entertained. In scrutinizing the edges of the paper I observed them to be more chafed than seemed necessary. They presented the broken appearance which is manifested when a stiff paper, having been once folded and pressed with a folder, is refolded in a reversed direction, in the same creases or edges which had formed the original fold. This discovery was sufficient. It was clear to me that the letter had been turned, as a glove, inside out, re-directed and re-sealed. I bade the Minister good morning and took my departure at once, leaving a gold snuff-box upon the table.

"The next morning I called for the snuff-box, when we resumed, quite eagerly, the conversation of the preceding day. While thus engaged, however, a loud report, as of a pistol, was heard immediately beneath the windows of the hotel, and was succeeded by a series of fearful screams, and the shoutings of a terrible mob. D— rushed to a casement, threw it open, and looked out. In the meantime, I stepped to the card rack, took the letter, put it in my pocket, and replaced it by a *fac-simile* (so far as regards externals,) which I had carefully prepared at my lodgings—imitating the D— cypher, very readily, by means of a seal formed of bread.

"The disturbance in the street had been occasioned by the frantic behavior of a man with a musket. He had fired it among a crowd of women and children. It proved, however, to have been

without ball, and the fellow was suffered to go his way as a lunatic or a drunkard. When he had gone, D—— came from the window, whither I had followed him immediately upon securing the object in view. Soon afterwards, I bade him farewell. The pretended lunatic was a man in my own pay."

"But what purpose had you," I asked, "in replacing the letter by a *fac-simile*? Would it not have been better, at the first visit, to have seized it openly and departed?"

"D——," replied Dupin, "is a desperate man, and a man of nerve. His hotel, too, is not without attendants devoted to his interests. Had I made the wild attempt you suggest, I might never have left the Ministerial presence alive. The good people of Paris might have heard of me no more. But I had an object apart from these considerations. You know my political prepossessions. In this matter, I act as a partisan of the lady concerned. For eighteen months the Minister has had her in his power. She has now him in hers—since, being unaware that the letter is not in his possession, he will proceed with his exactions as if it was. Thus will he inevitably commit himself at once, to his political destruction. His downfall, too, will not be more precipitate than awkward. It is all very well to talk about the *facilis descensus Avernus*; but in all kinds of climbing, as Catalani said of singing, it is far more easy to get up than to come down. In the present instance I have no sympathy—at least no pity—for him who descends. He is that *monstrum horrendum*, an unprincipled man of genius. I confess, however, that I should like very well to know the precise character of his thoughts, when, being defied by her whom the Prefect terms 'a certain personage,' he is reduced to opening the letter which I left for him in the card-rack."

"How? Did you put anything particular in it?"

"Why—it did not seem altogether right to leave the interior blank—that would have been insulting. D——, at Vienna once, did me an evil turn, which I told him, quite good-humoredly that I should remember. So, as I knew he would feel some curiosity in regard to the identity of the person who had outwitted him, I thought it a pity not to give him a clew. He is well acquainted with my MS., and I just copied into the middle of the blank sheet the words—

"*'Un dessein si funeste,*

S'il n'est d'Atree, est digne de Thyeste.'

"They are to be found in 'Crébillon's *Atree*.'"



OFFICERS OF CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE
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SOME SUGGESTIONS.

Miss Addams' "Newer Ideals of Peace" touches upon a vast number of things which have a direct bearing upon our common life but concerning which many of us are ill informed. Program committees may suggest certain lines of investigation to individuals or groups which will prove valuable. For instance, if there are arts and crafts shops in your town, make inquiries and the chances are that you will learn of various skilled handicraft workers of different nationalities who are furnishing the material for these shops. Near some of our large cities attempts are being made to utilize the talents of foreigners by establishing industrial villages on a small scale. See what you can find out about these.

The George Junior Republic in New York and the Allendale Farm in Illinois are striking examples of efforts to train boys to useful manhood. There are probably other similar projects being worked out. See if there is anything in your part of the country.

Talk with some of the best public school people that you know about the new theories of education alluded to by Miss Addams which are making "industrial construction and evolution a natural basis for all future acquisitions of

knowledge." Get some one to give the circle a short address upon this subject if possible. The Elementary School of the University of Chicago and the Teachers' College of New York City have had wide influence in promoting these methods of education.

1908'S CLASS POEM.

In accordance with Dr. Schmucker's suggestion in his letter to the Class last summer at Chautauqua the decision as to a class poem was referred to a committee. After careful consideration "Ulysses" has been selected as the most fitting of Tennyson's poems to express the spirit of 1908, especially as the Class Motto is taken from the closing line of the poem. Dr. Van Dyke says of this and certain other poems of Tennyson's that they embody not what is exceptional and rare, but that which is most deeply human and typical. Ulysses is more than the intellectual adventurer. He is the man strong in will who hopes to do "ere yet the end some work of noble note," possessed by an unconquerable optimism that even reaches out into the dim future, that hazy hopeless future of the far back classic times,

"It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles
And see the great Achilles whom we knew."

Doubtless many members of the class who have good memories for verse will enjoy familiarizing themselves with "Ulysses" so thoroughly that next summer at Recognition Day exercises at the assemblies, they may be able to repeat it quite independently of the printed page. The poem will be given in full in the March Round Table.

A PUZZLING "MEMORANDA" QUESTION.

The ardor with which Chautauqua readers plunge into their self imposed duties is pleasantly illustrated by the zeal with which an occasional doubtful question on the yearly "Memoranda" is discussed. Question 24 on the Brief Memoranda seems to be open to some criticism as

it has been challenged by more than one reader. The question was intended to refer to the following countries: England, Ireland, Italy, Germany, and Austro-Hungary. This fable seems to teach that clearness of expression is an essential quality of one who would fill the role of pedagogue.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM CHINA.

A second representative from the China Inland Mission reports for the Class 1908. It has not been given to many members of the class to go through such stormy experiences as have fallen to these Chautauquans on the other side of the world. The best wishes and sympathies of their classmates will be with them. The letter is dated China Inland Mission, Kiukiang, October 17, 1907.

"I am very much interested in the reading of the Chautauquans. My work has been principally itinerating until the spring of this year when I was called away to help in the Famine District so my reading had to be done in dirty Chinese inns after the day's work. On wet days pleasant reading often takes your mind off your unpleasant surroundings, as well as being very instructive. When at home I generally give a part of the day, say a little time after dinner, to the readings.

"I should have been glad to send you a few photographs of our district but unfortunately they are at my station in Kanchow and about a fortnight ago a riot took place in that city and our house and all our property was destroyed, so my photographs and books are all gone. We feel the loss of books. I am very sorry to have lost the back numbers of CHAUTAUQUANS and books of the first three years. I am sending you a photo or two of the relief work in the famine district in Kiangsu where I was working for three months this spring.

"My wife and I are waiting here until the unrest is over in Kanchow. Then we hope to return.

"With kind regards, I am

Yours sincerely,

WALTER S. TYLER."

AN ERROR.

A misprint in question No. 7 of the "Brief Memoranda" should be noted. The date referred to should read 1906 instead of 1896.



W. E. Tyler, O. Burgess, R. A. McCulloch and Relief Party of Chinese Officials and Gentry.



The Surroundings of a Chautauqua Reader in the Bermudas.



A Bermuda Chautauquan's daily View.



Filling in Swamps. Mission House in Background.



One of the Homes frequently visited by the Poet Tom Moore when
in the Admiral's Office in Bermuda.



Miss Reid with Chinese Helpers weighing Flour from America.



John Burroughs as photographed
by one of the "Outlook" Circle.



Members of the "Outlook" Circle
of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., at "Slab
Sides."



Dutch Reformed Church at Witziesshoek, Orange River Colony,
South Africa. One of the Centers of C. L. S. C. Influence.

ACTIVITIES OF '96.

The members of the Class of '96 held in very high esteem their genial and devoted president, Mr. John A. Seaton, who died suddenly the year before the class celebrated its decennial. A number of "The Progressives" are interested in securing their tablet for the Hall of Philosophy and they feel that the speedy securing of the funds will be a mark of respect to Mr. Seaton's memory since he always succeeded in inspiring the Class with enthusiasm for all its undertakings. Letters are to be sent out to a large number of members of the class but as there may be some unavoidable omissions, those who see this paragraph need wait for no further encouragement but can drop a line to the treasurer, Miss Emily E. Birchard, 28 Penrose Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio. The tablets cost one hundred dollars and it is understood that the class already sees its way clear to fully one-third of the amount so that many gifts, large and small, will insure the placing of 1896's tablet next summer.



C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

*"We study the Word and the Works of God."
 "Let us Keep Our Heavenly Father in the Midst."
 "Never be Discouraged."*



OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING FOR MARCH.

FIRST WEEK: FEBRUARY 25—MARCH 3.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "As Others See Us." Chapter 12: "Our Monopoly of Wit."

In the Required Book: "Newer Ideals of Peace." Chapter II: "Militarism in City Government."

SECOND WEEK: MARCH 3-10.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "As Others See Us." Chapter 13: "Our Greatest Critic."

In the Required Book: "Newer Ideals of Peace." Chapter III: "Failure to Utilize Immigrants."

THIRD WEEK: MARCH 10-17.

In the Required Book: "Newer Ideals of Peace." Chapter IV: "Militarism and Industrial Legislation."

FOURTH WEEK: MARCH 17-24.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "American Painting."

In the Required Book: "Newer Ideals of Peace." Chapter V: "Group Morality in the Labor Movement."

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLES.

FIRST WEEK.

1. Discussion of Chapter II in "Newer Ideals of Peace."
2. Reading: "The New Ellis Island" by A. H. Gleason. *Charities*, 19:910. October, 1907 (see also article by Robert Watchorn, the Commissioner of Ellis Island in *The Outlook*, 84:608-10, November 10, 1906, and *Outlook*, December 28, 1907.)
3. Review with careful analysis of "Our Monopoly of Wit" in "As Others See Us."
4. Roll Call: A typical bit of humor from each of the following Americans with a brief analysis of what constitutes the humor. Is it of the sort that could be appreciated in another country: Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, B. P. Shillaber, Bret Harte, Lowell, Holmes, Howells, Saxe, Peter Dunne, and E. W. Townsend.
5. Paper: The Humor of "Alice in Wonderland." Have we any American "Classic" to compare with it?
6. Oral Reports: The Humor of Sydney Smith, Thomas Hood, and Charles Lamb.
7. Selection from "The Mission of Humor" by Samdel McChord Crothers in his volume entitled "The Gentle Reader."

SECOND WEEK.

1. Oral Reports: Chicago's Juvenile Court Building. (See *Charities*, 17:542-6, December 22, '06, and any other available articles.) Probation Work and the Settlement. (See *Charities*, 18:298-300, June 8, 1907, and other articles.) The Doukhobors. (See references to their experiences in Canada in magazine articles several years ago.)
2. Roll Call: Reports on different nationalities in this country with special reference to their artistic possibilities. Assign one nationality to each member. Many magazine articles are likely to be found which will throw light on the subject. (See suggestions in Round Table regarding arts and crafts shops.)
3. Reading: Selection from Kipling's "McAndrews' Hymn." (See volume "The Seven Seas.") If Morris Rosenfeld's "Poems of the Sweat Shop" can be secured one or two of these might be read. They are most pathetic but show the conditions which can produce such writing.
4. Brief address by some elementary school principal on the new industrial methods developed in many of our advanced schools.
5. Discussion, apropos of pages 86-91 in Miss Addams' book, of the question "In what respects do you think the state could enlarge its activities to the manifest good of the community?" Let every member enumerate as many such activities as possible. How far could these be developed in your own town? The discussion will probably bring out some interesting objections. Two scribes should be appointed—one to note suggestions and the other objections.

THIRD WEEK.

1. Brief Papers: On Mr. Bryce and his Work; a Sketch of His Career; and Character Study.

2. Brief Book Reviews: Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire;" his "American Commonwealth."
3. Review of article in "As Others See Us"—"Our Greatest Critic."
4. Roll Call: Quotations from addresses by Mr. Bryce. (A great number of magazine articles have appeared upon Mr. Bryce and his work. The *Review of Reviews* for February, 1907, contains an article of some length with portrait.)
5. Review of Chapter IV in "Newer Ideals of Peace."
6. Reading: From article on Edison in this magazine or from article by Miss Balch entitled "A Bohemian Pioneer in Nebraska."

FOURTH WEEK.

1. Roll Call: Brief reports on various forms of "welfare work" in modern industry. (Under the head of welfare work many magazine references may be found.)
2. Review of article on John Burns in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* for January, 1907.
3. Paper: John Mitchell. (See *The Outlook*, 82:657-62, March 24, '06, and other magazine references.)
4. Debate: Resolved that the Labor Union Movement Should be Discouraged. (Under the head of "Trade Unions" in the Cumulative Index to Periodicals many magazine references will be found, which will help in developing arguments.)
5. Discussion of Article on American Painting with such supplementary pictures as may be available.



REVIEW QUESTIONS ON "AS OTHERS SEE US."

CHAPTER XII: "OUR MONOPOLY OF WIT."

1. What was Captain Hall's estimate of American humor?
2. How was the American at the Oxford dinner compelled to revise his view of English humor?
3. What was Marryat's idea of the nature of American humor?
4. What phrase used by Miss Martineau seems to give the key to the situation?
5. What distinction has been drawn between English and Yankee humor?
6. What were some of the early forms in which American humor expressed itself?
7. What can be said of England's great humorists?
8. In what respects is the extravagance of our humor a defect?
9. What instances are given of the French attitude toward Mr. Dooley and Mark Twain?
10. Illustrate the fact that most Americans are not capable of judging foreign wit and humor.
11. How does the author of "The Land of Contrasts" compare English and American humor?
12. What quality and what value does Professor Münsterberg attach to our humor?
13. What criticisms does Mr. Bryce offer?

CHAPTER XIII: "OUR GREATEST CRITIC."

1. What incidents relating to Mr. Bryce and to Phillips Brooks show their large-minded attitude toward life?
2. How is this same quality illustrated in the case of Sir Charles Lyell?
3. Give instances of critics whose attitude of good will gave them a juster view of their fellow men.
4. Why has Mr. Bryce been peculiarly competent to write such a book as the "American Commonwealth?"
5. What services has this famous book rendered

both to Americans and to foreigners? 6. What strictures does Mr. Bryce make upon us? 7. What is the net judgment of Mr. Bryce in this book? 8. What does our author feel is Bryce's one critical weakness and why? 9. What are some of our greatest evils which have come to the front in recent years? 10. What does Bryce consider is the peculiarity of American public opinion? 11. How does he find that the directive power of the people has been much increased in later years? 12. How does he answer the criticism upon our democratic form of government? 13. In what respects does the character of our education give him confidence?

SEARCH QUESTIONS ON "AS OTHERS SEE US."

1. What works of Sydney Smith have made him famous as a humorist? 2. What claims to distinction have Jerrold and Monckton Milnes? 3. Who was Tartarin? 4. Of what book is Mr. Bryce the author? 5. What connection had he with Mr. Gladstone? 6. Under what circumstances did he visit South Africa? 7. Who is Dr. Albert Shaw?

REVIEW QUESTIONS ON "THE STORY OF AMERICAN PAINTING."

1. What was the condition of landscape painting here in 1828? 2. Who was Thomas Cole? 3. What were the two kinds of Landscapes he painted, and which kind was the more important? 4. What were the characteristics of our early landscape painters? 5. Who brought on a reaction against the teaching of Düsseldorf? 6. Describe the personality of William Morris Hunt. 7. What did he do for American Art? 8. When did the methods and ideas of the modern French painters become known here? 9. Who were the men of the "fifties" and the men of the "seventies"? 10. What did the Centennial Exhibition do for our art? 11. What advance has been made in our landscape painting, and what is the present status of our landscapists? 12. Who were some of our early painters of the sea? 13. What is some of the marine painting being done at present?

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS ON "AS OTHERS SEE US."

1. The attempt of Charles X. to reintroduce an autocracy. 2. A talented Frenchwoman famous for her letters to her married daughter which are of great historical interest as well as literary charm. 1625-96. 3. A French philanthropist. He founded on his estate a model school for the education of poor soldiers' children. Visited the United States 1795-97. 4. John Bull and his Island, Daughters of John Bull. Jonathan and His Continent. 5. A Society endowed by a French philanthropist, Count Chambrun, to collect and distribute free, records and papers connected with the subject of social economics to give assistance to persons wishing to raise the condition of the working classes.



NEWS FROM READERS AND CIRCLES.

At Pendragon's request, delegates had brought to the Round Table such supplementary books and magazine articles as had proved especially timely and pertinent inquiries with frequent use of note books showed the eagerness with which they were gathering ideas from each other's experience.

"Let me call your particular attention," said Pendragon, "to this most important book by Dr. E. A. Steiner, 'On the Trail of the Immigrant.' The pictures it presents are such as to give us not only confidence in the Americans of the future, but despair also, at the cruelty and greed displayed in our country toward the ignorant stranger. The wide distribution of foreigners is strikingly illustrated by letters from our Circles, scarcely one of which comes from a locality, whether hamlet or city, where new Americans are not to be found. There is, however, one novel exception in Windsor, Illinois, a little community of one thousand people with no foreign and no negro element in the population. You'll be interested to note that though they are thus deprived of the opportunity to help work out one of our country's most weighty problems, they propose to get into sympathy with their neighbors by inviting one of the Chicago settlement workers to give them a talk on industrial conditions in that city."

"Our little town of Coudersport, Pennsylvania," commented a delegate, "is saved from being in the same situation as Windsor by our Italian contingent who work in the tannery. As I teach the tannery school, I can realize the steady, though very slow influence of school ideals upon the homes. We have twenty-five members in the Circle—Coudersport has for many years been a Chautauqua town."

"The Italian has found us out also," remarked a public school principal from Clyde, New York. "We have about eight hundred of them. A good deal of farm produce is shipped from this region and we have some manufacturing. 'Races and Immigrants' has stimulated a studious spirit among our twenty-five members. We use the questions in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* and have certain members ready also to speak on specific topics assigned them. I am myself very enthusiastic over the Chautauqua reading and put a great deal of time on it with profit and pleasure to myself."

The delegate from Freeport, New York, explained the comparatively small number of immigrants in that town by its purely suburban character, not far from New York, near the ocean, and much of a summer resort, as well as a winter residence community. "We have a fine Circle," she said, "and have studied Mr. Commons' book with great care, though we haven't as yet done much in looking up our foreign population. You may be interested to know that 'trout flies' and other bait are manufactured here, more 'flies' than in any other place in the world. Some two hundred girls are engaged in this work."

"Here is quite the opposite condition," returned Pendragon as he looked through some recent letters. In Moosup, Connecticut, where the Circle is just a year old, named 'Bestor,' by the way, for their Class President, they report that the town is a manufacturing one and composed mostly of foreigners. They have a great chance to gather statistics and incidents that would be very profitable. News from the Circle at San Antonio, Texas, indicates a very wide-awake set of men and women, who have been clearing up their ideas on the 'referendum' and studying the immigrant. This excellent newspaper report shows that they are keeping the work of the Circle before the community.

"You'll be interested in these foreign photographs," continued Pendragon. "Three of them as you will note are from China and the accompanying letter from our fellow Chautauquan has the plucky ring characteristic of the missionary who goes into his work for better or for worse. This view of a plain wooden church has just come from the Orange River Colony in South Africa, Witzieshoek, which is one of the pivotal points of the Dutch Chautauqua Reading Circle in that country." "I see," he continued, "that one of our delegates, Miss Cox, has some photographs to add to the collection."

"Strictly speaking," said Miss Cox, "I suppose I am a foreigner since I come from Bermuda, but as I've spent a summer at Chautauqua you ought not to find it difficult to assimilate me when I come again as I hope to in 1909. I have read the course thus far amid the lovely surroundings shown in these photographs. Our home overlooks the Atlantic and this is the first view that greets me every morning. Since I finished the reading for my English Year I have found some very interesting reading forming a kind of link between that and the American Year—Dickens' 'American Notes' and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's 'Reminiscences.' At the end of the English Year I could read Birrell's 'Obiter Dicta,' with added zest and I followed it up with Carlyle's 'Sartor Resartus.' I am well started now on the American Year. It is delightful and I mean to see what I can find in our library about your early artist Feké who died in Bermuda. I was also much interested in the sketch of Bishop Berkeley's life. I think it very enterprising of the colored people here to name their best hall of learning 'The Berkeley Institute.' I enjoyed Professor Schmucker on Audubon and note with interest that he leads 1908 through the Golden Gate. I trust 1909 too may reflect credit upon its Alma Mater."

"May I add two more photographs to the collection?" The speaker was a member of the Outlook Circle of Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

"They are not foreign," he said. "I took them myself last summer. You will all recognize one of them at least, Mr. John Burroughs at Slab Sides. The other shows a little group of our members who paid him a visit last summer on Memorial Day. A member of our circle, Miss Arnold, is a personal friend of Mr. Burroughs and through her we enjoyed this privilege. I suggest that you ask our delegate, Miss Ethel Lewis, to tell you of the second trip of the Outlook Circle to Slab Sides on election day and of the subsequent visit of Mr. Burroughs to Mt. Vernon." The members of the Round Table promptly seconded Mr. LePage's suggestion and Miss Lewis acquiesced, humorously warning the audience that her tale might prove as long as one of Scheherazade's:

"There were twenty-three of us," she said, "and of course we should not have ventured to invade Mr. Burroughs' retreat but for the friendly introduction of one of our members. It was election day and the men of our company having left their votes behind them ere they started, our Chautauqua convictions of duty were satisfied and we abandoned ourselves with glee to the charms of the journey up the banks of the Hudson. At Hyde Park, Mr. Julian Burroughs met us with a yacht and our lovely river never seemed more enchanting than it did then. A path straight up through the woods brought us to the famous naturalist's picturesque cabin and Mr. Burroughs himself met us at the door. He cheerfully answered all our curious questions about the house and his share in the great chimney, the front door and many other details. Then as we gathered about the wood fire he told us stories of his days in the woods with President Roosevelt which made us quite eager to see his new book, 'Camping and Tramping with Roosevelt.' At our host's suggestion we disposed ourselves in the many comfortable corners available, while we had our picnic luncheon, Rover, the dog, expressing his approval of us and our viands with becoming frankness. After visiting Mr. Burroughs' famous celery garden we scrambled up under his direction to Julian Rock where we had a superb view, our guide who quietly assured us that he was 'seventy-years young,' naturally proving to be the best climber of us all. Back to Slab Sides and then to Mr. Burroughs' village home for a glimpse of his study, and the first chapter of this pleasant experience was over.

"We couldn't hope to give him in return a fraction of the pleasure that we had enjoyed in our Slab Sides visit, but we did our best two weeks later to make him feel the heartiness of our welcome. We invited the Edelweiss and Williamsbridge Circles and as the most fitting subject that we could think of arranged a

program on Walt Whitman. Mr. Burroughs could not come at the beginning of the meeting so we had two preliminary papers upon the poet which put us in a Whitmanesque mood, and when our guest arrived we gave him the Chautauqua salute and installed him in a big arm chair near the fire place. Then he talked in his informal and alluring fashion which fascinated us all. He told of his life-long friendship with Mr. Whitman, of the poet's habits and his friends, of his hours of generous, heroic service in the hospitals during the war at which time he contracted the disease which ultimately caused his death. You can imagine that we are all prepared to look upon Whitman's life and work from a new point of view after Mr. Burroughs' introduction." The delegate lingered a moment as the applause subsided. "Perhaps you'll give me a few minutes more," she continued, "to show you some of the everyday workings of our circle, for we have capital times and the immigration question has proved a tremendously live subject. One of our members, a teacher, gave us a remarkably interesting paper on 'What our Public Schools are doing for Our Foreign Born Children.' The paper was based on her own experience in one primary grade in one school in one small city, but it was typical and very enlightening to us. Then we had an account of Mr. Watchorn's work on Ellis Island and at that same meeting an able address by Mr. Benjamin C. Marsh of the Committee on Congestion of Population in New York City on 'Some Methods of Assimilating Immigrants.' He assured us that the smaller communities had a chance to serve their country in no slight degree by helping to devise methods for coming into more helpful relations with our immigrants. Then I must tell you briefly of our debate in December on 'Resolved, That it would be an advantage to the United States for Congress to amend the immigration laws, with a provision for the exclusion of illiterates of sixteen years or over.' Two members were appointed to debate on each side and a large number of arguments were brought forward. This is not the place to repeat them but if any of you have debated this subject you'll realize what a good one it is. The judges decided in favor of the negative, though oddly enough an informal vote taken on the merits of the question itself was in favor of the amendment of the law."

"The Outlook Circle is to be congratulated," said Pendragon in closing "upon its use of its opportunities to connect literature and life. Few of our circles can have the privilege of friendly intercourse with distinguished authors, but there are many ways of applying our reading in daily life. Use your town as a laboratory."

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INDEX

TO

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VOLUME 50

March-May 1908

- American Painting, The Story of (See Painting).
- As Others See Us (See United States, A Century of Foreign Criticism on).
- BALLOU WILLIAM HOSEA. Edward Drinker Cope, 100.
- Barton, Clara, 138.
- BROOKS, JOHN GRAHAM. A Philosopher as Mediator, 27; A Socialist Critic, 42; Signs of Progress, 176; (concluded), 342.
- C. L. S. C. Readers, Greetings to, from College Presidents: President Welch of Ohio Wesleyan, 141; President Craighead of Tulane University, 299.
- C. L. S. C. Round Table: A Dutch Chautauqua in Africa, 143; Dr. H. R. Palmer, 147; Death of Chautauqua's Treasurer, 148; Tennyson's Ulysses, 149; Programs, 150; News from Readers and Circles, 154; Outline of American Literature, 158; International Peace Day, 301; Indications of Progress, 302; Nobel Peace Prize for 1907, 302; Other Recipients of the Nobel Peace Prize, 303; The Coming Modern European Year in the C. L. S. C., 303; Class of 1908, 303; C. L. S. C. in the Far East, 305; Greeting from the President of 1911, 306; Programs, 309; News from Readers and Circles, 313; Tennyson Class, 440; Notice to Class of 1908, 441; Chautauqua in Korea, 441; Review of American Painting, 442; To the Class of 1898, 442; Programs, 445; Questions, 446; News from Readers and Circles, 447; Reference Outline of American Painting, 456.
- Burbank, Luther, 407.
- Child Labor and Vagrancy, 516.
- Cope, Edward Drinker, 100.
- DAVIS, PHILIP. Child Labor and Vagrancy, 516.
- DURLAND, KELLOGG. Immigrants on the Land: I. Italian Colonists, 89; II. Jewish Farmers, 248.
- FISKE, CHARLES HENRY. Modern Portrait Painting, 56.
- Fiske, John, 266.
- GRABO, CARL H. The Poetry of William Vaughn Moody, 274.
- Highways and Byways: The Presidential Candidates, 3; Labor Safety and Interstate Commerce, 5; Postal Savings Banks and Guaranteed Deposits, 6; Business and Finance after the Panic, 8; Hull House and Modern Charity, 10; Cuban Self-Government in 1909, 19; The March of Manhood Suffrage, 21; Counter Revolution in Russia, 22; Note and Comment, 24; Recent Supreme Court Labor Decisions, 163; Congress and the Reform Movement, 165; Our Treaties of Arbitration, 167; Municipal Government by Commission, 168; Tyranny and Assassination in Portugal, 170; Party Politics and Social Reform in England, 171; The Taft and Hughes Candidacies, 173; Note and Comment, 175; The Independence Party, 323; Foreshadowing Party Issues, 325; Labor, the Law, and the Courts, 327; Esperanto Congress at Chautauqua, 329; The New Michigan

- Constitution, 333; State Rights and Federal Power, 335; Prohibition and Interstate Commerce, 336; Woman's Labor and the State, 338; Note and Comment, 340.
- How Connecticut Got Her Woman Factory Inspector, 425.
- Howe, Julia Ward, 120.
- Immigrants on the Land: I. Italian Colonists, 89; II. Jewish Farmers, 248.
- INGRAHAM, HENRY. A Recent Development in American Music, 126. Italian Colonists (See Immigrants).
- James, William, 403.
- Jewish Farmers, 248.
- Library Shelf: Edmund Clarence Stedman, 132; Cooper as a Critic of His Countrymen, 134; William Vaughn Moody's "Gloucester Moors," 287; Whistler vs. Ruskin, 289; Some Nature Poetry, 433; Peace Literature, 436.
- MacDowell, Edward Alexander, 296.
- Moody, The Poetry of William Vaughn, 274.
- Music, A Recent Development in American, 126.
- Painting, The Story of American: VI. Modern Portrait Painting, 56; VII. Contemporary Figure Painting, 201; VIII. Contemporary Mural Painting, 229; IX. Contemporary Landscape Painting, 369.
- PERRY, THOMAS F. John Fiske, 266.
- Philosopher As Mediator, A (Hugo Münsterberg), 27.
- PORTER, DELIA LYMAN. How Connecticut Got Her Woman Factory Inspector, 425.
- Scientists, Some Great American: VII. Edward Drinker Cope, 100; VIII. John Fiske, 266; IX. Luther Burbank, 407.
- SERVISS, GARRETT P. Luther Burbank, 407.
- Signs of Progress, 176.
- Socialist Critic, A (H. G. Wells), 42.
- St. Gaudens, Augustus, 430.
- Talk About Books, 317, 462.
- United States, A Century of Foreign Criticism on: XIV. A Philosopher as Mediator, 27; XV. A Social Critic, 42; XVI. Signs of Progress, 176; (concluded), 342.
- Vesper Hour, The, 118, 284.
- VINCENT, CHANCELLOR JOHN H. The Vesper Hour, 118, 284.
- ZUG, GEORGE BREED. Contemporary Figure Painting, 201; Contemporary Mural Painting, 229; Contemporary Landscape Painting, 369.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Painting, American: "Autumn Gold," H. H. Breckenridge, 59; "Low Tide," C. T. Chapman, 60; "A Squally Day," C. T. Chapman, 61; "An Evening in May," D. Tryon, 62; "Bringing Home the Cattle," T. Moran, 63; Portrait of Edward Robinson, J. S. Sargent, 64; Dorothy and Her Sister, W. M. Chase, 65; "Lady in Gray," J. A. M. Whistler, 66; Portrait of Professor Leslie Miller, Thomas Eakins, 67; Portrait of Lady, F. W. Benson, 68; Portrait of Artist's Wife, A. Q. Collins, 69; Carmencita, J. S. Sargent, 70; Walt Whitman, J. W. Alexander, 71; Portrait of Mrs. and Miss Wiles, I. R. Wiles, 72; "The Gilt Shawl," Louis Loeb, 73; "Young Woman in Black," R. Henri, 74; "Portrait of Lady in Black," W. M. Chase, 75; Mrs. Carl Meyer and Children, J. S. Sargent, 76; Portrait of Cyrus W. Field, D. Huntington, 77; "Lady in Black," J. S.

Mowbray, 78; "Portrait," Seymour Thomas, 79; Portrait of Artist's Mother, J. A. M. Whistler, 80; Apotheosis of Pittsburg, J. W. Alexander, 162; "The Questioner of the Sphinx," Elihu Vedder, 205; "Mercy's Dream," Daniel Huntington, 206; Illustration for Omar Khayyám, Elihu Vedder, 207; "A Quartette," William T. Dannat, 208; The Ameya, R. T. Blum, 209; "Temple of the Winds," Louis Loeb, 210; "The Last Voyage," E. L. Weeks, 211; "In the Garden," G. De F. Brush, 212; "Caritas," Abbott Thayer, 213; "Mother and Child," G. De F. Brush, 214; "The Seer," Sargent Kendall, 215; "Aurora," Will H. Low, 216; "A Cozy Corner," F. D. Millet, 217; "The Copper-smith," E. M. Ward, 218; "The Caress," Mary Cassatt, 219; Allegro," F. B. Williams, 220; "El Jaleo," J. S. Sargent, 221; "Across the Common," C. S. Pearce, 222; Prophets, J. S. Sargent, 231; "The Ascension," J. La Farge, 232; "Halt of the Wise Men," J. La Farge, 233; "Religion," C. S. Pearce, 234; "Melpomene," E. Simmons, 235; "Sources of Mississippi," E. H. Blashfield, 236; "Uses of Wealth," E. H. Blashfield, 237; "Oral Tradition," J. W. Alexander, 238; "Printing Press," J. W. Alexander, 239; "Isabella and the Pot of Basil," J. W. Alexander, 240; "Autumn Oaks," G. Inness, 377; "Twilight," C. H. Davis, 378; "Glimpse of the Sea," A. H. Wyant, 379; "Wood Interior," H. W. Ranger, 380; "Docks at Noank," H. W. Ranger, 381; "New England Farm in Winter," D. W. Tryon, 382; "Moonlight on the Lagoons," A. Fournier, 383; "Church Nocturne—Old Lyme," 384; "Lorelei," C. Hassam, 385; "Midwinter Thaw," W. E. Schofield, 386; "Winter in Picardy," W. E. Schofield, 387; "Center Bridge," E. W. Redfield, 388; "Fallen Tree," E. W. Redfield, 389; "Blue Gale," P. Dougherty, 390; "The Cleft," P. Dougherty, 391; "Mid-Winter," W. L. Metcalf, 392; "Haunted House," C. F. Browne, 397; "November," C. F. Browne, 398; "Oaks in Autumn," C. F. Browne, 399; Stewart Castle, C. F. Browne, 400.

United States in the Light of Foreign Criticism (As Others See Us): Development of the Steamship, pp. 187, 188, 189, 193, 199. Railroad Scene in 1842, 190; First Locomotive on Mohawk Valley Railroad, 198; Backwoodsmen, 346; Stage Coach Days, 348; Erie Canal in the old days, 349; Flat-Boat on Mississippi, 350; Old New York Tombs, 352; Philadelphia Bastille, 353; Emmigrants Attacked by Comanches, 357; Prairie Fire, 357; Detroit in 1815, 363; San Francisco in 1848, 363; Washington in 1830, 364.

Whistler, head of, 299; painting, "The Falling Rocket," 291.

PORTRAITS.

Barton, Clara, 139.
 Burbank, Luther, 406.
 Fiske, John, 269.
 Howe, Mrs. Julia Ward, 121.
 James, William, 405.
 MacDowell, Edmund, 18, 297.
 Meredith, George, 18.
 Palmer, Dr. H. R., 147.
 Privat, M. Edmond, 331.
 Smith, Charles Emory, 18.
 St. Gaudens, Augustus, 322.
 Stedman Edmund Clarence, 2.
 Walworth, Warren F., 148.
 Zamenhof, Dr. L., 331.

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CHAUTAUQUAN

**Hugo Munsterberg: A Philosopher
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H. G. Wells: A Socialist Critic

Modern Portrait Painting

**Edward Drinker Cope: A Great
American Scientist**

**A Recent Development in American
Music**

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe

THE CHAUTAUQUAN

THE MAGAZINE OF SYSTEM IN READING

CONTENTS FOR MARCH, 1908

COVER DESIGN

Edmund Clarence Stedman.....	Frontispiece
Highways and Byways.....	3
Prospective Nominees for the Presidency. Labor, Safety and Interstate Commerce. Postal Savings Banks and Guaranteed Deposits. Business and Finance After the Panic. Hull House and Modern Charity. Cuban Self-Government in 1909. The March of Manhood Suffrage. Counter-Revolution in Russia. Note and Comment.	
As Others See Us	John Graham Brooks 27
XIV. A Philosopher as Mediator. XV. A Socialist Critic.	
American Painting	Charles Henry Fiske 56
VI. Modern Portrait Painting.	
Immigrants on the Land.....	Kellogg Durland 89
I. Italian Colonists.	
Some Great American Scientists.....	William H. Ballou 100
VII. Edward Drinker Cope.	
The Vesper Hour.....	Chancellor John H. Vincent 118
Julia Ward Howe.....	120
A Recent Development in American Music.....	Henry Ingraham 126
Library Shelf	132
Clara Barton.....	138
Greeting from President Welch of Ohio Wesleyan.....	141
C. L. S. C. Round Table.....	Conducted by Kate F. Kimball 142

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The late Edmund Clarence Stedman, poet and financier. (See Library Shelf," page 132.)

THE CHAUTAUQUAN

Vol. 50

MARCH, 1908.

Vol. I.



WHILE there have been no dramatic developments in the national political situation, things have by no means stood still. The campaign for the party nominations for the presidency has scarcely been interrupted by the work of Congress. Each "favorite son" has either gained or lost some ground, and the situation generally is undoubtedly a little clearer.

In the Democratic party the efforts to displace Mr. Bryan have continued, but without any evidence of success. Powerful semi-Democratic and independent organs are still "booming" Governor Johnson of Minnesota and arguing that with him as leader the Democratic party would be almost assured of victory at the polls, for all the Scandinavians, who are believed to be mostly Republicans, would vote for him, as well as tens of thousands of conservative "anti-Roosevelt" men. In the South Mr. Bryan is attacked by radical followers and partisans of Mr. Hearst, the New York editor-politician, and it is constantly reiterated that only apathy and fatalism prevent the organization of a strong opposition to the Bryan candidacy. In the East Mr. Bryan is criticized for his alleged radical and heretical views on railroad ownership, the referendum, the initiative, injunctions, etc. But even his opponents admit that "the rank and file" are in favor of Mr. Bryan's nomination and that the national convention will probably name him on the first ballot.

• In the Republican party the only candidacy that has notably made headway is that of Secretary Taft, who has

delivered a number of important addresses since his return from his Philippine-Japanese-Russian trip. Mr. Taft has discussed the recent panic and the responsibility therefor, the need of continuing the legal and legislative war against corporate dishonesty and graft, the relation between capital and labor, the use and abuse of the injunction, the boycott and violence as weapons of organized labor, and the corresponding blacklist and coercion employed by employers opposed to unions, our duty as a nation to the Filipinos, and other vital topics. He has taken certain attitudes that have been criticised in some quarters; but it is admitted generally that, on the whole, he has strengthened his candidacy by those public appearances and elaborate presentations of his opinions. It may be said, briefly, that he favors continuation of what is essential in the Roosevelt policies; that he would limit the use of the injunction to some extent—requiring notice to the defendant, and defining by statute what may be enjoined; that he sympathizes with the general aims of the labor movement while condemning boycotting, intimidation, and violence in strikes or other disputes; that he would promote conciliation and arbitration and full publicity of differences between employers and employed; that he would grant free trade to the Philippines; that he would have the tariff revised and modernized at the earliest opportunity.

Secretary Taft's leading rival is still Governor Hughes, though there is a feeling in some quarters that, by not pushing his claims and promoting his candidacy, the New York governor has "lost his chance." He is charged with ignoring party workers and refusing to recognize the fact that the duty of a state executive is to lead his party as well as to give the people an honest and efficient administration. He has attended to his duties with distinguished and acknowledged success. If that is not sufficient to make him a strong candidate, then, apparently, he will philosophically accept the situation.

In Ohio Senator Foraker has been active in opposition to Secretary Taft, and it is conceded that he will have some state delegates in the national convention. Outside of Ohio there is as yet no sign of interest in the Foraker candidacy.



Labor, Safety and Interstate Commerce

It is not often that the federal Supreme Court renders a decision so important as that which it recently handed down in the so-called employers' liability cases. It may be compared with such memorable decisions as those of the income tax and "colonial" cases. The court was again divided and subdivided, and several opinions were necessary to give expression to the conflicting views of the justices. This indicates the complexity and the novelty of the questions which the case involved.

By virtue of its power to regulate interstate commerce, Congress, in 1906, passed an employers' liability act, or an act creating new liabilities toward their employes by the common carriers engaged in commerce between any two or more states. The President had strongly urged the principle of the act, and as warmly defended the latter since it became a law. It made employers liable for all damages that might result from the negligence of officers, agents, or fellow-employes, or by reason of any defect or insufficiency, due to negligence, in any engine, machine, appliance, works, etc., of any employer. It also greatly limited in favor of labor the doctrine of contributory negligence, and left all questions of negligence and responsibility to the jury.

The act was regarded at the time as an advanced piece of reform legislation, a sign of the times and integral part of the Roosevelt program. It excited a spirited controversy, but public sentiment undoubtedly approved it as a measure of simple justice to labor.

When cases under it reached the federal district courts, two declared it unconstitutional, while three upheld it. The

courts that declared it invalid did so for these reasons chiefly: that it was not, by its terms, limited to employes actually engaged in interstate commerce but applied to all employes of common carriers doing both local and interstate business, and, further, that the creation or definition of liability, the regulation of the contractual relations between carriers and employers, cannot be properly regarded as "commerce," which alone Congress has the power to regulate.

Some of these cases were appealed, and the Supreme Court, after thorough consideration, annulled the act on the first ground mentioned. That is to say, an analysis of the several opinions seem to indicate that if another act were passed, limited to employes actually engaged in interstate commerce, the majority of the court would sustain it, though some of the justices believe that an accident is not "commerce" and that to fix liability and prescribe rules for the trial of damage and accident suits is not to regulate commerce. Such a bill has already been presented and will probably be passed, so that the court will have an opportunity to deal with the essential question whether the power to regulate commerce includes the power to deal with responsibility for accidents and liability for injuries sustained in the service. The argument in favor of a liberal liability law is that it not only properly compensates the injured workman, or his family, but conduces to the safety of travel, and that since Congress has the power to prescribe mechanical safety devices for the instrumentalities of interstate commerce, it should be held to possess the power to enforce moral safety devices—rules tending to make employes careful, contented, and faithful.



Postal Savings Banks and Guaranteed Deposits

Largely as the result of the recent financial panic, the runs on banks and the extraordinary hoarding of money, Mr. Bryan and others have revived an old suggestion to

this effect—that the government should guarantee all the deposits in the national banks by creating a fund for that purpose, taxing the banks to maintain that fund, and paying all depositors of failed banks in full from the proceeds of that tax. It is argued that since the note-holders are under our banking system fully protected against loss it is but right that the depositors should be similarly protected; that the guaranteeing of deposits would avert runs and panic in the future and thus prove as beneficial to the banks themselves as it would be to the depositors and the customers of such institutions, and that experience shows that very little loss would actually have to be borne by the combined banks, especially as the sounder ones would watch and supervise the less careful ones to prevent loose methods and unsafe investments.

The proposal has aroused great interest. Many business-men and bankers have declared the idea sound and practical, but the generality of the bankers appear to think that it would do more harm than good, in that it would abolish deterrents to loose and imprudent banking practices and weaken the incentives to careful and conservative methods. However, several states are discussing the proposal, and Oklahoma, the newest member of the American union, has already enacted a statute for the compulsory guaranteeing of depositors in state banks. The same act permits national banks to bring themselves under its provisions, with the permission of the federal authorities.

The opponents of the plan think that no private insurance company could afford to undertake the guaranteeing of the deposits in the national banks alone, to say nothing of the state and private banks; but this argument is eagerly seized upon by the other side as one in favor of the idea. If, they say, the danger of losing deposits even in the well-controlled national banks is too great to warrant a commercial insurance company to assume the risk, then it is clear that we have not done our duty toward the depositors and that additional protection is needed by them.

In connection with this discussion it has been pointed out by some neutral editors that, at any rate, both the advocates and critics of the deposit-guaranty plan ought to support the postal savings bank proposal which has been revived by the present Postmaster General, Von Meyer. The depositors who incur the greatest danger of loss are those who intrust their savings to the less known savings banks—institutions that bid for the patronage of poor workmen and factory girls, servants, foreigners, etc. Thousands of poor, struggling persons suffer when one such bank fails, through dishonesty or recklessness or both. Should not, then, it is asked, the government first care for this class of depositors? Moreover, thousands of unskilled workmen are terribly careless with their money because they have no saving facilities at hand. The postal bank would be everywhere; the private savings bank can be established only in communities of certain size and degree of activity. Laborers in camps, on railroads, in isolated mills will not travel miles on pay day to deposit their surplus; they are tempted to spend it in saloons or on luxuries and amusements. When hard times come they are destitute and dependent, whereas, had postal banks existed, they might have accumulated comfortable balances against the proverbial rainy day.

To postal savings banks, which have been a success in many European countries, there are few objections that are not narrow and selfish. The present Congress is not expected to provide for them, but the Postoffice Department will continue to argue in favor of the comparatively simple and absolutely safe scheme of a government savings bank in the interest of the poor and inexperienced.



Business and Finance After the Panic

The last traces of the October-November panic, stringency and business crisis practically disappeared by the middle of January. The New York banks reported a con-

siderable excess over their legal reserve; the premium on currency, even in Wall street, was a thing of the past; all over the country the banks were resuming the payments of lawful money and retiring the extra-legal emergency circulation—certificates, clearing-house checks, etc.; and the country banks were once more sending their surpluses to New York and other financial markets for use in various enterprises, drawing interest thereon. Stock speculation has remained rather dull, but that is an effect which no one regrets. Generally speaking, the financial difficulty has passed into history.

Business, however, is still suffering from the sudden and sharp check given it by the panic. While many factories have reopened their doors and in various lines considerable activity is manifested, it is estimated that from ten to fourteen per cent. of the wageworkers are still unemployed in industrial centers. Special relief measures have had to be adopted in New York, Chicago, Boston and elsewhere in order to prevent starvation and exposure of the destitute among the unemployed, and in some respects the situation sadly reminds social and philanthropic workers of the panic of 1893.

However, business men, with few exceptions, expect the improvement in trade and commerce to be reasonably rapid henceforth. While no "boom" is likely, spring should bring employment to most of those who are now idle. The building trades will revive, railroads will resume construction and improvement work, and the lumber camps will be busy again. There seems to be little reason to fear a really prolonged industrial depression.

As a result of the panic the paramount question before Congress is currency reform. Several bills have been introduced, some "radical," and some "simple" and moderate. The Fowler bill and the bill fathered by the American Bankers' Association provide for the issue of notes against the general assets of the banks under various re-

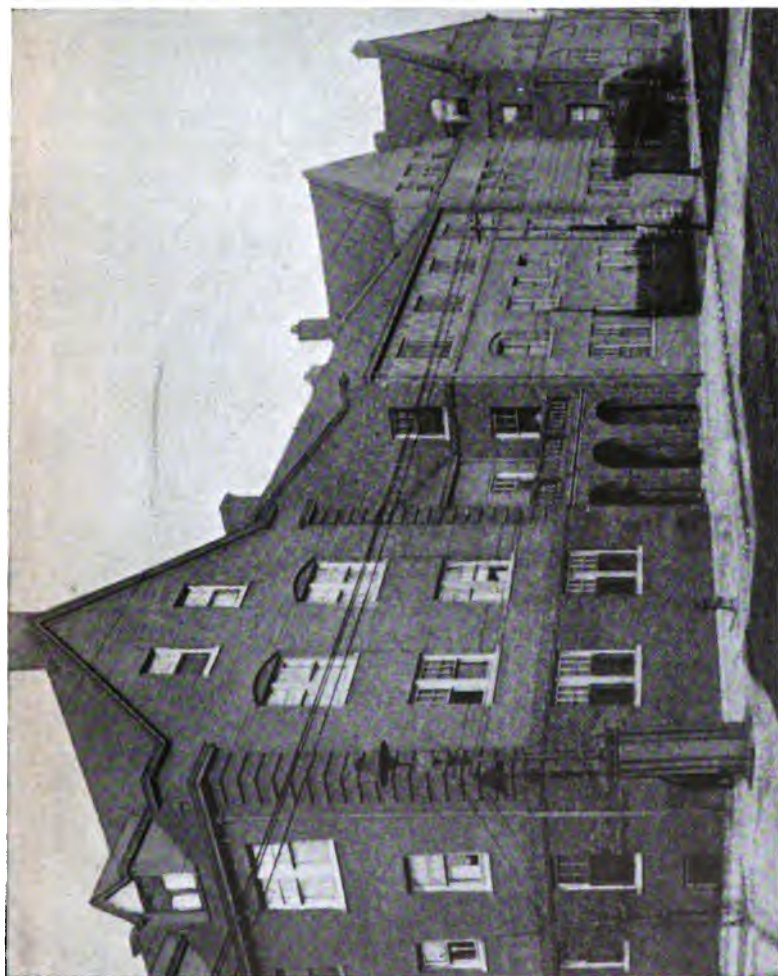
strictions. The latter bill attempts less than that of Congressman Fowler and more than that of Senator Aldrich, which, indeed, is regarded by many as the irreducible minimum of currency reform. The Aldrich bill provides for the issue of emergency bank notes against certain state, municipal and railroad bonds, such notes to be taxed at the rate of six per cent., to insure their prompt retirement. But in the West there is much opposition to this measure, both in principle and on practical grounds. It is declared to be unsound and at the same time wholly in the interest of New York's speculative elements. All agree that Congress ought to enact some currency legislation at this session, to reassure the people and make future panics less likely. But the wide and serious differences of opinion that have already arisen over the question are a formidable obstacle in the way of Congress. However, some compromise is expected that will be reasonably acceptable to all sides.



Hull House and Modern Charity

The Hull House Year-Book, from which we copy a few illustrations, indicates further expansion and increased usefulness of that remarkably successful social settlement. Buildings have been added, the attendance at the various classes has increased, and the activities have grown more various. Other settlements have a like gratifying record of progress to report, and that admirable weekly, *Charities*, now publishes monthly a summary and review of the more interesting features and developments of settlement activity.

But perhaps the most significant fact of the year is the closer understanding between such social settlements as Hull House and the leading charitable associations. At several recent charity conferences experienced workers and public men dwelt on the deepened and broadened conception of charity that prevails today as compared with the



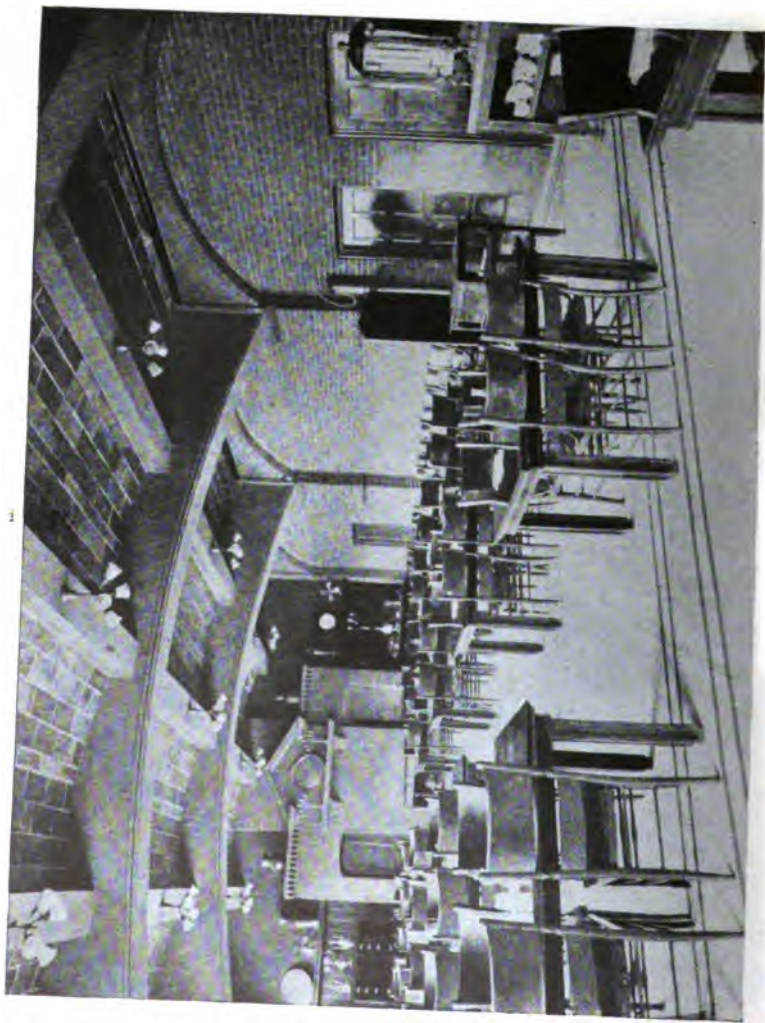
Halsted Street view of Hull-House, looking north.
Apartment House in foreground—Men's Club—Butler Building—Hull-House entrance and
Children's Building.



View of Hull-House Theater—Mural Decorations Illustrating Lives of Tolstoy and Lincoln.



Interior of Bowen Hall, Hull-House.



Hull-House Coffee House.



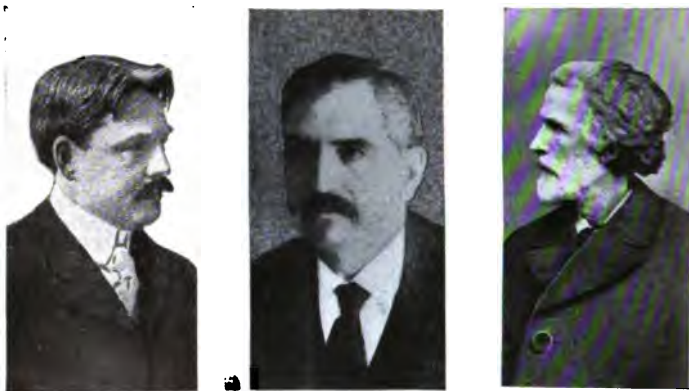
Library of Boys' Club, Hull-House.



End of Kitchen, Hull-House, Showing Primitive Implements.



End of Textile Room, Labor Museum, Hull-House.



The late Edward Macdowell, celebrated American composer. The late Charles Emory Smith, one-time Postmaster General of the United States. George Meredith, famous English Novelist, who recently celebrated his eightieth birthday.



Generous Bill: "Now remember, Hughie, just one little bit off th' end!"

—From *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

original view—the view that charity meant pecuniary aid, free bread and soup, etc. Today the progressive charity organizations take active and earnest interest in the work which Hull House and other settlements were organized to do—the work of social redemption, social prevention, and social education and elevation. They provide useful economic legislation, sanitation and hygiene (individual and social), and the study of poverty as a social disease. They maintain schools for the training of social workers; they coöperate with health boards and tenement-house inspectors; they realize the need of fighting congestion, overwork, underpay, and oppression of women and children employed in factories and shops.

This broader conception is undoubtedly largely due to the educational efforts of the social settlements and their organizers and heads—above all, perhaps, to Miss Jane Addams herself, whose books, lectures and articles expound to tens of thousands the principles which she applies practically, to the utmost possible extent, at Hull House. There is no longer any disposition in settlement circles to sneer at charity; on the other hand, the charity organizations are glad to acknowledge their debt of gratitude to the settlements and to coöperate with them along several lines. To these lines, and to other developments of the settlement idea, we shall advert on future occasions.



Cuban Self-Government in 1909

President Roosevelt has “directed” that the installation of the next government of Cuba, and the turning over of the island to the natives, take place not later than February 1, 1909. This announcement was somewhat unexpected, but only as regards the date. It had been understood that the surrender of the government by the Americans to Cuban officials would occur some time in 1909, but the President’s natural desire to make this event part of the record of his

Highways and Byways

second term led him, it is thought, to fix on a date as early as February 1.

It is the belief of the American authorities in Cuba, and of private observers as well, that it will be entirely safe to surrender control of affairs to a native government at the date named. The island has made great progress since the resignation of Palma, the collapse of the first experiment in self-government, and the second intervention of the United States. Industry and trade have been stimulated, brigandage has been suppressed, the finances of the island put on a sound basis, and political differences have been lifted to a higher plane. There is still much discontent, and there are large interests, chiefly foreign, that would delay indefinitely the American evacuation of the island. There are selfish political schemers, moreover, who are unwilling to bow to majority rule, and Cubans themselves have admitted that with \$3,000 a "revolution" can be started in certain districts of the island. It may be that the retirement of the American forces will again be followed by factional quarrels, disorder, and rebellion. But the fact is that if this danger will be present next year, it will be present the year after, and the year after that. As we stand committed to the policy of surrendering the island to the natives for self-government, and have done or shall have done everything—by a census, by a revision of the electoral and other laws, by repressive measures, to lay the foundation of a stable and orderly native government, the best course is to withdraw at the first reasonable opportunity. The problems of the future must be left to the future.

However, though the annexation of Cuba is desired by fewer and fewer Americans, it is felt generally that if the second Cuban experiment in self-government shall fail, and American intervention shall again be demanded, that intervention may have permanent consequences in the shape of a protectorate or an arrangement for American control of the army and constabulary of Cuba.

Meantime the island will be busy with preparations for municipal, provisional, and general elections. The presidential and congressional elections will be held in December, and an effort will be made to prevent any dishonest voting, on the one hand, and to induce all qualified citizens to participate in the contest, so as to insure full expression of popular sentiment and the election of a government representative of a genuine majority.



The March of Manhood Suffrage

The kingdom of Prussia, the most conservative of the constituents of the German empire, has been the scene of great demonstrations in favor of direct, open, manhood suffrage. The question is very old; even Bismarck, a generation ago, admitted that the Prussian electoral system was the most clumsy, absurd, and reactionary in Europe. But the privileged classes that are benefited politically by its manifest injustice, have so far successfully resisted every movement for reform. The socialists have become powerful as a party, yet they have been unable to send a single deputy to the Prussian chamber of deputies. The workmen have acquired influence and formed strong unions, yet the electoral system practically disfranchises them. The aristocracy and the mercantile and professional classes control the landtag and its legislation, and the government almost invariably obtains what it wishes from a body so constituted.

The Prussian system divides the taxpayers into three classes and gives as much power to the few wealthy taxpayers as it does to the masses of small ones. The landed aristocrats and the middle classes always combine in the electoral colleges and prevent the lower classes from obtaining any representation at all. Moreover, the voting is open, and many workmen and others are restrained by fear from choosing electors who would reflect their sentiments and champion their rights and interests.

Highways and Byways

The present movement for direct manhood suffrage and secret voting in Prussia is more significant than any previous agitation. It is, in fact, assured of a measure of success in advance. For the Prussian government through von Buelow, has announced the intention of proposing, or granting, certain changes in the system. The changes are not to be radical, and the government affects to be utterly indifferent to the demonstrations of the socialists and workmen. But any concession that may be made must of necessity be a change for the better, a step toward a wide and just democratic suffrage. Why the autocratic Prussian government has at last recognized the need of electoral reform is not officially explained. The situation, however, is tolerably clear. In Austria universal suffrage has been granted, and the first results of this reform are of the happiest. Hungary is committed to the same great reform. Russia, in spite of her reactionary and counter-revolutionary tendencies, has joined the countries that are governed by popularly elected assemblies. In Germany herself the imperial government is obliged to depend for its majority in the Reichstag on the liberals and radical groups, and these sympathize with the demand for political reform. The imperial chancellor, it is understood, has distinctly promised electoral reform in Prussia and greater freedom of assembly and association to the combination which has supported him since the last general election. The empire was founded on universal suffrage, and what is safe in imperial politics cannot be unsafe in Prussian affairs.



Counter-Revolution in Russia

In the words of Prof. Milyoukov, member of the douma, leader of the constitutional democratic party, editor and author, Russia has attained a sort of "political equilibrium." The terrorists are still active, but the "revolution" has been suppressed. The government no longer fears serious revolts and uprisings in the army and navy;

pillage and arson in the villages are sporadic instead of almost general, thousands of leaders of workers and peasants are in prison or in Siberia; the censorship has been restored almost everywhere. Finally, the government, by means of its illegal suffrage scheme, has secured a subservient and accommodating douma—a douma that makes no violent speeches or anti-ministerial demonstrations, that introduces no radical bills, and that avoids most of the “unpleasant” subjects.

It will be remembered that during the reign of violence and terror the government iterated and reiterated the cry, “Reform after pacification.” It professed to be in entire sympathy with the liberal and constitutional movement; it admitted the need of far-reaching reforms, political and industrial; it talked of regeneration and elevation for Russia. Only the disorder, the anarchy, the criminal operations of these or those elements stood in the way of sincere coöperation between the court and the liberals. Now that pacification is a fact, the reform promises are forgotten. The ministers have introduced no important bills in the douma, and the moderates, to say nothing of the conservatives and reactionaries, knowing the real feelings of the government, likewise refrain from raising vital and fundamental questions.

Everything, in fact, is practically where it was prior to the stormy events of the revolutionary and war period. Despotism reigns; law and orderly procedure are unknown; the bureaucracy is in full control. The douma exists, but it does not dare undertake anything of moment. It is expected to ratify budgets, indorse foreign-loan proposals, approve such “practical” bills as the ministers offer, and taboo the word “constitution.” Should it fail to do any of these things, it might be dissolved as was each of its two predecessors. It may be long-lived if it modestly accepts an inferior place and attends to routine business.

This is the “equilibrium” Russia has attained. The gov-

Highways and Byways

ernment has undone the work of the revolutionary period and reform remains a dream, an unrealized ideal. The government has so far "liquidated" the revolution that it has tried over fifty social democrats, members of the second douma, for treason on the flimsiest grounds and about one hundred and seventy constitutional democrats, leaders and members of the first douma, for signing and circulating a manifesto advising passive resistance to the autocracy. This spells boldness and confidence. But will not the reactionaries overreach themselves and upset the very unstable equilibrium? Are they not unduly presuming on popular ignorance, fear and division? Will Russia endure autocracy and bureaucracy for another generation?



Note and Comment

Charities for January 4 contains two notable articles: one, the record of an investigation of the recent terrible mining disaster at Monongah, West Virginia; the other, the first installment of a series of articles, "The Effect of Emigration upon Italy." The last is by an Italian-American, Antonio Mangano, who has made recently a tour of investigation through Italy. The immigration problem is two sided. The Italian aspect of the question should not be ignored by American students of the question.



A new artist and a new art are discussed in *The Century Magazine* for February. The artist is an American born of German parents, Edward J. Steichen by name; his art, photography handled in a way which allies it more closely with painting than with the usual mechanical processes of photography. In this newest of the arts Mr. Steichen has achieved some remarkable effects both in portrait and landscape work and his accomplishments have done much to aid photography in its claim to recognition as one of the creative arts. Mr. Steichen is also a painter of note and resorts to photography simply for the reason that by it he secures effects impossible in painting.



Mrs. Julia Ward Howe in her "Reminiscences" tells of a public dinner given to Charles Dickens in New York, when Washington Irving presided: "Upon him devolved the duty of inaugurating the proceedings by an address of welcome to the distinguished guest. People who sat near me whispered, 'He'll break down—he always does.' Mr. Irving rose and uttered a sentence or two. His friends interrupted him by applause, which was intended to encourage him, but which entirely overthrew his self-

possession. He hesitated, stammered, and sat down, saying, 'I cannot go on.' It was an embarrassing and painful moment, but Mr. John Duer, an eminent lawyer, came to his friend's assistance and with suitable remarks proposed the health of Charles Dickens to which Mr. Dickens promptly responded. This he did in his happiest manner, covering Mr. Irving's defeat by a glowing eulogy of his literary merits."



HER FIRST VISIT TO ENGLAND IN THE FORTIES.

"The Rev. Sydney Smith was one of the first to honor our introduction with a call. His reputation as a wit was already world-wide, and he was certainly one of the idols of London society. In appearance he was hardly prepossessing. He was short and squat of figure, with a rubicund countenance redeemed by a pair of twinkling eyes. When we first saw him, my husband was suffering from the result of a trifling accident. Mr. Smith said, 'Dr. Howe, I must send you my gouty crutches.' My husband demurred at this and begged Mr. Smith not to give himself that trouble. He insisted, however, and the crutches were sent. Dr. Howe had really no need of them, and I laughed with him at their disproportion to his height, which would in any case have made it impossible for him to use them. The loan was presently returned with thanks, but scarcely soon enough; for Sydney Smith, who had lost heavily by American investments, published in one of the London papers a letter reflecting severely upon the failure of some of the Western States to pay their debts. The letter concluded with these words: 'And now an American, present at this time in London, has deprived me of my last means of support.' We questioned a little whether the loan had been made for the sake of the pleasantry."—*From Mrs. Howe's "Reminiscences."*



OUR NEW IMMIGRANTS.

Let no one believe that landing on the shores of "The land of the free, and the home of the brave," is a pleasant experience; it is a hard, harsh fact, surrounded by the grinding machinery of the law, which sifts, picks, and chooses; admitting the fit and excluding the weak and helpless.

Much ignorance needs to be dispelled regarding these immigrants. Not long ago, I heard one of the secretaries of a certain home missionary society say, with much unction as he pleaded for money for his work, "We land annually on these shores, a million paupers and criminals." Unfortunately, much of such impression prevails. It was my privilege recently, as a member of the National Conference on Immigration, to be among the guests of the commissioner of the port of New York, and one of the spectacles which we witnessed was the landing of a shipload of immigrants. We stood in the visitors' gallery and looked down upon a hall divided and subdivided by the cold iron railings. Many of the visitors were beginning to hold their noses in anticipation of the stench which would come with these foreigners, and were ready to be shocked by the horrors of the steerage.

Highways and Byways

Slowly the bewildered mass came into view; but strange to relate, those who led the mass appeared like ladies and gentlemen.

The women wore modern, half acre hats a little the worse for wear, but bought in the city of Prague a few months before; and they were more becoming to these young Bohemian women than to the majority of their American sisters.

The men carried band boxes, silk umbrellas and walking canes, the remnants of past glories. They were permitted to come in first because they wore good clothing and passed out quickly into their freedom, the members of our Congress welcoming them heartily by the clapping of hands.

After them came the Slavic women with no finery except their homespun, rough, tough, and clean; carrying upon their backs piles of feather beds and household utensils. Strong limbed men followed them in the picturesque garb of their native villages; Slovaks, Poles, Roumanians, Ruthenians, Italians, and finally, Russian Jews; and lo and behold no smells ascended to our nostrils, and no horrors were disclosed.

Taking a group of delegates down among them, we found that they were wholesome looking people, not devoid of intelligence, and when the barrier between us was broken down by the sound of their native speech, they were communicative, at ease, and very human. The first time I entered New York was at Castle Garden, from the steamer *Fulda*, twenty years ago; and having watched the tide of immigration ever since, I can say that I have never seen, at any time, a shipload of better human beings disembark than those which came from the steamer *Wilhelm II*, on December 7, 1905, and of the many who came on this ship, it is just possible that those who wore neither fashionable hats nor trailing skirts and who were not politely treated,—it is just possible that they may after all, make the best members of this democratic society.

A gentleman from Ohio, a member of the Conference on Immigration, said on the floor, in open debate, and he said it with menacing gesture: "We don't want you to send none of them yellow worms from Southern Europe to our state; we got too many of them now." No doubt the gentleman from Ohio and the delegate from Rhode Island who said: "We don't want no more of them dirty furriners in this grand and glorious country of ours," voiced the common prejudice which rests itself entirely upon its ignorance.

It is true that many criminals come, especially from Italy. Many weak, impoverished and poorly developed creatures come from among Polish and Russian Jews, but they are only the tares in the wheat. The stock as a whole is physically sound; it is crude, common peasant stock, not the dregs of society, but its basis. Its blood is not blue but it is red, welcomingly red, which is more to the purpose. Blue blood we also receive—thin, worn out blood, bought at a high price for the daughters of some of our multi-millionaires; but no one can claim that either they or we have been specially blessed by it.—From "*On the Trail of the Immigrant*," by Edward A. Steiner.



A Century of Foreign Criticism On The United States---A Study of Progress.*

XIV. A Philosopher As Mediator

By John Graham Brooks

TO Professor Hugo Münsterberg we are indebted for two books, one written for our instruction, one for the instruction of Germany. Each country is overburdened with prejudices against the other. To clear the common air of these absurdities; to help each to understand the other; to encourage and enlighten friendly relations between Germany and the United States, is the generous purpose of these complementary studies.

This scholar has been so many years in our country; he has traveled so widely; his activities are so variously related as to give him skill as mediator and interpreter.

After seven years' teaching in Harvard University, he published "American Traits," in which the direct appeal is to us. Hundreds of students returning year by year from German universities learn something of the deeper life of

*Mr. Brooks' series of articles will appear monthly from September to May. The September articles were: I. "The Problem Opened;" II. "Concerning Our Critics." October: III. "Who is the American?" IV. "Our Talent for Bragging." November: V. "Some Other Peculiarities;" VI. "American Sensitiveness." December: VII. "The Mother Country as a Critic;" VIII. "Change in the Tone of Foreign Criticism." January: IX. "Higher Criticism;" X. "Other French Visitors;" XI. "Democracy and Manners." February: XII. "Our Monopoly of Wit;" XIII. "Our Greatest Critic."

that country, but the "average American ignorance" is not only dense but often increased by hurried trips through German territory. That they are frowsy, unpractical, and given to cloudy philosophies; that their food swims in grease; that their pompous officials are perpetually interfering in your private affairs, is a mental picture very common in this country. The Americans' complaint of this petty interference, I have heard oftener than any other criticism. We turn to Professor Münsterberg to find him critical of this same evil in the United States. He complains of our "restrictions and prohibitions and a continuous meddling with private affairs." Our policemen do not come in to insist that the heating arrangements should be thus or so; they do not get serious and bureaucratic over the baby carriage, or over the way you carry a cane in the street; but we have our petty legal interferences quite as intolerable to Germans. We are used to these and do not notice them.

To illustrate these international densities, the author writes:

"An American who has never been abroad invited me, the other day, to a German luncheon. I had to work my way through a series of so-called German dishes, which I had never tasted or smelled before; and when finally imported sauerkraut appeared, and I had to confess that I had never tried it in my life and had never seen anyone else eating it, my host assured me that I did not know anything about Germany: it was the favorite dish of every Prussian. The habits of the Prussian sauerkraut eater are well known. He goes shabbily dressed, never takes a bath, drinks beer at his breakfast, plays skat, smokes a long pipe, wears spectacles, reads books from dirty loan libraries, is rude to the lower classes and slavishly servile to the higher, is innocent of the slightest attempt at good form in society, considering it as his object in life to obey the policeman, to fill blanks with bureaucratic red tape, and to get a title in front of his name."

"How does the Yankee look in the imagination of my countrymen? In the German language the adjective 'American' is usually connected with but three things. The Germans speak of American stoves and mean a kind of stove which I have never seen in this country; they speak of American duels, and mean an absurd sort

of duel which was certainly never fought on this continent; and finally, they speak of American humbug, and mean by it that kind of humbug which flourishes in Berlin just as in Chicago. But the American man is of course very well known. He is a haggard creature, with vulgar tastes and brutal manners, who drinks whiskey and chews tobacco, spits, fights, puts his feet on the table, and habitually rushes along in wild haste, absorbed by a greedy desire for the dollars of his neighbors. He does not care for education or art, for the public welfare or for justice, except so far as they mean money to him."*

The American thinks the German "servile, reactionary, narrow minded," while the German believes the American to be "greedy, vulgar, brutal and corrupt." The high task of the author is to make both peoples ashamed of this petty and philistine judgment. By patient instruction he tries to scatter these devils of misunderstanding by turning on the light.

His appreciation and praise of all that is best in our life and institutions is found in "The Americans."† As it is addressed wholly to Germany, it lies largely outside the present purpose. There are, however, few Americans who cannot find instruction in every chapter. These contain some startling statements, the accuracy of which are very wide open to criticism. They are often statements, however, flatteringly in our favor. They are doubtless meant to be strong in order to reach the thick-skinned prepossessions against us in the Fatherland. The author, moreover, frankly defends himself for touching lightly upon our faults and idealizing many of our virtues, because he addresses his message to Germany. He admits that the larger book is a "study of the Americans *as the best of them are and as the others should wish to be.*" This is, of course, only part of the picture, but it is for the author's purpose the truer and more essential part. The man who uniformly takes his fellows at their best rather than at their worst is not only a wiser but a far more useful citizen. The really great names on our

*"American Traits," pp. 7, 8, and 9.

†Published by McClure-Phillips, New York.

roll of honor from Washington to Lincoln, with a kind of divine obstinacy, took their fellow countrymen at their best. The scamps and the half-scamps, who have lowered life among us, as uniformly took men at their worst. To lift the discussion and the estimate of foreign peoples so that they can be taken at their best would revolutionize for good every international relationship. Nothing less than this is the spirit of this author's bulky volume.

In the briefer study addressed to us, the working of our educational and democratic ideals is kept chiefly in mind. We have the educator in the critic's role. Before dwelling on strictures and warnings, let us note the full heartiness of his appreciation.

There is first the caution of the real critic in discrimination and avoiding that commonest pitfall—loose analogy, as when he deals with the press in both countries:

"It is, for instance, not at all fair to compare the political German newspapers with those of America, and to consider them as mirrors of the nation. In Germany all the newspapers which have a political value are exclusively for the educated classes, while in America every paper, and especially those which are seen most, is written for the masses. Social economic conditions make that necessary; and it is, therefore, natural that the American paper makes concessions to vulgarity which would be impossible on the other side."*

Even our hateful gum-chewing is "mere imperfection of the coördinating centers." Most foreigners have so misunderstood this domestic delight that they have invariably mocked at it and reviled it, but now our "motor restlessness" gets relief, as it does in the use of rocking-chairs, so that this traduced munching which an unscientific Englishman says "straightway transforms a pretty girl into a cow with her cud," becomes dignified as the proper care of one's health.

There is quite incandescent eulogy of the American girl which the most ardent of our early French admirers did not surpass:

*"American Traits," p. 27.

"He [the foreigner] wanders in vain through the colleges to find the repulsive creature he expected, and the funny picture of the German comic papers changes slowly into an enchanting type by Gibson. And when he has made good use of his letters of introduction, and has met these new creatures at closer range, has chatted with them before cosy open fires, has danced and bicycled and golfed with them, has seen their clubs and meetings and charities,—he finds himself discouragingly word-poor when he endeavors to describe, with his imperfect English, the impression that has been made upon him; he feels that his vocabulary is not sufficiently provided with complimentary epithets. The American woman is clever and ingenious and witty; she is brilliant and lively and strong; she is charming and beautiful and noble; she is generous and amiable and resolute; she is energetic and practical, and yet idealistic and enthusiastic—indeed, what is she not?"*

Of things more serious than gum and gallantries, we have an honest attempt so to state the national traits which have excited most criticism, that they can be seen in their relations and with some qualification. Even of our begrimed politics he says:

"The same complex historical reasons which have made the party spoils system and the boss system practically necessary forms of government have often brought representatives of very vulgar instincts into conspicuous political places; but that does not mean that the higher instincts are absent, still less that the alarming accusations which fill the press have more than a grain of truth in a bushel of denunciation."†

He then makes adroit distinction between policies that

*"American Traits," p. 130.

The fine glow of this tribute has scientific confirmation from a source that ought to give Mr. Münsterberg a higher opinion of Froebel. A child, still in the kindergarten age, wrote her first essay on woman. Her father, a professor of natural science in an Eastern university, had furnished the Darwinian atmosphere in which the little girl grew up. She wrote, "Men and women spring from monkeys. My father says so; but *I* says, women sprung further *away* from monkees than men did."

To be impartial one should also quote another qualifying opinion about a great multitude of American women whom the author thinks given to fads and intellectual hysterias. She "cannot discriminate between the superficial and the profound, and without the slightest hesitation she effuses, like a bit of gossip, her views on Greek art or on Darwinism between two spoonfuls of ice cream."

†"American Traits," p. 28.

are directly under the heavy pressure of self interest (tariffs, trusts, free silver, etc.,) and those that represent the general political feeling and responsibility. It is in this more general sphere that

" . . . the American in politics proves himself the purest idealist, the best men come to the front, the most sentimental motives dominate, and almost no one dares to damage his cause by appealing to selfish instincts. Recent events have once more proved that beyond question. Whatever the senators and sugar men may have thought of it, the people wanted the Cuban war for sentimental reasons; and if the uninformed Continental papers maintain that the desire for war had merely selfish reasons, they falsify history."*

One other passage must be given:

"The high spirit of the individual in politics repeats itself much more plainly in private life, where helpfulness and honesty seem to me the most essential characteristics of the American. Helpfulness shows itself in charity, in hospitality, in projects for education or for public improvements, or in the most trivial services of daily life; while silent confidence in the honesty of one's fellow men controls practical relations here in a way which is not known in cautious Europe, and could not have been developed if that confidence were not justified. Add to it the American's gracefulness and generosity, his elasticity and his frankness, his cleanliness and his chastity, his humor and his fairness; consider the vividness of his religious emotion, his interest in religious and metaphysical science,—in short, look around everywhere without prejudice, and you cannot doubt that behind the terrifying mask of the selfish realist breathes the idealist, who is controlled by a belief in ethical values."†

After appreciation like this, it would be a poor return of courtesies not to heed the admonitions. They are not wanting either in number or in pungency. Even while he warns Europeans not to do us injustice or exaggerate our faults, he admits that we have still a good stock of the "more civilized forms of vulgarity."

"The result is not necessarily, as Europeans often wrongly imagine, a general mob-like vulgarity: but a bumptious oratory, a flippant superficiality of style, a lack of esthetic refinement, an

*"American Traits," p. 28.

†"American Traits," p. 29.

underestimation of the serious specialist and an overestimation of the unproductive popularizer, a constant exploitation of immature young men with loud newspaper voices and complete inability to appreciate the services of older men, a triumph of gossip, and a crushing defeat of all aims that work against the lazy liking for money-making and comfort.”*

Again, what is becoming of our fine hypocrisies about social equality? There is no need to refer to our behavior to the Chinese since the sand-lot orator, Denis Kearney, roused California masses against them, or the Indians, or the prevention of the negro vote. No reference is necessary to the open chase for foreign titles. The practical ignoring and even hatred of the equalities to which lip-service has been given, may be seen spreading like a contagion through our entire system. Quiet and ordinary Americans, whose means permit them to build a better house, as far as possible from the poorer neighbors, are quick to discover that they “really can’t any longer send their darlings to the public school.” The company is too common. Schools now numbering thousands, supported by millions of money, have sprung into existence and are fast increasing. These are frankly based on a principle of social selection that is the very breath of an imitated aristocracy. The public schools in which such brave hopes were placed as the bulwarks of democracy are now in a sinister sense *not good enough* for the well-to-do. Though the education and, above all, the most needed element of discipline may be better in the public school, it is not good enough *socially* for growing multitudes of Americans. We are very ingenious in the use of pretty sophistries to explain the reasons why children must go to “select” schools, but no one need be deceived. Dr. Münsterberg says:

“Where is the equality in the inner life of America? Of course it is true that we have public schools where all are equal; the only difficulty is that they are not in use. Yes, there is no doubt that we are fast approaching a state where nobody in a

*“American Traits,” p. 196.

city sends his children to the public schools when his means allow him to pay for the instruction of a private school.”*

Or it is what the author calls “the pedigree spleen” which has now caught “the best material of the nation.”

“If a single family of Connecticut needs three volumes of 2,740 quarto pages to print its own history; if the Daughters of the Revolution have 27,000 members; if the genealogical societies like the Colonial Dames, the Daughters of the Holland Dames, the Mayflower Descendants, and so on, multiply with every year,—the aristocratic undercurrent cannot be doubted.”†

The organized pilgrimages in search of proof that our family origins are in touch with the proud and the mighty now fill the land. A learned gentleman in charge of one of our genealogical societies tells me, that to watch the good people who crowd his rooms seeking for aristocratic connections about which they can brag the rest of their lives, is to learn that human nature in this country is as full of toadyism as that of any people who ever lived. One industrious lady, after much expense and years of trouble, discovered a thread which connects her with an English yeoman. She hurried in agitation to the librarian to find out what a “yeoman” might be. The answer was a little disappointing. She said, “I suppose I’ve got to put up with him, but I did hope after all I paid out, I’d find an ancestor that wore armor and a helmet.”

Another librarian tells me that it is one of his experiences to have these unsatisfied souls, after much seeking, come to him with the finger on some heraldic device that specially pleases them—they like its shape or colors—and say bluntly, “I’ve concluded to take that. How much is it?” When it is explained that coats of arms are not sold in that society, “I sometimes tell them there are plenty of places where they can buy them, and I have never known anyone to fail to make the aristocratic connection if they kept at it.” To furnish very humble Americans with dis-

*“American Traits,” p. 227.

†“American Traits,” p. 228.

tinguished ancestry is an enormous business now in this country.

The Boston *Transcript* began some years ago very modestly; but now with rhythmic devotion several columns of fine print are given twice a week to this cult. The urgency is such that the editor now appeals to contributors to have mercy. He has to print regularly this warning:

"The pressure upon the genealogical department has become so great and matter has accumulated to such an extent that it is impossible to insert queries as soon as they are received."

Thus the "pedigree spleen" grows apace in the land where "all men are created equal."

Another graver fault in this author's eyes is the American superstition that "almost anybody can do almost anything." Any young girl is competent to teach a Sunday school class or a country school. Anyone who does service for the party in caucus or on the stump is fit to be consul, though totally ignorant of the language, customs, and commerce of the people to whom he is accredited. Everybody is fit to be a representative, on the school committee, or any kind of inspector. In discussing Winston Churchill's "Coniston" a politician of large experience in New Hampshire says, "The railroads have done much to corrupt the people, but here is a deeper evil. The common idea that everybody ought to go to the legislature and is fitted to go there, is what blocks the first necessary steps toward reform." According to Dr. Münsterberg, the greatness of Germany has been won by faith in the man of special training. We have practised this in all our most successful businesses, but it has been the bane of our political life to test fitness by a mere party fealty that bears no relation to the duties of the office sought. That we are now (as in the question of consuls) aroused to some sense of our long blundering, is to this critic bright with promise.

The name he gives to this superstition is "democratic dilettantism," which has smitten us with "an ineffective triviality which repels the best men and opens wide the doors

of dishonesty." It is thought to be the crudest absurdity to ask any man to be the mayor of a German city, unless he has thorough administrative training in city business. To make this office, as it is made in this country, the helter-skelter prize of factional policies is properly described by a former German Minister, Schleiden, who wrote, "American municipal politics will remain corrupt and wasteful until the people learn that educated ability is the sole qualification for city offices." Professor Münsterberg attributes many phases of our weakness and troubles to this "chronic dilettantism." It works like a poison at the root of large parts of our educational system:

"We have instead a misery which can be characterized by one statistical fact: only two per cent. of the school teachers possess any degree whatever. If the majority of college teachers are hardly prepared to teach in a secondary school, if the majority of high-school teachers are hardly fit to teach in a primary school, and if the majority of primary school teachers are just enough educated to fill a salesgirl's place in a millinery store, then every other reform is self-deceit."*

This writer is saying only what other friendly and competent men have said of all but our exceptional education.

In a report of the Royal German Commission in 1904, Dr. Dunker writes of the average American school:

"The difficulties are avoided, mistakes passed by: frequently the pupils are given great tasks whose performances would exceed their power, and the school is satisfied with a childish treatment of the subject and makes the impression upon the children that the problem has been fully solved. This results in quickness of judgment, self-confidence, superficiality, and dilettantism."

"Everywhere there is credulous optimism coupled with harmless dilettantism; everywhere high aim, liberal execution; but lack of solidity in matters of detail."

These observations are of course made daily by our own abler educators, often in more uncompromising terms. But the business now is not with our own fault finding. The essence of the criticism is that we suffer grievously from lack of thoroughness as compared to the German standard

*"American Traits," p. 76.

and that, above all, our general education fails in sustained *disciplinary* power. This lack of thoroughness and of discipline leaves us with a thousand coddling private schools with no severity of standard whatsoever. It gives the pretentious list of studies and the display of pupils on show days when the public is admitted. It tests education by its promise of immediate cash returns. Thus the nobler and more disinterested ideals of education lose honor.

That it is greater to obey than to command is nobly true, and it has to be admitted that the ideals of obedience are less popular among our boys and girls than dreams of domination over others. Neither is it quite a fad among our youth to give their signatures to "the declaration of dependence." One of our teachers, into whose school came a small group of pupils from south Germany, said, "They seemed for one term to be a different species. They had not been cowed, but there was a charm of deference, a delicacy of consideration and a capacity to blush which stood out in strange contrast to the mass of our pupils. Within a few months, I could see that these pretty ways could not be retained in the new atmosphere." For this loss, do we get some compensation in greater "self-determination" which this critic notes as one of our traits?

The spirit of reverence as expressed in the docility of the German child we cannot have, any more than we can have the ruthless discipline of the German army. Since it is so hopelessly beyond our reach, let us believe that there are some compensations for its loss.

The final reproof of this author is graver still. If the American is sure of anything, it is that he enjoys an amount of freedom of which Old World societies know little. The possession of liberty is our strong point. But what does it signify to have liberty; really to be free in the large sense of that word? Is the South free to discuss the race problem strictly and fearlessly upon its merits? Hundreds of the best Southerners will tell you that the political and social spectre

raised by that issue silences freedom of speech. Can their theological professors deal boldly with the accepted results of scientific and critical investigation? Can the Bible on one side and Darwin on the other have open and bold discussion? There are no better men in the South than those who say that this is impossible and that many years must pass before anything like the German academic freedom will be attained. In scores of Northern colleges of sectarian tradition this is also true. This is what Professor Münsterberg has in mind when he points to the higher freedom in that country. In this respect the Germans are our superiors. It is one of our humiliations that we still carry on the heresy hunt against men who merely try to interpret the elementary results of a scientific world-scholarship.

The other sphere in which our moral liberty suffers is even more important. Intellectual slavery is nowhere so dangerous socially as in our politics. "To the independence of public men," he says, "and to their loyalty to the commonwealth, party bondage is fatal." Of certain legislative bills he is told in private, how bad and mischievous they are; but when they come up, no one "dares to say a word." The heresy for which men widely care is no longer theological, but economic, and even this word but half expresses the truth. The heresy for which blood money is now demanded is upon the surface political, but the unseen heart of it is business and property interests over which men are in conflict. It may be sugar on one side and Philippine tariff on the other, but the ordinary political contest is only an outer aspect of competitive struggle for desired properties. If people really value these more than they value other things, they will barter the spirit and the letter of the Great Declaration—all the stately syntax about equalities and rights—for the economic ends they have in sight. When that great dreamer and doer, Cecil Rhodes, said the English flag was a good business asset, he was putting in words, even if mockingly, what our most masterful business men systematically *act*

upon. Politics is a pawn in the game of strategic business control. It is this, and this alone, which explains most of the lawlessness of "the great interests;" but also the other most serious criticism of four other of our fairest and ablest critics, namely, the "abdication of intellectual freedom" under the dictates of party politics—de Tocqueville, Chevalier, Bryce, and Ostrogorski.

They are also as a unit upon this other accusation: "The party ruler in America with his methods of nomination deprives the individual of his political powers more completely than any aristocratic system and the despotism of the boss easily turns into the tyranny of a group of capitalists." The paragraph modernizes de Tocqueville's chief misgiving about us. We have seen the same grave charges in Mr. Bryce, Ostrogorski,* who studied this feature of our life with a fearless impartiality that won from Mr. Bryce the highest praise has drawn conclusions that we have to face or become convicted of inexcusable timidities. When he finds that the greater private interests act so promptly upon Congress that the freedom of individual members seems to be lost, we think of a commanding state, the pivotal state—New York—and her two present senators. Can anyone point to a solitary hint of constructive policy that is traceable either to Mr. Platt or to Mr. Depew? Are they free to act even for the *people* of their own state? They are thought of as serving henchmen—the one for a great railroad, the other for an express company. What two men have had such chances to know of the inner corruption of New York politics? With all their knowledge of these things, has either of them lifted a hand to disclose or check these evils? One of our critics asks these perturbing questions, speaking of one of our most famous senators, in whose state party politics was managed by a boss of notorious venality, "How is it possible that this senator should not know the practices of that boss? If he knows them and willingly profits by them to keep his

*Democracy and the Organization of Political Parties. Macmillan. 1902.

place, in what is he better than the boss himself? If he knows them, why is he not the first to cry out and appeal to the people against such corruption?" "The hardest thing to understand in the United States is that these political leaders in Eastern states like Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Ohio, should consent to keep silent while a lot of journalists investigate and explain the evils to the public." Yes, this is hard to understand, and few of us ever heard the explanation. Our critics tell us that these men are in no sense free; that they are bound hand and foot so far as freedom to act and speak in the large public interest is concerned. Senator Quay could plead with a pathos of disinterestedness, for what? for the reforming at home of a systematized party corruption that has long been a by-word in the land? No, not for this, but for the Indians, in whom he had, I believe, a humane interest. But how safe and far away from home diseases these wards of the nation are!

The final Summary and Conclusion in the closing volume of Ostrogorski* should have a separate printing and be read by every American who knows the language. It is used here for its sturdy reinforcement of Münsterberg's gravest indictment.

We are familiar with *habeas corpus* and reckon it among the most precious of our political possessions. But this author asks us about *habeas animum*. We still deliver the body, but how next are we to deliver a *free mind*—how free the spirit from the dead body of party tyranny? This is the summons. He says wisely that it is folly to throw the blame solely upon the party leaders. It is the whole mental attitude of the voters that needs to be unbound. It is this public, he says, that is now made to believe "that the citizen who follows his party blindly is a 'patriot' and that the prostitution of power to a party is a pious action. These idols, as Bacon would say, must be destroyed. Men

*Vol. II, pp. 336 to 741.

must be taught to use their judgment and to act independently. It is on the accomplishment of this work of liberation that the whole future of democracy depends."*

"In the absence of this independence and this vigilance, demagogism and corruption have entered the house in broad day, as a thief enters in the night. Democracy thenceforth received a check and not through an excess of liberty, as so many of its critics imagine, *but from a deficiency of it*, from a want of moral liberty in this government of free reason."

Again and again we have passages like this :

"And these men enter Congress as slaves of the Machine and the Boss, of sordid parochial considerations, or of powerful private interests, industrial or financial, which are so often in league with the machine. One or other of these servitudes of mind and conscience, or even of all combined, is what they have to pay for their seat. The House, therefore, is simply a diet of representatives of private or local interests, and it has been aptly remarked that every interest is represented in it except the public interest."†

We are not dealing here with irresponsible cranks or muck-rake journalists, but with friendly, impartial and equipped scholars. Of the one now quoted Mr. Bryce could say that few men ever brought a more scientific spirit to his task.

Habeas animus, to get the really free mind in the realm of politics; to enlarge every fearless activity of political independence, is our supreme need. This warning is as if de Tocqueville spoke from the dead to say again what he wrote long since. Though in unsoftened phrases, it is the soul of Mr. Bryce's appeal for a manlier independence of party whips. Firm in his purpose to defend and to take us at our best, Dr. Münsterberg puts his finger on the same cancerous spot.

It is as if these well wishers spoke with a single voice, "There is just as much safety for your Democracy as there is moral and mental independence of party tyranny in your citizens."

*"Democracy," Vol. II, pp. 728, 729.

†Vol. II, p. 544.

XV. A Socialist Critic

SOME twenty years ago a scientific teacher in England, Mr. Averling the socialist, came to this country with his wife, the brilliant daughter of Karl Marx. I tried to interest them in some of the obvious prosperities in New England, but the task was without hope. That fortune had a smile for this trade smitten country; that there was well-being anywhere among the workers, they did not wish to hear. For the mishaps, calumnies, dishonors of our business and political life, they had the hungriest appetite. But that any good was to appear on the horizon of a country so given to business traffic, was not to be believed. Both had open-mouthed credulity for every evil report, and as gaping an incredulity about everything hopeful. In this spirit they took notes, which appeared later in a bitter and distorted book.

The veteran German Socialist and Parliamentarian, Liebknecht, was with them, but in far kindlier humor. He, too, thought we were going to the bow-wows, but were having a great deal of fun getting there. When he saw that the big stores were not swallowing up all the little ones, it did not make him sulky. Thus socialists, like other folk, come to us with different tempers. To those of more open mind it is an admirable discipline to visit this country and see it with some care.

A German professor (Katheder-Socialist) was here. He had taught for years that the State was a positive power that could be made to work productively in a thousand ways for man's welfare. To manage railroads, mines, slaughter houses, telegraphs, was a small part of what it had yet to do. The State could be made creative. It could produce values and equalities. This has not been the American idea. We have been taught that the Government is a necessity like the policeman, the tax gatherer, and the court. These stand for order and justice among men, but they are luxuries that have to be paid for by the private

industry and the thrift of the people. I do not know that this professor returned to his own country with any change of view about the German government, but he told me that he had never in the least realized what private and unaided effort could do in creating a stupendous material prosperity such as the world has not seen. "You think of your government," he said, "as if it were merely to be *supported* like a hospital; as if it were a negation, rather than a positive thing. Your people set to work as if they had never heard of it. Your achievements are so vast that they are a kind of final argument. Your way may be, after all, best, at least for you."

Another Socialist came, of extremer type. He had believed and taught that combinations were everywhere absorbing little industries. Our great primary industry of farming, to which he gave special attention was very upsetting to him. He found many of the bonanza farms being cut up, because they did not pay or would pay better subdivided. He was told that the progressive up-to-date farming was steadily toward smaller areas. His chief amazement was the prosperity of the small farmer on good soils through the Middle West. "A more independent and thriving population than these tillers of the soil, I have not seen." America, he said, is "a great touchstone for social theories. No man should become *anything* until he has seen it well."

Mr. Upton Sinclair opens his new book* with the deliberate assertion that the great revolution is so close upon our heels that we shall be in the very throes of it within one year after the presidential election of 1912. He makes his prediction as "a Socialist and prophet." So soon will the touchstone of events be applied to *him*! Another precipitate Socialist signs his name in a Boston club, "Yours for the Revolution, Jack London." In the club was another Socialist who straightway followed with his signature,

*"The Industrial Republic."

"There aint going to be no revolution, H. G. Wells." So different in its effects is the great touchstone, America!

I once heard a bumptious person criticizing a portrait by a clever artist in his studio. When the critic had gone, the artist made an unflattering speech, which ended with these words, "What that booby thinks of the portrait isn't interesting, but I should pay well to know what the portrait thinks of him." If it were articulate, what would the touchstone America say of many of its critics?

I have sought diligently for American views of Mr. Wells' book. That so many cordial opinions are expressed by those who have experienced enough to judge it largely, is full of good omen. Very little criticism that cuts deeper has been written about us. There are pages (like some of those in the chapter on "State Blindness") which most Americans would do well to ponder long; passages, too, like this after discovering the hideous fact that child labor is actually upon the increase in the United States:

"This is the bottomest end of the scale that at the top has all the lavish spending of Fifth Avenue, the joyous wanton giving of Mr. Andrew Carnegie. Equally with these things it is an unpremeditated consequence of an inadequate theory of freedom. The foolish extravagance of the rich, the architectural pathos of Newport, the dingy, noisy, economic jumble of central and South Chicago, the Standard Oil offices in Broadway, the darkened streets beneath the New York elevated railroad, the littered ugliness of Niagara's banks, and the lowermost hell of child suffering, are all so many accordant aspects and inexorable consequences of the same undisciplined way of living."

It is a book that many a reader will merrily skip through, thinking its claims to serious attention are very slight. This is an almost pitiful error. For a century, perhaps several books a year have been written about us, but not a baker's dozen of them deserve more assiduous attention than this small volume. It is the charm of "The Future in America" that the author is just enough haunted by the magnitude of his task to be a little afraid of it. He does not take himself too seriously or fall into pedantries. He

is very graceful in avoiding the hard realities that ask for too definite and cocksure opinions. His polished gaities serve him well in many a tight place, where a prosy literalism would leave him knee-deep in difficulties. It is a book full of imaginative insight, full of swift glimpses, as if the eye were aided by a powerful glass. Even when he looks upon a great question, like that of immigration or the negro, he throws more light into it and about it than many who lived long in its presence. Let us first see his attitude toward these two issues. They, too, are touchstones.

The author has a keen and instructed interest in race problems. His eye, so quick to detect the inner taint in what seems flushed with health, is at once fixed upon the momentous inpouring of our immigration. It fills him with foreboding. He sees that the more disciplined peoples of North Europe have become a tiny stream as compared with the broadening flood from South and Eastern Europe. That Constantinople should soon be the geographic center of these human tides opens a gloomy vista to his imagination, because we are so afraid of adequate state regulation. He sees us thrusting the vote upon these raw peasants, but "that does not free them, it only enslaves the country." He speaks as if he were watching a continent struggling with indigestion. ". . . the dark shadow of disastrous possibility remains. The immigrant comes in to weaken and confuse the counsels of labor, to serve the purpose of corruption, to complicate any economic and social development, above all to retard enormously the development of that national consciousness and will on which the hope of the future depends." Very deftly he touches the points at which immigration adds to the weight of our burden. It does make the labor problem harder and political trickeries easier. It does complicate social development and, most of all, it does retard the fusing of common social consciousness and will, that are indispensable to unified action in community life.

The deepest reason why employers and people of easy

incomes generally want the immigrant does not escape him. He states it thus: ". . . that America, in the urgent process of individualistic industrial development, in its feverish haste to get through with its material possibilities, is importing a large portion of the peasantry of central and eastern Europe, and converting it into a practically illiterate industrial proletariat."

Again, with the same firm stroke, he traces two of the heaviest shadows that fall on this race movement: first, the effect upon the child life born into the poorer and most cramped quarters of our cities. The parents come with the simple habits of country ways. They are diligent and of good behavior. In spite of some lying jugglery in statistical form, they are very free from criminal propensities. But their offspring, thrust into city streets for their first habit-making before the school begins!—here is an evil sinister enough. The second is the inevitable coarsening effect which the new liberties and freedom from traditional restraints are likely to bring upon hordes of the fresh comers to our shores. This is his estimate:

"It seems to me that the immigrant arrives an artless, rather uncivilized, pious, good-hearted peasant, with a disposition towards submissive industry and rude effectual moral habits. America, it is alleged, makes a man of him. It seems to me that all too often she makes an infuriated toiler of him, tempts him with dollars and speeds him up with competition, hardens him, coarsens his manners, and, worse crime of all, lures and forces him to sell his children into toil. The home of the immigrant in America looks to me worse than the home he came from in Italy. It is just as dirty, it is far less simple and beautiful, the food is no more wholesome, the moral atmosphere far less wholesome; and, as a consequence, the child of the immigrant is a worse man than his father."

A young woman from a New York settlement takes him to watch the patriotic exercises in the school close by. He listens, not without a thrill of sympathy, to the clamorous adoration that lights a hundred immigrant faces as the little flags go up. "Do you know," he says, "I too have

come near feeling that at times for America." Then he goes out from this glad consecration into the dirty street, where he stumbles upon "a heap of decaying filth that some hawker had dumped in the gutter," and the fine spell is gone. The barbaric disorders disenchant him and he sees in the murky perspective of some future near or far three words,

"LYNCHINGS! CHILD LABOR! GRAFT!"

Then comes the tragedy of another problem, that of color. He looks into the Southland at the negro and his destiny, close coupled with that of his white neighbors. Here there is even less hope. As for immigration, he admits that America may suddenly rouse herself to heroic educational enterprises that may lift the peasant armies into disciplined efficiencies, that will make the vast invasion safe, but this riddle of the African so socially separated from the whites, with the coarse prejudices waxing rather than waning, what gleam of light is discernible here? From all sorts of Americans he seeks information, only to be staggered by utter failure. He cannot get even "the beginnings of an answer." He declares that "hardly any Americans at all seem to be in possession of the elementary facts in relation to this question."

In the mournful undertone of his speculation only one thing is clear to Mr. Wells, which is, that the chief obstacle is not in the black man but in the white. How shall this same proud white man educate himself to live in honor with the weaker people? These weaker ones did not ask to come. Their fathers and mothers were stolen on the African coast and forced in terror and with immense atrocities to come to this country. Their descendants are now here with the blood of their masters flowing in their veins. Only a freak here and there will talk of deporting them. They are to remain in our midst. How can we whites educate ourselves into that larger tolerance that may make a common civilization possible? How can we use our superiorities so

that wisdom and statesmanship shall more and more take the place of inherited bias and passion?

To Mr. Wells there is one unslain dragon. It is the dragon of a Christless and religionless race prejudice. He finds it as bullying and insolent in the North as in the South. How are we whites to rid ourselves of this great uncleanness? Nothing less than this is the challenge.

Mr. Wells is not deluded about the black. He does not see him as a white man who happens to have a darkened skin. The indolence, thriftlessness, and gay unconcern of the negro are familiar to him, and it is because he is aware of these that we read with more interest the following tribute to the best of the oncoming negroes.

"Whatever America has to show in heroic living today, I doubt if she can show anything finer than the quality of the resolve, the steadfast effort hundreds of black and colored men are making today to live blamelessly, honorably, and patiently, getting for themselves what scraps of refinement, learning, and beauty they may, keeping their hold on a civilization they are grudging and denied."

In this spirit he philosophizes, but always with the thought of how things are coming out. How do the negro and the immigrant bear upon the tasks of the next generation? He finds us woefully lacking in action that bears widely upon that future. We can dig ores and coal, fell trees, exhaust soils at a terrific rate that we identify with "progress." But how is all this frenzy related to the life ahead? Not one of his graceful pages will have its proper reading unless this future society is held in mind.

Mr. Wells is the man of letters and of science with a yearning for Utopias. He has a fine disdain for the thing that is. What may *become* of the fact; what may be made out of it; that alone entrances him.* He is not to be per-

*Says Mr. Bryce in similar vein, of the House of Representatives: "Here, as so often in America, one thinks rather of the future than of the present. Of what tremendous struggles may not this Hall become the theater in ages yet far distant, when the Parliaments of Europe have shrunk to insignificance?"—"American Commonwealth," Vol. I, p. 149.

suaded to give an hour to the home of Emerson or the resting place of George Washington. Niagara bores him as much as the swift turbines enchant him. He is the first competent and unashamed Socialist to write a book about us. I say unashamed because he does not flinch from or shuffle with the logic of his faith. The whole conclave of our conventional idols: "business enterprise," "private initiative," "property," "trade," "freedom," "patriotism," bourgeois family and state are to him half amusing and half mischievous superstitions. He is always the socialist with ample and generous tolerance for our illusions. There is no hysteria, no fuming, no frenzied invective after the manner of your ordinary Socialist, against the predatory culprits called Captains of Industry. If these masters of our commercial fate step with seven league boots, if they move and act like a Colossus dividing the spoils after their own heart, Mr. Wells falls into line with the common army of admirers. He finds them diverting and full of instruction. How else can a people be taught the baleful logic of a consecrated capitalism? If huckstering and market-dicing with high finance are to be glorified until they absorb the best talent of the nation, how are the multitudinous victims to be disillusioned except they see stalking among them the embodied results of their system? These giant overlords, staggering under their incomes, are the best possible object lesson to an envious populace that meanly admires them. Let the comedy play itself out before all eyes.

He sees every one of our ills through the medium which the massed energies of the nation have created. This is business, everywhere business. Our ambitions and our achievements are scaled to this standpoint. We organize our dollar-getting so that the general estimate of success is in terms of large ownership. This creates the atmosphere in which the very rich, simply *because* of riches, feel a prescriptive right, let us say, to a seat in the Senate. One of the most recent to enter this body is from a great state in

the West, one of whose citizens says frankly, "Well, —— is our richest man; why shouldn't he go to the Senate?" It should be the one political body beyond taint of suspicion, yet some of its high places are bought as if it were a stock exchange. Business masteries have so subdued our politics and our politicians, that they are but the echo of what the stronger business men want.

What chance has socialism in such a community? Mr. Wells grows timid. Like a good *bourgeois* he warns us against our own Socialistic preachers. It is his private faith that we are without hope until the world's chief business is taken from private hands and private profit makers. The community (town, city, government) must manage this wealth-making directly for the good of the people and for all the people. Yet when Mr. Wells looks into this same business in the United States; when he examines our politics and the specter of corruption that is business on one side and politics on the other, he shrinks. Pearls must not be cast before swine. Socialism is far too good for America. So busy have we been in gathering dollars that "nobody is left over to watch the politician." The boss, with his slavish army of heelers, has waxed great amidst the general laxity. We have allowed him to become the "professional," whose exclusive aim is personal profit. The pearl of socialism, says Mr. Wells, is not to be trusted to such as he. "Under socialism all business comes straight into politics and has to be managed by selected officials. Think of giving Standard Oil or railroad interests to politicians as they now are in the United States!" It strikes him as grotesque.

And here, to this author, is the essential tragedy, that we are so overpoweringly a trading people; that our distinctions, ambitions, energies, and education are so universally dedicated to the profit-making ends of trade. These habits are so nationalized, so all-pervasive that *they cannot be kept out of any other part of our life*. It would still be well

with us if we could keep the trader's instinct confined to its own field, but it is our tragedy that the trading ardor with its sister propensity, gambling, invades all other fields. Gambling is the sport instinct exercising itself in rivalry against another, to get something for nothing. It is trade stripped of its decencies and restraints. Trade *plus* the license of the gamester thus takes possession of us. It first encroaches upon politics, filling the convention, caucus, and lobby with deals and bargainings. To counter and dicker with blocks of votes becomes identical with the chaffering of the market place. The spoils system is merely systematized trading.

The Church no more escapes than politics. It has to be commercially organized with clerical salaries, pew rents, and selected congregations that reflect to a letter the social standards which rest on a scaled material prosperity. The poor are no more wanted there than they are at a fashionable dinner. From the petty gambling at the church fair to the social consecration of bridge whist, the stamp of this prosperity is deep upon us. It materializes education, the theater, and athletics.

Yet Mr. Wells feels no astonishment. We are cankered with "graft," but that is inevitable because we are a nation of traders, and trade is in essence overreaching. If you wish to see it as it is, watch the game of poker,—“a sort of expressionless lying called ‘bluffing.’” In its essential quality, trading does not differ from cheating. “. . . the commercial ideal is to buy from the needy, sell to the urgent need, and get all that can possibly be got out of every transaction. To do anything else isn't business—it's some other sort of game. Let us look squarely into the pretences of trading. The plain fact of the case is that in trading for profit there is no natural line at which legitimate bargaining ends and cheating begins. The seller wants to get above the value and the buyer below it. The seller seeks to appreciate, the buyer to depreciate; and where is there room for truth in that contest?”*

*“The Future in America,” p. 123.

"A very scrupulous man stops at one point, a less scrupulous man at another, an eager, ambitious man may find himself carried by his own impetus very far. Too often the least scrupulous wins. In all ages, among all races, this taint in trade has been felt. Modern western Europe, led by England and America, has denied it stoutly, has glorified the trader, called him a 'merchant prince,' wrapped him in the purple of the word, 'financier,' bowed down before him. The trader remains a trader, a hand that clutches, an uncreative brain that lays snares."*

We have been sufficiently taught that the sharp higgings of the market, the calculating strife between buyer and seller, were attended by incidental evils that take on here and there vicious proportions. To Mr. Wells these distinctions are the pious hypocrisies by which sharpers cloak their thieving. His joyous tilting is not against the fragrance and abuses of trade, but against all trade, and the very nature of trade. It has been much and long believed that the exchange function in trade—in spite of excesses—carried with it immense common advantages. Mr. Wells strives to free us from this illusion. The trader, even the most enterprising and honest one, has only "an uncreative brain." He merely "clutches" and sucks like a parasite.

All these judgments Mr. Wells, of course, brought with him. They are a part of his equipment as Socialist critic and their value is very great for him and for us. They furnish him with a standard which he is continually applying to our country. He is not criticizing us alone. To the Socialist, England is as sick with graft as America. To him graft is an evil name for about all that England is, commercially. All her stately manors, all her parks and palaces, all her rent bearing forms of property on which her great families fattened like parasites, are the quintessence of sponging and graft. The only difference to Mr. Wells, as he says plainly, is that Americans talk about their sins more openly and more vociferously. That we cry aloud, is our hope.. If England should cry out about her own embedded graft, there would be more hope for her.

*"The Future in America," p. 125.

It is our peculiarity that we are so all-in-all given over to profit-mongering. We are accurately the counterpart of the great middle class trading and huckstering England. We differ only in this, that we can out-hustle England. We are friskier and the dead hand of custom lies more lightly upon us. But we are the hammering, shopkeeping middle class of his own countrymen set in freer and happier conditions for our work. Voltaire summarized England in these words, "The bottom dregs; the top, the froth; and the middle, excellent." Wells agrees about the dregs and the froth, but the poor middle class has for him no excellences. Its shopkeeping prosperities are but organized vulgarity and over-reaching of your neighbor. As for ourselves in America, we have the froth, but it is a putrid imitation and the lees are ever thicker at the bottom, while the saving middle already becomes stale. We have nothing in common with the elegances and responsibilities of upper class England, and so far, very little of the squalid deformity of her lowest classes.

"America is simply repeating the history of the Lancashire industrialism on a gigantic scale, and under an enormous variety of forms.

"But in England, as the modern Rich rise up, they come into a world of gentry with a tradition of public service and authority, they learn one by one and assimilate themselves to the legend of the governing class with a sense of proprietorship, which is also, in is humanly limited way, a sense of duty to the state.

"America, on the other hand, had no effectual 'governing class,' there has been no such modification, no clouding of the issue. Its rich, to one's superficial inspection, do seem to lop out, swell up into an immense consumption and power and inanity, develop no sense of public duties, remain winners of a strange game they do not criticise, concerned now only to hold and intensify their winnings.

"This is the fact to which America is slowly awaking at the present time. The American community is discovering a secular extinction of opportunity, and the appearance of powers against which individual enterprise and competition are hopeless. Enormous sections of the American public are losing their faith in any

personal chance of growing rich and truly free, and are developing the consciousness of an expropriated class."*

"A secular extinction of opportunity!"† This is one of his easy literary felicities to show us that the froth at the top and the dregs at the bottom are already becoming indistinguishable from the middle.

If we reply that very many of our ultra-rich do develop a sense of public duty, that they dower education, art museums, hospitals, institutions for scientific research, on a scale unknown and unmatched among other people, our Socialist author has his answer, Yes, there never was such free-handed outpouring, but it is too unrelated, too indiscriminate, too pauperizing. One most princely gift-bestower is thus described:

"And through the multitude of lesser, though still mighty, givers, comes that colossus of property, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the jubilee plunger of beneficence, that rosy, gray-haired, nimble little figure, going to and fro between two continents, scattering library buildings as if he sowed wild oats, buildings that may or may not have some educational value, if presently they are reorganized and properly stocked with books. Anon he appals the thrifty burghesses of Dunfermline with vast and uncongenial responsibilities of expenditure; anon he precipitates the library of the late Lord Acton upon our embarrassed Mr. Morley; anon he pauperizes the students of Scotland. He diffuses his monument throughout the English speaking lands, amid circumstances of the most flagrant publicity; the receptive learned, the philanthropic noble, bow in expectant swaths before him."‡

Thus one by one the pedestaled gods in our Valhalla are "called down." There is no billingsgate, no rough hand-

*"The Future in America," p. 80.

†Matthew Arnold's statement is as follows: "England distributes itself into Barbarians, Philistines, and Populace. America is just ourselves, with the Barbarians quite left out, and the Populace nearly. This would leave the Philistines for the great bulk of the nation; a livelier sort of Philistines than our Philistine middle class which made and peopled the United States—a livelier sort of Philistine than ours, and with the pressure and the false ideal of our Barbarians taken away, but left all the more to himself and to have his full swing." "Civilization in the United States," p. 79.

‡"The Future in America," p. 94.

ling, but only a good humored weighing and measuring of objects that are found wanting. They are not even cast aside, but put back in their places as if this kindly iconoclast said to us, "Let them remain until you yourselves find them out. Soon enough they must be replaced by quite other symbols."

This quick-witted observer sees more and sees better than scores of others who have stayed longer and traveled farther. His social and scientific interests furnish an equipment for observing society as it just now exists in the United States. Our material strength and our political weakness are both phases of the capitalism which has been developed to its highest point. There is nothing that so fashions our entire life, religion, manners, morals, press, and education as this same capitalism, and it is precisely this central and determining force which the trained Socialist makes his study. The one needed lesson that modern socialism has for us is its criticism. The logic of its full and positive program, we should do well to hold at arm's length, but its strictures upon the present business and social organization contain truths that only the very blind will ignore.

The most constructive statesmanship of our time has boldly taken its hints from the Socialist. He may mistake much, he may be wild in his exaggerations, he may draw crazy inferences even as other speculators, but he has this advantage—his specialty of thought and study is concentrated upon what has come to be overmastering in this country:—our business methods, habits, and ambitions, and the devious ways through which these react upon our individual and collective life. Moulded after these material patterns are the prevailing ideals, the scrutiny of which are his main study.

Mr. Wells is one of the most luminous as he is one of the most fearless of these social arbiters. In "The Future in America" we meet the Socialist who knows the dry economics of his subject, but knows them so well as to clothe them in the imagery and the imagination of the poet.



The Story of American Painting* VI. Modern Portrait Painting

By Charles Henry Fiske

[The editors regret to announce that Miss Edwina Spencer is, on the advice of her physician, forced to relinquish the completion of her series upon American Painting. Miss Spencer has been working under great difficulties for some months past and her nervous breakdown follows in part as a result of her determined effort not to disappoint THE CHAUTAUQUAN readers. In view of this emergency the editors have been obliged to engage other competent writers to complete the series as outlined by Miss Spencer. This change of plan will explain any differences in treatment, which, of necessity, will result when a new hand endeavors to complete the unfulfilled plan of the original author.]

THE most interesting personality if not the greatest figure in modern American painting is without doubt James Abbott McNeill Whistler. His relation to American art as distinct from world art is indeed tenuous for he passed by far the greater part of his life abroad, and were it not for his gay unrelenting warfare waged against English

*The series on American Painting will be concluded in the April and May issues of THE CHAUTAUQUAN. The articles heretofore printed are: "Foreword" and "Painting in Colonies" (September); "The Period of the Revolution" (October); "The Years of Preliminary Growth" (November); "Formative Influences" (December); "The Development of Landscape and Marine Painting" (February).

blindness and conservatism and his radical disagreement with British taste in art he might better be considered an Englishman.

Whistler was born in 1834 in Lowell, Massachusetts, his father being a distinguished American army officer and engineer, who at one time was in the employ of the Russian government. As destined for the military career traditional in his family James Whistler was early committed to West Point Military Academy, in which institution he acquired a good knowledge of drawing and a heavy burden of demerits due to minor infractions of the regulations. At West Point he remained nearly three years, his further connection being severed by the board of management when he, in an examination in chemistry, discoursed fluently, if unscientifically, upon the nature of silicon. This element Whistler called "a gas or a saponifiable fat" and for his frivolity was cast upon the world and ultimately into an artistic career.

He went to London and then to Paris, studying art in the latter city under Gleyre. Art training, however, had little influence upon his manner. He was in the largest sense self taught and developed from his own study and practise the art principles which he later embodied in his own compositions.

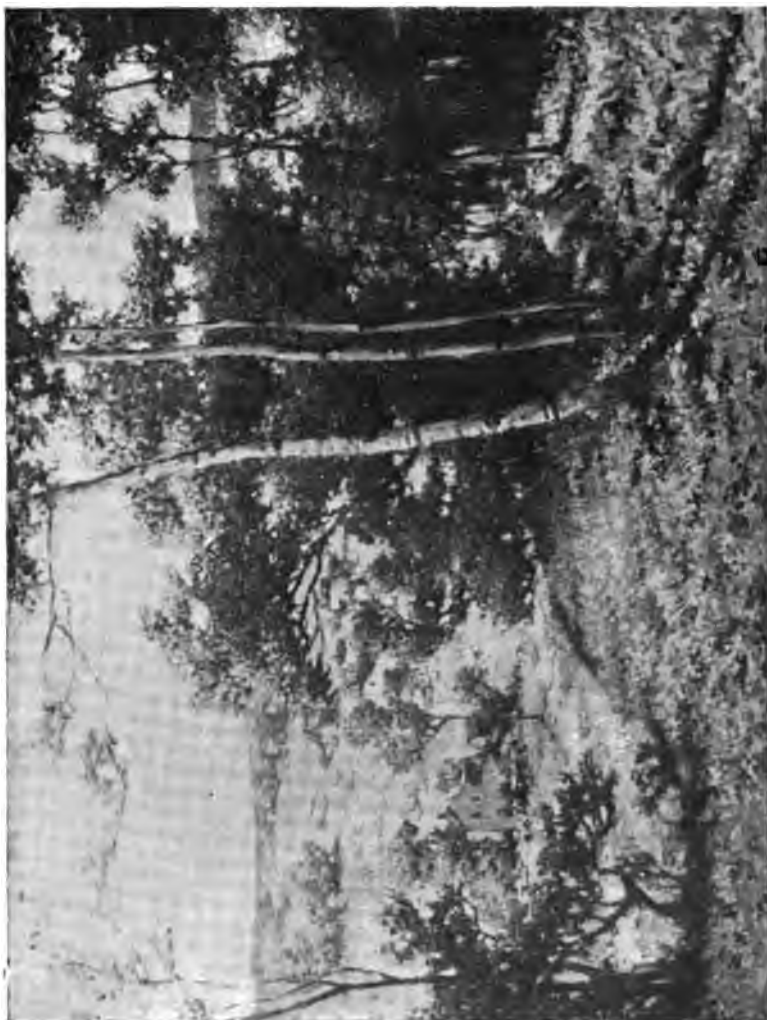
His first successes were in etching, a field of art in which he is acknowledged the superior of all moderns and by some is claimed to be the equal or superior of Rembrandt. These early etchings, chiefly of subjects drawn from the Thames waterside, gave him artistic standing in England and though this was often seriously impaired by his later work he was throughout his life a figure of commanding interest and importance in the world of art, as well by reason of his clever tongue and "gentle art of making enemies" as by his skill as a painter.

Whistler's work is in a wide variety of mediums—oil, pastel, water color, lithograph, etching, etc., and in almost

as widely varying styles, for as he grew older and more skilled in the use of his tools his methods departed more widely from those of his contemporaries and, as well, from his own first style. As some critic has observed, Whistler was at first a realist with romantic tendencies, but in his later pictures the realism becomes increasingly scant and the artist endeavors merely to suggest in harmonious colors and arrangements in lines and spaces the impression which a scene had made upon him. These fanciful creations are called frequently "nocturnes" or "symphonies," the very terminology suggesting the purpose of the painter to create a series of colors whose effect should prove as esthetically satisfying as the harmonies brought forth by an orchestra, a beauty totally independent of words or accuracy of representation, a thing complete and satisfying in itself.

The purpose of Whistler in thus developing his art was a conscious one. His famous art lecture "Ten O'clock," which stirred the art world of London, denotes a perfect selfconsciousness of artistic purpose. In this lecture Whistler attacked the world-old axiom of art "go to nature; paint nature as she is." Nature, said Whistler, was usually wrong. It was the duty of the artist to select from her incongruities only those elements of beauty which, harmoniously arranged, make of a picture a thing more harmonious than nature herself. The colors and forms of the natural world Whistler likened to the keyboard of a piano from which the musician selects only certain notes, arranging these into a harmony which gives the impression of beauty which he desires to set forth. An artist in his line and color should in like manner, seek merely to suggest the *spirit* or essence of the scene he depicts, indicating as concisely as possible the elements of beauty obscured by a mass of irrelevant detail.

Whistler carried his theories to their logical conclusion and as a result his later pictures, which became slighter and slighter, with little pretense to realism or careful detail,



"Autumn Gold," by Hugh H. Breckenridge, Fort Washington, Pa.



Low Tide—St. Malo, by Carlton T. Chapman.



A Squally Day—North River, by Carlton T. Chapman.



An Evening in May, by Dwight Tryon. In the Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo.



Bringing Home the Cattle—Coast of Florida, by Thomas Moran. In the Albright Gallery, Buffalo.



Portrait of Edward Robinson, by J. S. Sargent.



Dorothy and Her Sister, by W. M. Chase.



A Lady in Gray (water color), by James Abbott McNeill Whistler. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



Portrait of Professor Leslie Miller, by Thomas Eakins.



Portrait of Lady, by Frank W. Benson. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



Portrait of the Artist's Wife, by Alfred Quinton Collins. In the
Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



Carmençita, by John S. Sargent. In the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris.



Portrait of Walt Whitman, by John W. Alexander. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



Portrait of Mrs. Wiles and Miss Gladys Wiles, by Irving R. Wiles.



The Gilt Shawl, by Louis Loeb. In the Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo.



Young Woman in Black, by Robert Henri.



Portrait of Lady in Black, by William M. Chase. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



Mrs. Carl Meyer and Her Children, by John S. Sargent.



Portrait of Cyrus W. Field, by Daniel Huntington. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



A Lady in Black, by H. Siddons Mowbray. In the Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo.



A Portrait, by Seymour Thomas. In the Albright Art Gallery,
Buffalo.



Portrait of the Artist's Mother, by James Abbott McNeill Whistler. In the
Luxembourg Gallery, Paris.

seemed to his fellow painters hardly more than sketches, beautiful but unfinished. These, the most characteristic of Whistler's works are, therefore, the least popular, and his fame rests largely upon his earlier, more realistic etchings and the portrait paintings which mark the transition between his two manners. Of his paintings in this style the most famous is his portrait of his mother, painted probably a short time before 1874, and called by Whistler merely an "Arrangement in Gray and Black." This painting, here reproduced, was bought by the French Government for the small sum of £160 and now hangs in the Luxembourg Gallery in Paris. It illustrates Whistler's best skill both as a realistic painter in its finish of detail and as a colorist in its harmony of tones. Whistler persisted that it was of no interest to the public that the painting was a portrait of his mother: it should be judged by its value as an arrangement in color and spaces. But the public persists in seeing in it not only these qualities but a beautiful portrait of a fine old lady, a portrait with a strong human appeal as well as merely esthetic beauty.

Whistler's position in the world of art is still undetermined. It is uncertain whether or not posterity will care greatly for many of his paintings and the theories of art which underlie them. However this may be he has had a great influence upon the art of his day and is at present widely regarded as one of the really great artists produced in the nineteenth century. Some, at least, of his pictures, as, for example, the portrait of his mother already described, a portrait of Carlyle painted at about the same time, and several charming children's pictures, seem destined for immortality.

America's claim to one of the most distinguished of living artists, John S. Sargent, is still more slender than in the case of Whistler. It rests upon heredity rather than environment, for Sargent though the son of American parents was born in Florence, in 1856, educated abroad,

and with the exception of occasional visits to this country has spent the greater part of his life in England. Of New England stock, the son of a retired physician, Sargent's early surroundings were those of refinement and culture. Added to these was the atmosphere of Florence where he passed his boyhood, an atmosphere to which his sensitive temperament responded the more readily because his parents were themselves so keenly awake to its spirit. His early training was received at the Academy of Fine Arts in Florence, his decided gifts soon making themselves apparent. His facility of execution was particularly marked and when at the age of seventeen he went to Paris to study under Carolus-Duran the collection of drawings which he handed in was looked upon with amazement by his associates. His modest disposition, reflective temperament and eagerness to learn saved him from the perils which await those who have the dangerous gift of facility in work and he assimilated the teachings of his master with that absorbing power of genius which takes from others what it needs and fuses it into new forms which reflect its own peculiar temperament. His portrait of Carolus painted at twenty-three showed how he had grasped the master's method. To use the phraseology of one of his critics:

"The basis of instruction was not an infinitely elaborated charcoal drawing of the nude figure, but a head blocked in with paint, the great construction planes kept simple, their edges meeting in harsh, straight lines in the work of the beginners, but the paint laid on thickly, and all the attention concentrated on getting the best relation of mass, tone, and color. Not until this had been done were the pupils permitted to soften the edges and elaborate details.

"The feeling for this underlying construction in form and tone Sargent gained thoroughly. It is the framework unseen, but all pervasive on which his pictures are built, and differentiates them absolutely from the most skilful of his imitators. To this must be added his ease in the mechanical manipulation of paint which would be encouraged and developed by the teaching and example of Carolus. To spread great surfaces of pure clean color, to touch on them lights and shades and details with a flowing brush, but so surely and firmly that they lie bright and clear on the wet underpainting, to invent strange and apparently accidental turns of the brush that give effects with an accuracy beyond the reach of the most persevering labor,—all this is of his nature. The be-

holder stands in delighted bewilderment as before a juggler more mystifying than any that India or Japan has produced. To other painters such dexterity has come, if at all, after long labor; but it was Sargent's from the first."

His years of study in Paris were enriched later by a visit to Spain where he felt the fascination of Velasquez as only a genius may comprehend the work of a kindred craftsman. For a time he lived also in Holland attracted by the masterly portraits of Franz Hals and out of these influences his individual genius evolved its own powers of expression.

During Whistler's lifetime so ardently did his admirers and those of Sargent contest the merits of these two masters that Continental juries of award assigned one medal of honor to each, realizing that any recognition of one above the other would produce an atmosphere of criticism quite intolerable. Sargent's achievements have, since Whistler's death, easily placed him far in advance of all English or American contemporaries and in the judgment of many he may be ranked among the few great artists today in any country. His work naturally falls into three groups: the well known decorative paintings in the Boston Public Library, the prophets, etc., his *genre* pictures, studies of Venice and other scenes, and his great collection of portraits which have been widely exhibited in this country and in Europe.

One of the first impressions felt by a student of Sargent's portraits is their remarkably life-like quality. With unerring instinct he has seemed to divine the individuality of the sitter whose dominant traits of character forthwith stand out from the canvas. Indeed, so expressive are these portraits that in some cases the artist has been accused of revealing more of the human nature of his subject than the public had a right to know.

Infinitely varied too are his resources in the matter of pose, of costume and other accessories. Each canvas has its own peculiar charm. In one instance perhaps the effect

of the portrait will be heightened by the subtle touches which he gives to the background, or again, as in the case of the portrait of Mrs. Meyer and her children, the sofa may become an important element in the color scheme of the picture. This group is one of Sargent's most exquisite effects in portraiture. The costume of the lady, which is of a delicate shell pink, is painted with the broad, firm touch so characteristic of his work, and the entire picture, large as it is, conveys an impression of lightness and elegance admirably suited to the subject.

This marvelous dexterity, this sureness and lightness combined with ease in Sargent's work, has been secured only through genius allied to exacting labor. Long and persistently has he wrestled with the problems of his art, painting a portrait, then scraping it out, and repeating this process a score of times till in the end the result was achieved. Kenyon Cox calls him "one of the greatest virtuosi of the brush" and gives a hint of the secret of his power: "It does not satisfy him that his work is right or even that it is actually easy for him to make it so—it must *look* easy. He counts upon the pleasure his virtuosity will afford you for a great part of his effect. In this particular and perfectly legitimate charm of art,—the charm of prompt and efficient execution, the magic of the hand—Sargent is, perhaps, the equal of any one, even of the greatest."

As the student comes to know Sargent's art more familiarly, comparing portrait with portrait and with those of the great masters of the past, a certain lack of spiritual quality becomes more and more apparent. Marvelously true are his portrayals of that great gallery of men and women of varied types who have sat to him for his delineation of their characters. Sometimes the truth is unwelcome but the artist unhesitatingly presents the man's character as he sees it, and his discriminating acquaintance with the world in which his sitters live gives him a wide range of

motives and temperaments and worldly conditions to draw upon. Yet although the result is often most happily favorable, it retains a certain impersonal quality, as if the artist viewed the character dispassionately, without that sympathy which looks behind everyday actions to the springs of a man's life. Quite exceptional, however, in this respect are his portraits of children in which depth of sentiment and tenderness of feeling are strikingly apparent. In the portraits of Homer Saint-Gaudens and tiny Beatrice Goelet one feels a sympathetic quality which is enlisted to the full in portraying the subtle charm of childhood. There are those who discover in his *genre* paintings a more poetical and creative type of work which they believe is the real Sargent rather than the Sargent of portraiture, splendid as are his achievements in that field. Happily the master is still in his prime and we have much to anticipate in the further revealings of his genius.

William H. Chase is rightly considered one of the present leaders in American art, not only because of his vast and varied creative work but as well for his commanding place in all progressive art movements in this country. Born in Indiana, Chase first studied art at the Academy of Design in New York after which he began practising his profession in St. Louis. He soon went to Europe, however, completing his art education at Munich. While here he painted largely still life, beginning his portrait work later, when at Venice, with a portrait of Frank Duveneck, an artist who had some influence on Chase's style.

Since his return to this country Chase has tried his hand in nearly all mediums and at all kinds of subjects—portraits, landscapes, still life, etc. Even of greater importance to American art than his pictures, excellent as these are, has been his influence upon the younger painters, for he has been a popular and highly successful teacher. Chase, as a painter, is notable for all the excellences of technique—draughtmanship, skill in color, and brush work.

He takes great delight in the practise of his skill and devotes the same scrupulous care to the accurate portrayal of an inanimate detail as to the portrayal of a feature in his sitter.

Portrait painting though but one of the fields in which Chase has achieved distinction is represented by a number of excellent canvases. He is not so uniformly successful as Sargent at catching a life-like pose but his work at its best is interpretative and tender. This is particularly the case in his portraits of children, one of which is here reproduced. Much the same charm and sweetness of youth is conveyed in the portrait of the lady in black which is also to be found in these pages.

John W. Alexander, whose portrait of Walt Whitman speaks for itself, has already taken high rank for his mural decoration as well as for his portrait painting. His portraits indeed have a decorative quality and are so painted that they seem in keeping with the walls on which they are hung. They are apparently simple, strong in outline, and have the sketchy quality characteristic of some of Whistler's work. Alexander is remarkable for his use of greens, using green often for flesh tints with peculiarly satisfactory results. In his portraits of women the broad sweep of the drapery is very characteristic. The pose of the figures is as far as possible from the commonplace, so skilfully adjusted that the long firm lines which have a certain rhythmic quality give balance and unity to the whole. A further quality, which is at once noticeable, is the thinness of his paint. The coarse canvas shows through, but this apparent crudity really contributes much to the effectiveness of his painting, the grain of the canvas diversifying and giving quality to what would otherwise be meaningless and thin background. Alexander's most important work of late has been the mural decoration of the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburg. This work will be discussed next month under the head of "Mural Painting."

Besides the work of these leaders of today space forbids mention of more than a few other examples of American portraiture of the present. In Collins one feels the influence of the old Dutch masters to whose work he was much attracted. Eakins' skill manifests itself among other ways in the admirable pose of his subjects and a certain sureness of line. In the art of Irving R. Wiles portraiture has been a somewhat recent development and in his portrayal of his wife and daughter there reappears the grace and delicacy combined with breadth of handling so characteristic of his figure work. H. Siddons Mowbray, who is turning his attention especially to mural painting has in his portrait work a refinement of method which seems to seek for grace rather than the portrayal of individuality in character. One may very profitably compare with these the portraits by Louis Loeb and Seymour Thomas and the skilful handling and shadow, richness of tone and depth of color in such a study as Henri's "Young Woman in Black." American art in portraiture from the days of Daniel Huntington when moral qualities often predominated over purely artistic ones, has passed through a widely varied development. English influence has come and gone. Germany, Italy, Spain, Holland, and France have lent their inspiration to the artists of our country. The American temperament unwilling to be held long by conventions has shown its experimental quality again and again and has gradually formulated artistic ideals which will afford to future men of genius a stimulating atmosphere.

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American Painting

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(End of C. L. S. C. Required Reading for April.)



Immigrants on the Land

I. Italian Colonists

By Kellogg Durland

THE "immigration problem" in the United States is essentially a distribution problem. New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, the great ports of the Atlantic coast, are glutted with hale and hearty toilers from over seas while the vast hinterland—the west, the south, the southwest, and the northwest—craves the work these hands have crossed the world to seek. During the last fiscal year of the Bureau of Immigration and Naturalization 1,285,349 souls entered our borders. These numbers are striking from any point of view, but their significance is appreciated only when we remember that thirty per cent. of this aggregate number claimed New York as their destination, seventeen per cent. were bound for Pennsylvania, seven per cent. for Massachusetts, and five per cent. for New Jersey. In other words, nearly sixty per cent. were journeying to four eastern states. Meanwhile there is stagnation of agricultural and industrial development in great areas of the continent owing to the lack of labor. "Ghettos," "Little Italies," and other foreign quarters are building in the cities, and while these bits of the old world are often picturesque and interesting on the surface, they are a menace to the physical well-being of a large part of our population.

One of the most difficult phenomena of alien life in America is the congestion in the cities of people who have never known city life—peasants from the olive-clad hills and sunny valleys of Italy. Why should they transform their lives from tillers of the soil to town laborers? The answer is obvious. New York is America to most of them. Their friends, emigrants before them, have come to New York, perhaps settled in New York, and the tradition of America in Italy has become the tradition of New York.

What is true of the Italians is equally true of other nationalities. Hence it becomes the task of America to create a new tradition among our aliens, one that shall spread back to the old countries of Europe and take root there, a tradition of open America, of the opportunities of the fields, the inducements of agriculture.

Half a century ago manual labor in the United States was done by Germans. As the Germans adopted a higher and higher scale of living the Irish took up the tools they dropped; behind the Irish have come the Slavs, the Poles, the Italians. But while the Italians are entering the mines, building our railroads and lending themselves to the hardest kinds of labor, they are also encroaching upon the trades of the Jews in the cities, and one of the impending tragedies of our life is the sweat shop gathered over into the keeping of the Italians. Not that the sweat shop is less of an evil in the Italian quarter than in the Ghetto but it is an institution stamped for destruction by American standards of life, not for perpetuation from decade to decade and to be handed from nationality to nationality for preservation. Men and women with hands hardened by long use of the hoe and ploughshare should be saved from the thralldom of the needle. If streams of immigration from the countries sending us the greatest number of aliens could be directed through the port cities to the sections of our country where there is the kind of work best suited for each nationality the immigration "problem" would speedily be reduced. The Poles and Slovaks would go to the mines and mills, and such other peasantry as are born and traditional agriculturists, the Russians and the Italians, to the land.

Experiments have been in process in different places in the country, directed to this end, for some time. For the most part they have been on a comparatively small scale, hence their influence has been but slight on the whole question. At the same time these foreign colonies offer opportunity for studying their progress, according to the "labor-

atory method," and taken as they are represent results of considerable value.

The two races amongst whom these colonization experiments have recently been made, are those giving us their greatest numbers—the Jews and the Italians. Nearly one hundred and fifty thousand Jews were admitted to the United States last year, and, approximately three hundred thousand Italians. If these two races could be attracted to the soil, to the cultivation of our vast farming lands, the importance of the movement would be beyond estimate.

I have had occasion to visit the oldest and most notable experiments in Jewish and Italian colonization, those in southern New Jersey, and this article together with the one which will follow next month, is based on the results of my personal observations among the colonists of these two peoples. The Jew is temperamentally, characteristically, physically, traditionally, and historically different from the Italian. It could not be otherwise, therefore, than that their colonization efforts should be along different though parallel lines, and that their work should of necessity be viewed from different standpoints. Geographically these experiments in South Jersey are near together, but in no other respect. In this article I shall discuss the Italian colonies, and next month I will report on the Jewish settlements.

The story of the first Italian land colony in southern New Jersey is soon told. It was founded by an Italian political refugee to this country, Signor Secchi de Casale. This man had established the first Italian newspaper in New York, called *L'Eco d'Italia*, through which he had endeavored to keep alive the flame of Italian patriotism among the Italians who were then in the United States. He was a disciple of Mazzini and a companion of Garibaldi and other Italian patriots who were instrumental in the union of Italy and with whom he had fought for her independence.

In the year 1849, after the unsuccessful attempt to

form a Roman republic, he and several of his companions in the Cause migrated to New York. De Casale lived with Garibaldi in the village of Stapleton, Staten Island, in a house still standing. As the Italians in this country increased, de Casale found his interest in the welfare of his immigrant countrymen growing and their need was at that time so apparent to him that he felt called upon to suggest some legitimate and wise channel for the expression of their energies and for the development of their abilities.

As a reward for his services to the Italians in America, King Victor Emanuel later knighted de Casale.

While his efforts were constant in many directions, the most important accomplishment of his life was the establishment of an agricultural colony near Vineland, New Jersey.

Mr. Charles Landis, the founder of the city of Vineland, coöperated with Chevalier de Casale in his colonization scheme. The first group of peasants brought here in a body were sent to the colony in 1878, although a few years previous to this time certain individual Italians had exploited the work of berry picking in the vicinity, notably at Hammonton. From these beginnings grew the somewhat extended Italian colonization that we find today.

On the whole, the district of South Jersey is drear and unlovely; it is flat and hill-less, covered with scrub oak, stunted pine, and in many places consists chiefly of large swamps. For years it lay in its primal state because few American farmers had the energy to apply themselves to its improvement and reclamation. Certain towns on the railway there were, small and not very prosperous, and with these as a basis, the work of the immigrant colonists has gone on. The surface soil for the most part is light and sandy, often white like the sand of sea-beaches, but there is a sub-soil which is fairly rich, and on the whole it has been proved adaptable for certain crops. Grapes, sweet potatoes, beans, and tomatoes all grow admirably throughout

this belt, and peaches and other fruits have been satisfactorily grown in certain sections.

Italian peasants born and accustomed to intensely hard work took hold of the great task of reclaiming the difficult lands that surrounded their settlements, and by dint of patience and great labor they have learned what crops can be depended upon. With the berries, the beans, and the sweet potatoes, and later the grapes, for a beginning, the early colonists developed farms of remarkable prosperity. American settlers who had once occupied farms in the neighborhood grew discouraged and many of them left, allured by the call of the town, or the more fertile fields of the middle west. These deserted plantations were quickly occupied by the olive-skinned newcomers, and today the farms once occupied by Americans are worked side by side with the farms of the brothers of the Italian pioneers who themselves cleared away the virgin tangles and made the sandy, barren dunes fertile.

Since the first settlers took up their living these Italian colonists have slowly increased until today they number some thousands. Not a large population, perhaps when compared to our aggregate Italian population, but these colonies are only experiments, samples as it were, and in many other sections are similar experiments. Taken together the results are important. For convenience we are noting the story of South Jersey, but there are other colonies in California, in Louisiana, in Connecticut, in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, New York, in Tennessee, and Texas. These have each sprung up independently without special attention but the readiness shown by the colonists to adapt themselves to the soil is clear indication of what may be expected when the government undertakes in a systematic way the work of settling the Italians on the soil throughout the country in such places as their labor is most needed.

No people coming to America can live as economically

as do the Italians. Their standard of living is by no means in conformity with that general condition of comfort that is called the "American standard of living." Ultimately, however, the Italians desire things which are foreign to them at home and gradually they raise their own standards. But at the outset the rigid economy they practice is a help.

The Italians start in life absolutely independent. Families come down from the cities, Philadelphia and New York, as berry pickers. They acquire a little money and a small, crude shack in which they live until they have paid off all indebtedness and get a little ahead, when they begin to build their own homes. The Jews, on the other hand, invariably start with a burden of debt to carry for their land and for their homes, and the cost of living to the Jew is always greater than to the Italian. He must have his wine at Passover and he must support his Talmud-Torah and his lodge, and oftentimes he is sending money home to Russia to bring over the remainder of his family, and it is a number of years before he finds himself on a clear footing. The Italian, in the meantime, free of debt, forging ahead by small steps, succeeds in acquiring his house and land free from all debt.

The Italian, more than any other alien, comes to America with the idea of saving a sum of money sufficient to enable him to return to his native land for the remainder of his life. But the immigrants who have been a few years in this country acquire certain habits and customs which they are unable to take back with them to Italy, and rather than repudiate these, they prefer to bring their families to America. Each year more and more Italian families are thus brought to America by Italian immigrants who have established themselves in this country and who, contrary to their early expectations, have renounced their early ambition of returning to Italy, and are now only desirous of making a permanent home in this country. This is a phe-

nomenon, however, which is only acquired unconsciously with their Americanization.

The comparative agricultural conditions in America and in Italy are tremendously in favor of America. At home the Italian peasant has lived for many generations in towns which are in many cases the outgrowths of burghs and feudal castles under whose protection they were originally built. The peasants go out in the early morning to the farms and gardens, the fields and vineyards, which sometimes are distant several miles, and return at evening. This regime carries with it certain discomforts and physical disadvantages resulting from lack of proper and comfortable houses, from excessive toil, and such heavy taxation as leaves a residue of profit so small that the comforts and many of the necessities of life, are impossible. This toilsome regime has been the direct cause of the low standard of living which the Italians bring with them, but which in this country enables the Italian to more readily adjust himself to a difficult and stubborn environment and to reclaim land which ordinary American farmers have despaired of. Italian peasants who come to New York are, for the most part, entirely ignorant of the agricultural possibilities of this country. To them America is New York, but when offered a safe conduct to the soil in the agricultural districts, the Italian finds the advantages of American country life far in excess of any dreams he may have cherished. The comforts and independence afforded the American farmer, even the Americanized immigrant farmer, appeal to him, and he willingly undertakes the most difficult and disagreeable of work for a period of years in order that he may win the position of an American citizen. This ideal which is so easily placed before him is stimulating to good citizenship, to industrious labor, and to rapid, though not too rapid Americanization.

One of the great difficulties in the establishment of agricultural colonies in any section of the country is in the mat-



Leg bones of a gigantic Dinosaur in the American Museum.

day. It is astonishing how great and mighty a race of saurians sprang from this diminutive and insignificant ancestor! The Carboniferous era closed and *punctulatus* was blotted out. Then succeeded the Permian era, the last of the Paleozoic Age. Herein other Cotylosaurs appeared in numbers, first of moderate size. As the Permian grew older, lizard-like saurians continued to increase in species and in size. There appeared the larger Thermora, such as the Dimetrodons, some with forty-inch spines on their backs and the Otocoelidæ, the ancestors of the marine turtles, ranging from three to ten feet in length. Then the Paleozoic Age died out, and with it these types of saurians became extinct.

"The next age, the most extraordinary so far as animal life is concerned, the Mesozoic, was ushered in like a new world. In its first section, the Triassic, the saurians that had appeared with it assumed wide orders, functions, and greater proportions. These were Palæoctonus, Aetosaurus, Testudinata, Dystrophaecus, Thecodontosaurus and Palæohatteria, of which the Utah Triassic elephantine saurian, Dystrophaecus Viaemalæ was conspicuous. The Jurassic and Cretaceous formation of the Mesozoic were the most remarkable periods for types of animal life. In them saurians reached their time of glory. An examination of the Jurassic of Colorado shows that it was a lake bed which abounded in dinosaurs, magalosaurus and cetiosaurs of diverse species, which swarmed in vast numbers and grew to gigantic proportions. Some went in herds, finding food most plentiful, and conditions and climate most propitious. The forests and jungles abounded in saurians which walked on four legs. The Cretaceous Agathaumas of Marsh resembling somewhat in form the rhinoceros; and the Jurassic Stegosaur of Marsh partaking of the bulk of the elephant. Of the genus Agathaumas, with its powerful skull armature, the *silvestris* of Cope had a nose horn pointing forward and his *spheroцерus* a nose horn pointing

straight upward. Of the genus *Stegosaurus*, the *ungulatus* of Marsh had a single dermal armor and the *latus* of Cope had a double dermal armor. The plains and fields swarmed with Saurians which ran or leaped on two hind legs and tail and whose fore limbs were not ambulatory. Those of the kangaroo type represented by the Laramie cretaceous *Laelaps incrassatus* (Cope) which preyed on the western *Hadrosaurus mirabilis* (Leidy); and the Fox Hills cretaceous *Laelaps acqulunguis* (Cope) of New Jersey which preyed on the Eastern *Hadrosaurus Foulkii*. The lakes were infested by saurians which waded but could not swim and other species which waded or swam indifferently. These types are represented only in the Jurassic. *Amphicoelias altus* (Cope), one of the tallest dinosaurs, waded but never swam. He walked on the bottom, sometimes browsing on overhanging tree tops; at other times seizing live prey beneath the surface; and again feeding on aquatic plants on the lake bed. Amphibious and omniverous, he ate anything edible within reach, a saurian in structure, and everything in habits. The great weight of his femurs and tail vertebrae, prevented him from swimming or attempting to walk on land and his extinction came when the water, which had held his bones together, disappeared and caused the collapse of his mighty structure, solid at the base and hollow as to neck and back. Of coexistence was the giant or giraffe-like amphibian, the *Camarasaurus supremus* of Cope and the *Brontosaurus excelsus* of Marsh. Because of a longer femur the camarasaur had the advantage of the amphicoelias and could either swim or wade or progress on land. Standing like a tripod on hind legs and tail, this herbivorous monster could distend his bird-like beak to a height of from sixty to eighty feet and browse on the tops of the then existing palm trees. Because of hollow vertebrae anterior to the tail, and two large separated chambers, communicating with the cavity of the body by a foramin on either side, he could materially lighten his superstructure

with air and march along the lowlands with rapid strides. The ocean at this time teemed with serpent-like saurians which swam at great speed feeding like swans or sharks. Of these the Fox Hills Cretaceous Mosasaurs possessed eight technical characters of serpents, having fangless teeth, a numerous jointed vertebral column, cylindrical ribs, and powers of swimming in the ocean, and of devouring their prey whole. Being one of the most elongated of all animals, it is assumed as in *Mosasaurus Dekayi* (Mitchell) that they had webbed toes and paddle-like limbs. *Maximus* was the longest, having sixty feet of skeleton with the largest and most terrible head, followed in size by *princeps*, *Mis-soriensis*, and *orathrus*. Allied to these was *Nectoporthus* [*Tylosaurus*] *proriger* (Cope) ram nosed, with an obtuse beak prolonged beyond the teeth, with which he fought his enemies while swimming in the ocean with perhaps greater speed than any known species. In the Niobrara Cretaceous was the swan-necked Elasmosaur. The *Elasmosaurus Platyurus* of Cope had a powerful elongated tail for swimming. In habits it was rapacious, having dog-like teeth and beneath a Leavenworth skeleton, six species of fishes were found. It seized fishes while "standing on its head" after the manner of ducks and geese and swam with wonderful rapidity to escape its deadly foe, the Cimoliasaur. Incomplete as is our knowledge of *Cimoliasaurus Magnus* of Cope, we know that it was the most robust and powerful of the marine serpent-like saurians, short of neck and formidable of bulk, with massive round head, short and stout legs, and easily able to whip any of the saurians known which dared to come near and give battle. It could fight and win but was neither constituted for pursuit nor flight to an extent necessary at his period of existence. Had he lived in Jurassic times, together with the omnivorous and terrible *Amphicoelius altus*, which also was unable to run away or pursue, some great battles might have taken place.

"With the Mesozoic realm, ended the careers of sau-

rians. It is astonishing to note that the saurians reverted to almost their primitive form. The ancestral cotylosaur of the Paleozoic carboniferous is resembled in size and functions by the successors of the saurians in the Cenozoic realm, the Lacertilla somewhat similar to the small lizards found today. If we arrange these forms we must place the carnivorous saurians as follows: The ancestral Cotylosaur in the Permian, its successor Palaeoctonus in the Triassic, the Magalosaurus in the Jurassic, ending with Laelaps in the Cretaceous. The second line of ascent comprises the Camarasaur in the Jurassic alone, for which neither ancestor nor progeny has been discovered. In the third line we have the Stegosaur types beginning with Dystrophaecus in the Triassic, followed by Stegosaurus in the Jurassic and ending with Agathaumas in the Cretaceous. The fourth or herbivorous line begins with Thecodontosaurus in the Triassic, followed by Iguanodon in the Jurassic and ending with Hadrosaurus in the Cretaceous. It will be seen that only the carnivorous line runs straight from Cotylosaur in the Paleozoic carboniferous to Laelaps in the Mesozoic Cretaceous giving origin to mammalia and man.

"Several views have been advanced as to the probable cause of the extinction of the saurians. Morris thinks that their eggs were eaten or destroyed by a race of mammals which Cope suggested may have been the multi-tuberculate Prototheria, allies of the existing Australian duck bill, but armed with sharp lancet-like teeth in the front jaws. As a rule, however, it may be assumed that the saurians finally acquired a greater bulk than the soil would bear and that they required more food than Nature could produce and starved."

Certain it is that the survival of the saurians would not have benefited man while their extinction has been the cause of much of the immortal, imperishable fame of Professor Edward D. Cope and several contemporaries. And while there are those who may not agree with Cope that

the carnivorous saurians gave origin to the mammalia and man, we immeasurably feel the loss to the world that death has made it impossible for him to continue his studies and determine the particular species of saurian which was entitled to the honor to be classed as one of the known ancestors. It is logic, however, to assume that if one carnivorous saurian was an ancestor, all the line were ancestors. Certain it is that all of Cope's nine ancestors, from amphioxus to man, were each and all carnivorous and one would as soon have some reptiles for ancestors as some apes.

"Ancestor," by the way, merely means the highest type of animal in the preceding geological age. "Evolution" amounts to that and little else. Man could not have existed in any of the geological ages of his "ancestors," as there were not conditions of soil and atmosphere to support him. He will have no successor, because divine authority assures him he was created in the divine image.



The Vesper Hour*

By Chancellor John H. Vincent

AMONG the foremost leaders in American church life during the latter half of the nineteenth century was Matthew Simpson, born in 1811 in Ohio, in early life a school teacher, a student and for a time a practitioner as a physician, a professor of natural science in Allegheny College, president for a time of what is now DePauw University, then for nine years editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, and in 1852 elected as a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church. He died in 1884.

Bishop Simpson was a man of remarkable physical, intellectual, and spiritual power; an exceptionally great preacher, endowed with that mysterious magnetic energy so difficult to define, and impossible by any known process of personal training to acquire. As an orator he swayed his audiences at will, holding their attention, stirring their emotions, convincing their judgments, compelling their approval and all this with the manifest self-forgetting fervor born of personal earnestness and genuine enthusiasm. He seemed while in the pulpit entirely to forget his immediate surroundings and to be carried away by the consciousness of a great opportunity to set forth the Christ whose messenger and representative he felt himself to be. There was a certain majesty about him, and he possessed a magnetic power that seemed to be the medium of a higher force—a divine Spirit of whose presence he was conscious, and by whose love and wisdom he was controlled. I think I never listened to a messenger of God in the pulpit who so profoundly impressed me as being then and there under the direct inspiration of God.

Bishop Simpson was a master of the art of illustration.

*The Vesper Hour, contributed to THE CHAUTAUQUAN each month by Chancellor Vincent continues the ministries of Chautauqua's Vesper Service throughout the year.

But one never thought of or inquired for the "book of illustrations" from which he had taken his material. Every thing was evidently new-born and a present fruit of genius and inspiration. While looking into his illuminated face as he preached one felt that he was in the presence of a man of God, who was doing his work not to gain applause nor to build up a church but to win his hearers to a nobler and a purer life. His call from God was a flame of fire within him. A little girl once listening to a great preacher in the Puritan times said to her mother: "I thought it was God who was talking." And so it was with Bishop Simpson. He was as a voice of God to men.

The great bishop's outlook was catholic, his horizon all-embracing. He appreciated all the denominations. He coöperated with all.

He exhibited a charming humility of spirit. He was gentle and lovable; both fatherly and fraternal; his burning eloquence contributed to the success of the Nation's salvation in the days of '61 and '64, and Mr. Lincoln received help and hope from Simpson's hand and heart and tongue.

As we recall a life like his our faith in the life of the Spirit increases. God does dwell in man. Created to be an image of God, to be possessed and dominated by His own Holy Spirit, loving what God loves, choosing what the will of God approves, following what the law of God commands—a human life may make a revelation to men of the beauty of holiness. Such was the career of Matthew Simpson. He would himself refuse to be assigned to such a lofty place, but those who knew him best recognize the fitness of this tribute.

Nothing is worth while in human life if this basal faith, this divine possession and guidance be lacking.

As we recall this illustrious career let us remember that the distinction he acquired was as nothing to the divine spirit he possessed, the humble faith that controlled him and the consistent example he set forth before men. And let

Julia Ward Howe

our Vesper prayer ascend to Heaven: Clothe us, O Lord, with the same blessed Spirit that Thy servant, our brother, received from Thy gracious hand. And this grace we ask in the name of Jesus Christ, his Savior and ours. Amen.

Julia Ward Howe

THE autobiography of so long and eventful a life as that of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is a human chronicle of more than ordinary interest. Her girlhood in New York, her married life in Boston, her visits to Europe were all so related to great events and movements of the century just closed that her "Reminiscences" call up living pictures of a past which is already fading from the memory of those who had a share in it.

Mrs. Howe was born in 1819. Her father, Samuel Ward, was a banker, a man of strong character and independent convictions, somewhat austere but loved and honored. His influence in the commercial world is evidenced by the fact that in Jackson's administration when financial stress led a number of states to repudiate their debts, and New York State wavered with regard to its own obligations, Mr. Ward's personal influence and the financial backing of his banking house, tided his state over the crisis. He died when his daughter Julia was twenty, but those twenty years of her girlhood helped in no small degree to prepare her for what the years were to bring. Her father's antipathy to the theater and to the use of tobacco, wine, etc., gave to the household atmosphere a somewhat puritan quality in spite of which as the years went on the young daughters shared in some measure in the fashionable life of old New York. One of her brothers married into the Astor family and a sister became the wife of Thomas Crawford, the sculptor. Mrs. Howe's literary and musical attainments, her own



Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

Julia Ward Howe

personal charm and the opportunities offered by her father's social position brought her into pleasant and familiar relations with the most cultivated men and women of the country. A favorite older brother returning from a stay in Germany, stimulated her already keen interest in literature and music and widened the circle of her friendships.

In 1843 she married Dr. S. G. Howe, the famous Boston philanthropist, whose work in behalf of the blind had made him known in both Europe and America. Their wedding journey to Europe was an eventful one. In London there were social engagements at which they met the Carlyles, Sydney Smith, Lord Houghton, and other distinguished people, and these experiences alternated with visits to Newgate prison, to the Bridewell where men were still being punished by means of the treadmill, and to other institutions deeply interesting to a man of Dr. Howe's temperament and to Horace Mann who was one of their traveling companions. A memorable experience was their visit to the Nightingale home, where the young daughter Florence improved the opportunity to consult with Dr. Howe about the propriety of studying nursing and devoting her life to that profession. The culminating point of their journey was Rome, then a medieval city without indication of the coming struggle for freedom.

The return to America brought the young bride into a new world. Boston of the forties and fifties was stirring with ideas and experiments. The transcendental movement was in full tide, Emerson just "breaking ground," George Ripley starting his Brook Farm scheme, and Margaret Fuller holding her memorable "conversations." Mrs. Howe's life of Margaret Fuller, written in 1883, attests the high estimate which she placed upon the character of this remarkable woman. "I had known," Mrs. Ward writes, "the Boston of the Forty if New York may be called the city of the Four Hundred. I was now to make the acquaintance of the Boston of the teachers, of the reformers, of the

cranks, and also—of the apostles.” After her experience of the years she now looks upon the transcendentalists and the abolitionists as both representing the new liberal movement of the time. “In the transcendentalists the enthusiasm of emancipated thought was paramount, while the abolitionists followed the vision of emancipated humanity.”

Some strong antipathies had to be met and overcome in these early years of her Boston life. She felt repelled by the abolitionists and especially by William Lloyd Garrison “whom I had never seen but of whose malignity of disposition I entertained not the smallest doubt.” Meeting him one Sunday evening at Theodore Parker’s she found him “gentle and unassuming in manner with a pleasant voice, a benevolent countenance and a sort of glory of sincerity in his ways and words. I could only wonder at the falsehoods I had heard and believed concerning him.”

To her husband’s great surprise when hymns were sung according to the Sunday evening custom at the Parker’s, he saw Mrs. Howe and Mr. Garrison sharing the same hymn book. “From this time forth,” she says, “I learned to respect and honor him, though as yet little foreseeing how glad I should be one day to work with and under him.” In the case of Wendell Phillips she passed through much the same experience, though she is inclined to think that the fact that Phillips had bought her book of poems, saying, “She doesn’t like me, but I like her poetry,” may have been partly responsible for her softened attitude!

These were the days also of uprisings in Europe and the Howes were again in Italy in the early fifties. It was during the reaction following the revolutions of ’48. To Dr. Howe and other enthusiasts “the millennium of universal peace and good will seemed near at hand.” But Mrs. Howe comments: “The fact remained that the city of God must be built by patient day’s work.”

Upon her return to America, though occupied with the cares of a family of young children, she found leisure to

share the editorial labors of her husband on *The Commonwealth*, an anti-slavery journal designed to educate the Northern public conscience against slavery—a conscience “lulled by financial prosperity.” Of the way in which her broad and kindly nature adjusted itself to the sharp prejudices of the time, she gives us a hint in her “Reminiscences:” “I did not then or at any time make any wilful breach with the society to which I was naturally related. It did, however, much annoy me to hear those spoken of with contempt and invective who I was persuaded were only far in advance of the conscience of the time.” “*Passion Flowers*,” a little volume of poems, published in 1854, gave expression to her sense of the just cause of the Italian and Hungarian patriots and of the wrongs and sufferings of the slaves.

To these eventful years belong her attempts at dramatic writing. Her first play, “*The World’s Own*,” had been acted at Wallack’s Theater in New York with Mr. Sothorn, afterward famous as Lord Dundreary, in a leading part. Edwin Booth was just at the beginning of his career and when Dr. and Mrs. Howe saw him for the first time they at once felt the touch of genius in his work. “This is the real thing,” they exclaimed. Later when Booth’s manager proposed that Mrs. Howe should write a play and Booth warmly seconded the request she entered upon the work with great enthusiasm: “I could only think,” she said, “of representing him as Hippolytus, a beautiful youth of heroic type, enamored of a high ideal. This was the part which I desired to create for him.” At her cozy summer home at Lawton Valley near Newport she gave herself up to the delight of creative writing. But this venture came to an untimely end. The play was finished and Booth and Charlotte Cushman were to act the leading parts, when the caprice of the manager caused the abandonment of the scheme and Mrs. Howe resolved to attempt nothing more for the stage.

The publication of her volume on Cuba after a visit of some length to that island led the New York *Tribune* to ask for letters from her on the social doings of Newport. To this she acceded, but the letters while treating social life in Newport and Boston in some measure, dealt more especially with the great events of the time. "To me," she writes, "the experience was valuable in that I found myself brought nearer in sympathy to the general public and helped to a better understanding of its needs and demands."

Her story of the writing of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" has been told many times. It was composed and written in Washington in the gray dawn of morning. The day before had been one of excitement. Mrs. Howe was returning with friends from watching some manoeuvres of the troops, when a movement of the enemy called for immediate action and the whole program was upset. The Howes' carriage worked its way back to Washington through masses of troops and its occupants sang war songs to the great appreciation of the soldiers. Some one suggested that better words ought to be available for the tune of "John Brown's Body." The next morning the "Battle Hymn" was written.

The chronicle of Mrs. Howe's later life is a record of fruitful activities. She was one of the founders of the New England Woman's Club, in the late sixties, which has been a model for other clubs for nearly half a century. Just after the war she organized the famous Saturday Morning Club among the young women of Boston. Many of the foremost young men of the city had fallen in the war. A very youthful and immature set were perforce called upon to take their places and Mrs. Howe saw the need of something to help keep up the tone of social intercourse among these young people.

As a preacher in Unitarian pulpits, a prominent advocate of woman's suffrage, a worker in the cause of prison reform and of universal peace, Mrs. Howe has been identi-

fied with many phases of social progress. But these activities have never found her too busy to enter into all the varied experiences of a large family circle: at one time, giving friendly criticism to a forthcoming novel of her grandson, F. Marion Crawford; again yielding to the urgent demands of the younger set that she play an Irish jig for them to dance to; then, perchance in quieter moments studying Plato or Sophocles in the original for her own mental refreshment. Mrs. Howe is still a power at eighty-nine because her vitality and her large sympathies have kept her close to the currents of human life.

A Recent Development in American Music.

By Henry Ingraham

AERICAN music lovers, thrilled by Dvorak's great composition, the "New World Symphony," have wondered sadly why it remained for a foreigner to visit us and express our national life in worthy music: to find in "Swing Low Sweet Chariot" a theme full of possibilities, and to give it a rhythm which transforms it from a mere negro melody into world music, intelligible to all. Why was there no American composer to so interpret and orchestrate our folk-music?

To say that Dvorak was a genius rare in all times and countries is in part to evade the question. Other contemporary composers there are: Strauss, Elgar, and Saint Saens, who, if not the equal of Dvorak, are nevertheless among the world's greatest musicians; and with these America has no composers who can at all compare. The fact is the more peculiar in that American artists in all other branches,—literature, sculpture, and above all in painting, rank well with their European brothers. In creative music alone is American art almost a negligible quantity, and this too, de-

spite that fact that Americans are loyal supporters of great orchestras, singers, and pianists, and pay liberally to hear them perform.

With too many Americans it is doubtless true that the love of music is much of an affectation, an affectation sanctioned by society and manifesting itself chiefly by an interest in the performer rather than in the masterpiece performed. The almost universal love of music characteristic of the Germans and the Italians is far beyond us as a people. Music is truly appreciated by only a limited class, and music, of all the arts, most requires a large and almost national audience to properly foster and encourage its growth.

Our lack of a distinctively national school of music is at first thought the more surprising when it is remembered that American concert singers and, in some instances, opera singers, are of the first rank; also that American instrumentalists have in some cases won high distinction. But the musical ability thus displayed is of an interpretative rather than of a creative sort. In musical composition no corresponding talent has until very recently, been generally displayed. This is not to say that America has not produced some composers of ability—such as Dudley Buck, Horatio Parker, and chief of all Edward MacDowell. Yet these names, commanding as they are, do not suffice to base a reasonable claim to a national school of music; and but one of these composers, MacDowell, has displayed genius worthy of international recognition.

Yet despite these unwelcome admissions there are signs of distinct promise in the present musical situation. The public support accorded great orchestras such as the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the Theodore Thomas Orchestra of Chicago promises well for the musical taste of the next generation. The large influx of musical foreigners, notably German and Italian, also indicates that the cosmopolitan American of the future will have a music loving strain in his blood. Best indication of all is the

work of a group of young composers identified with the Wa-Wan Society formed a few years ago at Newton Center, Massachusetts. The composers of this group are, we may hope, in view of their present accomplishment, laying the foundation for a school of national music—American music as distinguished from European music.

"The Wa-Wan Society of America for American Composition" began its publications, which are printed by the Wa-Wan Press in Newton Center, Massachusetts, in 1902. These publications both of vocal and instrumental music have appeared quarterly throughout the five years of the society's existence and include much work of decided interest and talent, some of it relating to American themes, both Indian and negro, and other of it based on American poems, such, for example, as the songs "Israfel" and "El-dorado" of Poe, with a musical setting composed by Edgar Stillman Kelley.

However, the publication of music based on American themes, though the more obvious activity of the Wa-Wan Society, is not its chief aim. The originators of the "movement," if it may be so termed, have endeavored to do a more difficult thing: to create a sympathetic audience among American music lovers for the work of American composers. Mr. Arthur Farwell, the President, has thus expressed the purpose of the society:

"While special 'colors' of American music are developing, due to American psychology, to Indian themes, negro themes, etc., the aim is to bring about the best possible conditions of life and work for all who are creating musically in America. The definite character of American music will take care of itself. The welfare of the composer is the important thing and the conditions obtaining in our musical life."

The welfare of the composer involves two things: the publication of his work and the creation of a sympathetic audience. The society therefore not only publishes in attractive form the original creations of American composers, many of which might, otherwise, have difficulty in finding

a place in the commercial market, but it seeks to establish throughout the country, centers of appreciative music lovers who will devote time each year to the study and performance of American musical compositions. Some such centers have been successfully established and at each a yearly concert has been given presenting the creations of American composers. In addition the members of the centers receive from the central society the quarterly publications, which include not only the newly published songs and instrumental selections, but also the illuminating introductions written by Mr. Farwell, introductions which offer some analysis of the compositions presented and which at times give, in addition, critical discussion of the possibilities and aims of American music. From one of these prefaces is taken the following analysis of the essentials of American music, the music which is already being written and which in larger measure must be written in the future:

"[As] we take what we want from the world's store of spiritual or material goods, [so in music] we will be independent and not reject what is found elsewhere if it seems good, and certainly in any event not surrendering to it our liberty of thought and action. . . . Independence encourages daring. The American is freer than another to experiment. We must cast out the passion for Europe with the passion for America. . . . We must expect artistic types and styles of the utmost diversity, each of which may exhibit an independence which no other land than America could attain. We must rid ourselves completely of the idea that American music is to be recognized by some one style, some one harmonious color, one form, or one melodic type. 'Many in one' is the motto for our music, as for our union. We are to look for and accept diversity, and in the diverse offerings of our composers we are to look for individuality, personality, independence. We need not fear the best in our too Teutonic inheritance; it is fundamental, unescapable, and needful to us. But the union of these great elements which we now have the opportunity to unite, and which have never before in the world's history been united, shall never result in a direct imitation of definite styles and forms developed by other epochs and lands. Let the American composer stop composing for a space and think. Let him take deeply to heart

the inward meanings and impulses of the great art epochs from Greece to the present time. Let him observe technical methods, noting those which are out-worn. Then let him forget these things. Let him look closely about him, and with truth and loving care express the humanity of which he is an integral part, and whose life currents, whose joys and pains, hopes and fears, and aspirations he feels within himself. Only when the American composer conceives a passion for the life which is about him, will his music begin to live, and only then will it become American and universal."

This is an inspiring ideal of what American music should become, even though its attainment be in all probability, remote. Yet the work already accomplished is considerable, particularly in the realm of folk music. Indian and negro melodies have been taken down accurately and made the basis for songs and piano suites. Mr. Farwell, the President, has done much of this work, his compositions including the following for piano: "Ichibuzzhi" and "The Domain of Hurakan," based on legends and themes of the Omahas and Pawnees; "Wa-Wan Choral," based upon the "Wa-Wan" or intertribal peace ceremony of the Omahas; "Navajo War Dance;" "Prairie Minature" (on cowboy themes); "Plantation Melody" (a negro "song without words"). The songs include equally as interesting folk material. Among them are negro "spirituals:" "De Rocks a' Renderin'," and "Moanin' Dove;" Spanish-California Folk-songs: "The Hours of Grief," "The Black Face;" "Bird Dance Song" (from Cahuilla tribe); and Cowboy Folk-song, "The Lone Prairee." The interesting character of these compositions in which the music admirably supplements and enforces the words may be slightly indicated by the words of the cowboy song, "The Lone Prairee:"

"O, bury me not on the lone prairie
Where the wild coyote will howl o'er me,
In a narrow grave just 6 by 3,
O, bury me not on the lone prairie.

"And they buried him there on the lone prairie
Where the coyote howls and the wind goes free,
In his narrow grave just 6 by 3,
And they buried there on the lone prairie."

This is a song such as a cowboy alone on the wide prairie might sing as he watched his cattle; a song with an indescribably cheerful melancholy about it; a grimly humorous treatment of a grave subject. The music though bizarre is fully in harmony with the words, and the combination is extraordinary.

Other American composers besides Mr. Farwell are writing music on Indian themes for the Wa-Wan Press, as notably, Harvey Worthington Loomis and Carlos Troyer. Yet others, not confining themselves to American folk-music, have written songs and instrumental pieces of a miscellaneous nature, in many cases making use of verse by the best American poets. A number of these composers, as notably John Beach, Arthur Reginald Little, Henry F. Gilbert and Edgar Stillman Kelley are among the American composers whose work is represented with increasing frequency upon the programs of the best concert singers. These may or may not be the forerunners of the American school of music which will, we hope, in time rank with that of Germany or France or England. But their work and that of many others is certainly interesting and excellently done, and constitutes a distinctly hopeful indication in the musical outlook.



Edmund Clarence Stedman

Edmund Clarence Stedman who died recently at the age of seventy-five, was a poet and critic of distinction as well as a successful business man. His career began as a journalist but he early entered Wall Street as a broker. Business did not, however, interfere with his literary activities and he has left a considerable amount of excellent verse and essays. Moreover, he conferred a distinct service to American literature by his compilation of "An American Anthology," a volume which gathers up much minor poetry well worth preserving, in addition to the acknowledged masterpieces of America's leading poets.

The poem printed herewith, "Pan in Wall Street," is one included by the author in his Anthology. It serves as a symbol of Mr. Stedman's dual activities as financier and poet.

PAN IN WALL STREET.

Just where the Treasury's marble front
Looks over Wall Street's mingled nations;
Where Jews and Gentiles most are wont
To throng for trade and last quotations;
Where, hour by hour, the rates of gold
Outrival, in the ears of people,
The quarter-chimes, serenely tolled
From Trinity's undaunted steeple,—

Even there I heard a strange, wild strain
Sound high above the modern clamor,
Above the cries of greed and gain,
The curbstone war, the auction's hammer;
And swift, on Music's misty ways,
It led, from all this strife for millions,
To ancient, sweet-do-nothing days
Among the kirtle-robed Sicilians.

And as it stilled the multitude,
And yet more joyous rose, and shriller,
I saw the minstrel, where he stood
At ease against a Doric pillar:
One hand a droning organ played,
The other held a Pan's pipe (fashioned
Like those of old) to lips that made
The reeds give out that strain impassioned.

'Twas Pan himself had wandered here
A-strolling through this sordid city,
And piping to the civic ear
The prelude of some pastoral ditty!
The demigod had crossed the seas,—
From haunts of shepherd, nymph, and satyr,
And Syracusan times,—to these
Far shores and twenty centuries later.

A ragged cap was on his head;
But—hidden thus—there was no doubting,
That, all with crispy locks o'erspread,
His gnarléd horns were somewhat sprouting;
His club-feet, cased in rusty shoes,
Were crossed, as on some frieze you see them,
And trousers, patched of divers hues,
Concealed his crooked shanks beneath them.

He filled the quivering reeds with sound,
And o'er his mouth their changes shifted,
And with his goat's-eyes looked around
Wh'er the passing current drifted;
And soon, as on Trinacrian hills
The nymphs and herdsmen ran to hear him,
Even now the tradesmen from their tills,
With clerks and porters, crowded near him.

The bulls and bears together drew
From Jauncey Court and New Street Ailey,
As erst, if pastorals be true,
Came beasts from every wooded valley;
The random passers stayed to list,—
A boxer Ægon, rough and merry,
A Broadway Daphnis, on his tryst
With Nais at the Brooklyn Ferry.

A one-eyed Cyclops halted long
In tattered cloak of army pattern,
And Galatea joined the throng,—
A blowsy, apple-vending slattern;
While old Silenus staggered out
From some new-fangled lunch-house handy,
And bade the piper, with a shout,
To strike up Yankee Doodle Dandy!

A newsboy and a peanut-girl
 Like little Fauns began to caper;
 His hair was all in tangled curl,
 Her tawny legs were bare and taper;
 And still the gathering larger grew,
 And gave its pence and crowded nigher,
 While aye the shepherd-minstrel blew
 His pipe, and struck the gamut higher.

O heart of Nature, beating still
 With throbs her vernal passion taught her,—
 Even here, as on the vine-clad hill,
 Or by the Arethusan water!
 New forms may fold the speech, new lands
 Arise within these ocean portals,
 But music waves eternal wands,—
 Enchantress of the souls of mortals!

So thought I,—but among us trod
 A man in blue, with legal baton,
 And scoffed the vagrant demigod,
 And pushed him from the step I sat on.
 Doubting I mused upon the cry,
 "Great Pan is dead!"—and all the people
 Went on their ways:—and clear and high
 The quarter sounded from the steeple.

Cooper as a Critic of His Countrymen

Chautauqua students who have followed Mr. John Graham Brooks' entertaining series of articles upon foreign critics of America will be interested to observe some criticisms passed by James Fenimore Cooper, our first great novelist, upon certain blatant American boastings. Cooper was not always popular with his countrymen for he was a severe critic of our national vices and his comments frequently aroused indignation. The following extracts are from a little known novel, "Homeward Bound," in which one of the characters, an American, Mr. Steadfast Dodge, who embodies some of our least pleasing peculiarities, is held up to ridicule:

Mr. Dodge, whose Christian name, thanks to a pious ancestry, was Steadfast, partook of the qualities that his two appellations not inaptly expressed. There was a singular profession of steadiness of purpose, and of high principle about him, all of which van-

ished in Dodge at the close. A great stickler for the rights of the people, he never considered that this people was composed of many integral parts, but he viewed all things as gravitating towards the great aggregation. Majorities were his hobbies, and though singularly timid as an individual, or when in the minority, put him on the strongest side and he was ready to face the devil. In short, Mr. Dodge was a people's man, because his strongest desire, his "ambition and his pride" as he often expressed it, was to be a man of the people. In his particular neighborhood, at home, sentiment ran in veins, like gold in the mines, or in streaks of public opinion; and though there might be three or four of these public sentiments, so long as each had its party, no one was afraid to avow it; but as for maintaining a notion that was not thus upheld, there was a savor of aristocracy about it that would damn even a mathematical proposition, though regularly solved and proved. So much and so long had Mr. Dodge respired a moral atmosphere of this community-character, and gregarious propensity, that he had, in many things, lost all sense of his individuality; as much so, in fact, as if he breathed with a pair of county lungs, ate with a common mouth, drank from the town-pump, and slept in the open air.

The accidents of life could scarcely form extremes of character more remote than that of Steadfast Dodge and that of John Truck. The first never did anything beyond acts of the most ordinary kind, without first weighing its probable effect in the neighborhood; its popularity or unpopularity; how it might tally with the different public opinions that were whiffing through the county; in what manner it would influence the next election, and whether it would be likely to elevate him or depress him in the public mind. No Asiatic slave stood more in terror of a vindictive master than Mr. Dodge stood in fear and trembling before the reproof, comments, censures, frowns, cavillings, and remarks of every man in his county, who happened to belong to the political party that just at that moment was in power. As to the minority, he was as brave as a lion, could snap his fingers at them, and was foremost in deriding and scoffing at all they said and did. This, however, was in connection with politics only; for, the instant party-drill ceased to be of value, Steadfast's valor oozed out of his composition, and in all other things he dutifully consulted every public opinion of the neighborhood. This estimable man had his weak points as well as another, and what is more, he was quite sensible of them, as was proved by a most jealous watchfulness of his besetting sins, in the way of exposure if not of indulgence. In a word, Steadfast Dodge was a man that wished to meddle with and control all things without possessing precisely the spirit that was necessary to leave him master of himself; he had a rabid desire for the good opinion of everything human, without always taking the means necessary to preserve his own; was a stout declaimer for the rights of the community, while forgetting that the community itself is but a means set up for the accomplishment of a given end; and felt an inward and profound respect for everything that was beyond his reach which manifested itself, not in manly efforts to attain the forbidden fruit, but rather in a spirit of opposition and detraction, that

only betrayed, through its jealousy, the existence of the feeling, which jealousy, however, he affected to conceal under an intense regard for popular rights, since he was apt to aver it was quite intolerable that any man should possess anything, even to qualities, in which his neighbors might not properly participate. All these, moreover, and many similar traits, Mr. Dodge encouraged in the spirit of liberty.

* * * * *

"Sir George is a gentleman of great accomplishments, Miss Effingham, I assure you; a man of unqualified merit. We have the same state-room, for I like company, and prefer charting a little in my berth, to being always asleep. He is a baronet, I suppose you know,—not that I care anything for titles, all men being equal in truth, though—though—"

"Unequal in reality, sir, you probably meant to add," observed John Effingham, who was lolling on Eve's workstand, his eagle-shaped face fairly curling with the contempt he felt, and which he hardly cared to conceal.

"Surely not, sir!" exclaimed the terrified Steadfast, looking furtively about, lest some active enemy might be at hand to quote this unhappy remark to his prejudice. "Surely not! men are every way equal, and no one can pretend to be better than another. No no,—it is nothing to me that Sir George is a baronet; though one would prefer having a gentleman in the same state-room to having a coarse fellow. Sir George thinks, sir, that the ship is running into great danger by steering for the land in so dark a night, and in such 'dirty' weather. He has many out-of-the-way expressions 'dirty' and the proceedings 'uncomfortable;' modes of expression, gentlemen, to which I give an unqualified disapprobation."

"Probably Sir George would attach more importance to a qualified disapprobation," retorted John Effingham.

"Quite likely," returned Mr. Dodge innocently, though the two other visitors, Eve, and Mademoiselle Vietville, permitted slight muscular movements about the lips to be seen: "Sir George is quite an original in his way. We have few originals in our part of the country, you know, Mr. John Effingham; for to say the truth, it is rather unpopular to differ from the neighborhood, in this or any other respect. Yes, sir, the people will rule, and ought to rule. Still, I think Sir George may get along well enough as a stranger, for it is not quite as unpopular in a stranger to be original as in a native. I think you will agree with me, sir, in believing it excessively presuming in an American to pretend to be different from his fellow citizens?"

"No one, sir, could entertain such presumption, I am persuaded, in your case."

"No, sir, I do not speak from personal motives; but on the great general principles, that are to be maintained for the good of mankind. I do not know that any man has a right to be peculiar in a free country. It is aristocratic, and has an air of thinking one man is better than another. I am sure Mr. Effingham cannot approve of it."

"Perhaps not. Freedom has many arbitrary laws that it will not do to violate."

"Certainly, sir, or where would be its supremacy? If the people cannot control and look down peculiarity, or anything they dislike, one might as well live in a despotism at once."

"As I have resided much abroad, of late years, Mr. Dodge," inquired Eve, who was fearful her kinsman would give some cut that would prove to be past bearing, as she saw his eye was menacing, and who felt a disposition to be amused at the other's philosophy, that overcame the attraction of repulsion she had at first experienced towards him, "will you favor me with some of those great principles of liberty of which I hear so much, but which, I fear, have been overlooked by my European instructors?"

Mademoiselle Viefville looked grave; Messrs. Sharp and Blunt delighted; Mr. Dodge himself mystified.

"I should feel myself little able to instruct Miss Effingham on such a subject," the latter modestly replied, "as no doubt she has seen too much misery in the nations she has visited, not to appreciate justly all the advantages of that happy country which has the honor of claiming her for one of its fair daughters."

Eve was terrified at her own temerity, for she was far from anticipating so high a flight of eloquence in return for her own simple request, but it was too late to retreat.

"None of the many illustrious and godlike men that our own beloved land has produced can pretend to more zeal in its behalf than myself, but I fear my abilities to do it justice will fall short of the subject," he continued. "Liberty, as you know, Miss Effingham, as you well know, gentlemen, is a boon that merits our unqualified gratitude, and which calls for our daily and hourly thanks to the gallant spirits who, in the days that tried men's souls, were foremost in the tented field, and in the councils of the nation."

John Effingham turned a glance at Eve that seemed to tell her how unequal she was to the task she had undertaken, and which promised a rescue with her consent: a condition that the young lady most gladly complied with in the same silent but expressive manner.

"Of all this my young kinswoman is properly sensible, Mr. Dodge," he said by way of diversion; "but she, and I confess, myself, have some little perplexity on the subject of what this liberty is, about which so much has been said and written in our time. Permit me to inquire, if you understand by it a perfect independence of thought, action, and rights?"

"Equal laws, equal rights, equality in all respects, and pure, abstract, unqualified liberty, beyond all question, sir."

"What, a power in the strong man to beat the little man, and to take away his dinner?"

"By no means, sir; Heaven forbid that I should maintain any such doctrine! It means entire liberty: no kings, no aristocrats, no exclusive privileges; but one man as good as another!"

"Do you understand, then, that one man is as good as another, under our system, Mr. Dodge?"

"Unqualifiedly so, sir; I am amused that such a question

should be put by a gentleman of your information, in an age like this!"

"If one man is as good as another," said Mr. Blunt, who perceived that John Effingham was biting his lips, a sign that something more biting would follow, "will you do me the favor to inform me, why the country puts itself to the trouble and expense of the annual elections?"

"Elections, sir! In what manner could free institutions flourish or be maintained, without constantly appealing to the people, the only true source of power?"

"To this I make no objections, Mr. Dodge," returned the young man smiling; "but why an election? If one man is as good as another, a lottery would be cheaper, easier, and sooner settled. Why an election, or even a lottery at all? Why not choose the President as the Persians choose their king, by the neighing of a horse?"

"This would indeed be an extraordinary mode of proceeding for an intelligent and virtuous people, Mr. Blunt; and I must take the liberty of saying that I suspect you of pleasantries. If you wish an answer, I will say at once, by such a process we might get a knave, or a fool, or a traitor."

"How, Mr. Dodge! I did not expect this character of the country from you! Are the Americans, then, all fools, or knaves, or traitors?"

"Mr. Dodge does not mean that one man is as good as another in that particular sense," Mr. Effingham kindly interposed, in his quality of host; "his views are less general, I fancy, than his words would give us, at first, reason to suppose."

"Very true, Mr. Effingham, very true, sir; one man is not as good as another in that particular sense, or in the sense of elections, but in all other senses. Yes, sir," turning towards Mr. Blunt again, as one renews the attack on an antagonist, who has given a fall, after taking breath; "in all other senses one man is unqualifiedly as good as another."

"The slave—as the freeman?"

"The slaves are exceptions, sir. But in the free States, except in the case of elections, one man is as good as another in all things. That is our meaning, and any other principle would be unqualifiedly unpopular."

Clara Barton

MISS CLARA BARTON, founder and organizer of the "National Red Cross" in the United States, was president of that society from 1881 to 1904. Miss Barton's interest in the Red Cross activities was born of her experiences in the Civil War in which she did relief work upon the battle fields and carried on an organized search for missing men. For this latter work Congress voted her



Clara Barton, Commander-in-Chief of the American National Red Cross Society.

\$15,000. At the conclusion of the war Miss Barton laid out the grounds for the National Cemetery at Andersonville. She became associated with the International Red Cross of Geneva and did work throughout the entire Franco-Prussian War, later distributing relief in the impoverished cities of Northern France. Miss Barton secured an adoption of the Treaty of Geneva in 1882 and became the first president of the American Red Cross. The government appreciating her activities in this work appointed her as a representative of the United States in all International Red Cross conferences as a result of which Miss Barton went to Geneva in 1884, to Carlsruhe in 1887, to Rome in 1892, Vienna in 1897, and St. Petersburg in 1903.

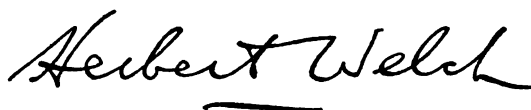
The excellent work done by the American Red Cross in the Spanish-American War was largely due to the foresight and care of Miss Barton. She had foreseen the impending conflict and had organized the forces of the Red Cross to meet the demands which would be placed upon it. Even before hostilities broke out the society had been carrying on relief work among the Cubans, and shortly afterwards, when hostilities commenced, the Red Cross workers were already at home in this field. During the war the Red Cross raised between three and four million dollars for hospital relief, furnished a hospital flag ship which was attached to the American fleet off Cuba, established field hospitals, and in every possible way aided the overburdened hospital forces of the army and navy.

Miss Barton's work has not been alone confined to Red Cross activities in time of war. She it is who inaugurated the American amendment of the Red Cross which enables that organization to provide for calamities of peace. Miss Barton distributed relief at the Johnstown Flood, the Russian Famine of 1893, the Armenian Massacre of 1896, and in Galveston, Texas, at the time of the great flood.

Miss Barton is the author of "History of the Red Cross," "America's Relief Expedition to Asia Minor," etc.

**Greeting to C. L. S. C. Readers from President
Welch of Ohio Wesleyan University**

No man genuinely interested in the cause of education can be indifferent to the great work being accomplished outside the schools and colleges, and by no agency, in all probability, with more efficiency than by the Chautauqua Institution. The intelligence, energy, organizing ability, and fine spirit that have characterized this Institution from the beginning, mark it as a notable achievement, even in this day of large things. College men can have only warmest wishes for this movement to popularize knowledge, to give a wider view of the world and of labor, and to uplift social life. All honor to its promoters, and still higher success to the Institution.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Herbert Welch". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the main body of text. The name "Herbert" is written in a fluid, connected style, and "Welch" is also in cursive, with a long, sweeping underline that extends under the word.



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Perhaps one of the strongest impressions that we shall gain from our study of Mr. Brooks' series, is the feeling that America is a country which is on trial and that in some way our success or failure is a question of great moment to the rest of the world. The door of hope on this side of the Atlantic has seemed to open so very wide. Are our neighbors from across the seas to find this a mere illusion or a substantial reality? Such an impression is stimulating to our patriotism in the largest sense, for it puts upon every one some responsibility for the world's future.



Last summer *Charities* published a "Play" number (August 3.) It was a picturesque setting forth of the city playground movement. A development which every city dweller readily appreciates. But it also brought out another side of the question less apparent to most of us. The need of play in the country, organized, directed play. To quote from the principal of a country normal school:

"Country children do not play much and if they do not play much they do not play enough. Their repertoire of games is surprisingly small and inadequate, moreover their few games are strongly individualistic, training them for isolated efforts rather than for coöperation. The country child would undoubtedly play more if conditions were favorable. In the first place his parents

are usually out of sympathy with play. This is particularly true of farm life. They do not see the use of it. There is no end of work to be done and play is considered a waste of time. Moreover the country child is handicapped from the fact that he does not know how to play or what to play. The case of the village boy may be said to be particularly bad, for unlike the farm child, he usually has comparatively little work to do and unless he has opportunities outside of school for athletics and play he is likely to pass much of his time in inane idleness or in activities that are far from wholesome."

All of this has a bearing upon the problem of the depopulation of the rural districts. Miss Addams' chapter in "Newer Ideals of Peace" on the protection of children and youth is full of suggestion. One realizes the enormous importance of this young life in the future of America. It is in this connection that Chautauqua students may help in working out one of the country's great problems since children are to be found everywhere. Here are a few suggestions for Chautauqua Circles or individual readers to consider. What do you know of the child life in your town or village? Is child labor a blot upon your community? Even if you live in a suburban community are there not congested districts where the "gang" spirit is already developing? Do you as a country dweller know boys and girls whose lives are solitary and dwarfed for lack of the play spirit? What can the chief of police tell of the boy problem in your town? What child problems confront the public school teachers which they are powerless to remedy? A Chautauqua circle may do much in gathering facts and then see what solutions of these difficulties can be devised by the best elements in the community.



A DUTCH CHAUTAUQUA IN AFRICA.

The influences which brought about the Dutch Reading Circle in South Africa can be traced far back into the 80's, when Chautauqua was carried to the Huguenot Seminary at Wellington, Cape of Good Hope, where it shed its light upon a country of strangely bleuded nationalities.

French, English, and Dutch came to know the significance of this American Indian name, and when the Rev. J. J. Ross of the Orange River Colony, found his way to Chautauqua some years later, he carried back with him convictions enough to found a Chautauqua Assembly and a Dutch C. L. S. C. His recent letter written in December is a cheering record of success. The good wishes and congratulations of all Chautauquans will be with him:

"Editor of THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Dear Editor: We have just had our third yearly Chautauqua Assembly at Kestell, O. R. C., which was even a greater success than the two previous assemblies, and they were a great success. We gathered in a large tent, 40x80, which had been ordered from Chicago, by the C. L. S. C. Committee for these assemblies. A large platform had been erected at one end for the speakers and for the choir which enlivened the meetings with splendid singing. This was our English-American Year. The Assembly lasted three days. Thirty or more lectures were delivered, all thoughtful and instructive and delivered very acceptably. Great interest was shown right through the gatherings. Here are a few of the lecture subjects: 'American History,' 'American Constitution,' 'English Government,' 'Calvin,' 'William Carey,' 'Physical Culture,' 'The Existence of God,' 'Divinity of Christ,' 'The Inspiration of the Bible,' etc., etc. Under another cover I send you a few photographs, which I hope will be interesting to the readers of THE CHAUTAUQUAN: No. 1 is a photograph of our C. L. S. C. Committee; No. 2 shows the tent with people coming out after a meeting.

"We had some very eminent men with us this time. Among others ex-President Steyn and Mrs. Steyn. Mr. Steyn addressed the Assembly, giving expression to his appreciation of the work that is being done by the C. L. S. C. He was also proposed and elected 'honorary president' of the C. L. S. C. Some objected to the name, but at the last meeting, which was a conference, the Editor of the *Vriend des Volks* (the most influential Dutch paper in O. R. C.) and others stated that they came prejudiced against the C. L. S. C. but were convinced that the movement was doing excellent work and deserved the support of every well meaning Afriander. At the close of next year we hope to graduate our first C. L. S. C. Class.

"We hope our fellow Chautauquans in America will think of us and perhaps give us hints, as to how to arrange and plan such a graduation day to give proper expression to its meaning.

"With all good wishes and greetings for the coming New Year, to our friends and fellow Chautauquans beyond the wide Atlantic ocean, I am, dear sir,

"Yours very truly

J. J. Ross."



A View of the Dutch Chautauqua Assembly, Kestell, Orange River Colony, South Africa.



C. L. S. C. Committee of Dutch Chautauqua Assembly, South Africa.

NEWS FROM OTHER CLASSES.

The members of 1911 are reminded that a class motto from Longfellow is to be adopted by their representatives at Chautauqua next summer. These members of the Class ought to be fully instructed by their absent classmates who number several thousand in all parts of the country. By this time the C. L. S. C. "Freshmen" are beginning to realize what the Chautauqua Four Years Course is trying to do for people and class spirit is one of the important elements of the plan. If you are a 1911, make it a part of your business, one of your firmest resolutions, to select a motto from Longfellow, and an appropriate flower or tree or other emblem to go with it. In the Class Directory in the October CHAUTAUQUAN you will find the mottoes and emblems of the other classes. When you have made your selection send it to your Class president, Miss Mary E. Merington, 525 Massachusetts Avenue, Buffalo, New York. Do this by the twentieth of March if possible.



Designs for the floor tablets in the Hall of Philosophy for the classes of 1905 and 1910 are being prepared by the architects, Messrs. Green and Wicks of Buffalo. These will be dedicated next summer. Year by year other classes will place their tablets until in the near future the pavement of the Hall will become one of its most interesting features.

The Secretary of the 1906 Class reports that payments of sums pledged for an "Athenian Watch Fire" have been steadily coming in until a comparatively small amount of the sum now remains unpaid. This will be welcome news to the class at large who of course would like to have their "Light" shining as soon as possible. Doubtless the pledges yet outstanding will be made good before the new year is very far along, though all recognize the inexorable demands of "hard times." The secretary's address is Miss Irene I. F. Roach, 261 Fourth Ave., Lans. Sta., Troy, N. Y.



The 1909's, the "Dante" Class, who have been working out most carefully their plans for an appropriate banner, have recently sent a letter to the circles which were organized in 1905 and therefore are likely to contain many members of 1909. This letter is a friendly appeal for recognition of various class interests. Any members of the class who would like further particulars will receive a prompt reply if they write to the treasurer, Mr. B. A. Allen, 1901 West Fourth street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

DR. H. R. PALMER.



The late Dr. H. R. Palmer.

Dr. H. R. Palmer, whose death occurred a short time before Christmas, was for many years president of the C. L. S. C. Class of '91. His interest in the C. L. S. C. led him to enroll as a member when he first became connected with Chautauqua and when the Class of '91 graduated he wrote a song to be used at its Recognition Day exercises. As the author of a large number of books upon musical subjects and as the leader of the famous Church Choral Union of New York City, Dr. Palmer did very much to promote congregational singing and to popularize musical knowledge. He will be affectionately remembered by thousands of people who were trained in his choruses at Chautauqua during the fourteen years of his work there. Many of his hymns are known throughout the world.



The late Warren F. Walworth.

DEATH OF CHAUTAUQUA'S TREASURER.

Mr. W. F. Walworth, whose death occurred in Cleveland in January, had been treasurer of Chautauqua Institution since 1897. He was a member of the Class of '82, "The Pioneers," and showed his interest in many practical ways. In the later years of his life in spite of the exacting claims of business and his failing health, he organized a Circle and gave it his close personal attention. He believed in the educational ideals for which the C. L. S. C. stands, and his generous service to the C. L. S. C. and to Chautauqua Institution was a confident expression of that belief.

TENNYSON'S ULYSSES.

(Selected as the Class Poem for 1908.)

"It little profits that, an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Matched with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel; I will drink
Life to the lees: all times I have enjoyed
Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea. I am become a name:
For always roaming with a hungry heart,
Much have I seen and known,—cities of men,
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself at least, but honored of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough
Gleams that untraveled world, whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As though to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains; but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence,—something more,
A bringer of new things: and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

"This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the scepter and the isle:
Well loved of me, discerning to fulfill
This labor, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and through soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centered in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

"There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail;
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me,
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads,—you and I are old;

Old age hath yet his honor and his toil:
 Death closes all; but something, ere the end,
 Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
 Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.
 The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks;
 The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep
 Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
 Push off, and sitting well in order smite
 The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
 To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
 Of all the western stars, until I die.
 It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
 And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
 Though much is taken, much abides; and though
 We are not now that strength which in old days
 Moved earth and heaven—that which we are, we are:
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."



OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING FOR APRIL.

FIRST WEEK: MARCH 24-31.

In the Required Book: "Newer Ideals of Peace," Chapter VI.
 "Protection of Children for Industrial Efficiency."

SECOND WEEK: MARCH 31-APRIL 7.

In the Required Book: "Newer Ideals of Peace," Chapter VII.
 "Utilization of Women in City Government."

THIRD WEEK: APRIL 7-14.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "As Others See Us," Chapter XIV:
 "A Philosopher as Mediator."

In the Required Book: "Newer Ideals of Peace," —Chapter VIII.
 "Passing of the War Virtues."

FOURTH WEEK: APRIL 14-21.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "As Others See Us," Chapter XV. "A
 Socialistic Critic." "American Painting," Chapter VI. Por-
 traiture: "Whistler and Sargent."

In the Required Book: "Provincial Types in American Fiction,"
 Chapters I and II. "Types in New England."

FIFTH WEEK. APRIL 21-28.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "American Painting," Chapter VI. "Por-
 traiture," concluded.

In the Required Book: "Provincial Types in American Fiction,"
 Chapters III and IV. "Types in New England."



SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLES.

FIRST WEEK: MARCH 24-31.

In connection with Miss Addams' chapter on "Protection of Chil-
 dren" this meeting might be devoted to aspects of the Child
 Labor problem. The January, 1907, number of the *Annals of*
the American Academy of Political and Social Science, pub-

lished in Philadelphia, offers admirable supplementary material. It contains from fifteen to twenty papers on all phases of the subject. It is bound in paper and can be secured for one dollar from the above address. A circle could secure a copy, separate the articles and assign them to different members, letting each member present in a five-minute talk the essential points of the paper with brief selections if advisable. A surprising number of facts will come to light in this way. Then close the meeting with a general discussion of points raised by Miss Addams. The following are some of the topics discussed in this interesting pamphlet: "Obstacles to Child Labor Reform;" "Some of the Effects of Premature Toil;" "Child Labor in Soft Coal Mines;" "Child Labor in Ohio and Border States;" "Children in the Glass Works of Illinois;" "Child Labor and the Public Schools;" "National Protection for Children;" "Attitude of Society toward the Child."

Some of the circles may like to get the "Play" number of *Charities*, August 2, 1907, which can be secured by sending ten cents to the *Charities* office, 105 East 22nd St., New York City. This contains a large number of illustrated articles on different aspects of the "play" movement in both city and country. It is a significant side light upon the needs of children. Is there any such need in your community? (See also paragraph in Round Table.)

Another special number of *Charities*, for October 5, 1907, is devoted to the very important question of Industrial Education. This might be secured instead of the "play" number if desired and the circle study this aspect of the Child problem.

SECOND WEEK: MARCH 31-APRIL 7.

Brief Oral Reports: Women in Trade Unions (See *The Outlook*, 84:226-31, Dec. 15, '06, article by Mrs. Kelley); Child Labor and Woman's Suffrage (*Outlook*, 82:522, March 17, '06); Housekeeper's Need of the Ballot (*World Today*, 12:418-21, April, '07).

Roll Call: Answers to the question, "Upon what economic and social subjects are women writing today?" Examine such magazines as are within your reach, especially *Charities*, *The Outlook*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *Independent*, *World Today*, *World's Work*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*, and *Journal of Political Economy*, etc. The very smallest town library will have bound volumes of most of these magazines and college libraries will contain the last two. Look back for a year or two and a very interesting collection of topics can be made up. Each member should be assigned a given magazine for investigation.

Reading: Sketches of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Miss Clara Barton in this magazine.

Answer by each member to the question, "Why are women in this country comparatively indifferent to the question of Woman's Suffrage?"

C. L. S. C. Round Table

Papers: Women in the Finnish Parliament (See *World Today*, 13:1008, Oct., 1907; *Independent*, 63:615, Sept. 12, 1907; *Review of Reviews*, 35:499, April, 1907; *Outlook*, 87:35-9, September 7, 1907).

Debate: Resolved, that Municipal Suffrage for women would not improve existing conditions (in the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*, to be found in every library, many references will be found under the head of Woman's Suffrage). In the absence of library facilities Miss Addams' chapter alone will suggest many points of view which can be made the basis of arguments.

THIRD WEEK: APRIL 7-14.

Review of Chapter VIII in "Newer Ideals of Peace."

Oral Report: Hull House and its Work. (See article and photographs in this magazine. Also the Hull House Year Book, 1906-7, which can be secured for ten cents by addressing Hull House, Chicago. The Year Book is a revelation of the work of this remarkable settlement which has been a power for good in Chicago and an inspiration to movements for social betterment in other cities. It suggests a great many needs and possibilities in community life which never occur to most of us.)

Brief Reports: 1. Works of Fiction or other books of foreigners which are favorites with us and tend to promote international friendliness. 2. International organizations for social betterment. 3. Educational movements of an international character.

Roll Call: American ideas of the typical German. Secure these from different types of people outside the Circle. Let each member get several, as for instance one from a professional man or woman, another from a woman of average intelligence, and a third from a person of limited education. It would be interesting to know also how these people have formed their opinions.

Discussion: The strong and weak points of Americans as presented by Professor Münsterberg. How true are they? Let each member think over these criticisms and note incidents in his own experience seeming to confirm or to disprove them.

FOURTH WEEK: APRIL 14-21.

Discussion: Chapter XV of "As Others See Us." Note Mr. Wells' view of the effect of immigration upon us. Compare this with Miss Addams' attitude.

Reading: Selections from Kellogg Durland's article upon "Italian Colonists" in this magazine.

Discussion: That portion of the article on "American Painting" which deals with Whistler and Sargent. See Library Shelf for April with study of all available pictures.

Study of "The Rise of Silas Lapham"—Bliss Perry in his book, "The Study of Prose Fiction," gives suggestions which circles will find helpful in their study of "Silas Lapham." Every member should arrange to read the latter before the circle meeting. It will be found in bound volumes of the *Century Magazine* for 1885. (See also page 189 of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* for 1904.)

FIFTH WEEK: APRIL 21-28.

Review and Discussion of "American Painting" in Portraiture.

Brief papers on Mary E. Wilkins Freeman and Sarah Orne Jewett.

(See for the former *The Bookman*, 24:20-9, Sept., '06. A copy can be secured from the publishers Dodd, Mead & Company, New York, for ten cents. For Miss Jewett, *Atlantic Monthly*, 94:485-07, October, '04.)

Studies of "Pembroke" and "Deephaven." (See suggestions in previous program.)

Roll Call: Apt quotations from "Deephaven."



ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS ON "AS OTHERS SEE US."

1. His essays. The best volume of selections from his works is edited by Duyckinck entitled "Wit and Wisdom of Rev. Sydney Smith." 2. Douglas Jerrold was an English dramatist and satirist and humorist. He wrote some forty plays and contributed to the *Athenæum*, *Blackwoods*, and to *Punch* from its first appearance until his death in 1857. His greatest success was "Mrs. Caudle's Lectures." Richard Monckton Milnes, the first Lord Houghton, was an English statesman, poet, and littérateur. He graduated at Cambridge, traveled widely was a liberal member of Parliament, published several volumes of poems and the "Life and Letters of Keats." 3. A humorous character, the hero of Daudet's "Tartarin de Tarascon," "Tartarin sur les Alpes," and "Port Tarascon." 4. "The Holy Roman Empire," "The American Commonwealth," "Impressions of South Africa," "Gladstone," "Studies in History and Jurisprudence," "Transcaucasia and Ararat." 5. He was made Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs under Gladstone in 1885. In 1892 he became Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster with a seat in Mr. Gladstone's cabinet. 6. His visit was made in 1895 with no special motive. The Boer War and his knowledge of other new countries led him to publish the results of his observations. 7. The founder and Editor-in-chief of the *American Review of Reviews*. Graduate of Iowa College, Ph. D., in history and political science from Johns Hopkins. Author of numerous books and articles upon political and economic subjects.



REVIEW QUESTIONS ON "AS OTHERS SEE US."

CHAPTER XIV. A PHILOSOPHER AS MEDIATOR.

1. What purpose had Professor Münsterberg in writing "American Traits?" 2. How does he illustrate our ignorance of German customs and of the Prussian type? 3. What does he say is the German view of the Yankee? 4. What is the purpose of his book, "The Americans?" 5. With what generous attitude did he undertake this work? 6. In what charitable fashion does he explain some of our national weaknesses? 7. What worthy traits does he ascribe to us "behind the terrifying mask of the selfish realist?" 8. What qualities does he characterize as the "more civilized forms of vulgarity?" 9. What inconsistency does he note in our professions of social equality. 10. What bad features

of our government does he attribute to "Democratic dilettantism?" 11. How does he find us wanting in educational achievements? 12. What does he say of our intellectual bondage in religious matters? 13. What intellectual and moral slavery does he note in our politics?

CHAPTER XV. A SOCIALIST CRITIC.

1. What different types of socialists among our critics does Mr. Brooks describe? 2. What are Mr. Wells' views of our immigrant problem? 3. How does he look upon the race question in America? 4. Why does he think that socialism is too good for America? 5. What is his view of the trader, even of the best type? 6. How does he compare England and America with respect to graft? 7. What is his view of the benevolences of our rich men? 8. What in Mr. Brooks' opinion is the service of Socialism to our time?

SEARCH QUESTIONS ON "AS OTHERS SEE US."

1. With what agitation was Denis Kearney connected? 2. Who is Ostrogorski? 3. What was the origin of the right of *habeas corpus*? 4. Who is H. G. Wells? 5. Explain the reference to Carnegie and Dunfermline. 6. What is "bullingsgate?"



NEWS FROM READERS AND CIRCLES.

"I've just been examining the Whittier program of the Stamford, Connecticut, Circle," said Pendragon. "It is so artistic and yet so easily worked out that I think we will open the Round Table by asking Mr. LePage, the president, to explain how it's done." "You will notice that it is a very simple affair," responded the delegate, "first a piece of firm gray cover paper folded over not quite in the middle so that the first and second pages which have a rough edge are perhaps a half inch narrower than the third and fourth. We cut an oval hole in the front cover fastening a portrait of Whittier behind it and with white ink lettered his name and birthday below the picture and the words 'Stamford C. L. S. C.' above it. To the third page we attached a plain white slip of paper, with the numbers of the program lettered in black. At the meeting we discussed Whittier as a man, and as a poet, with a paper also upon his poetry and an interpretative recital of 'Snow Bound.' It was a great pleasure to have this beautiful poem presented to us so effectively. We met at the home of Mr. Pike who gave the recital and his collection of pictures of Whittier's home and haunts added much to the interest. Our circle's membership is fifty per cent larger than last year and we expect to keep on growing."

"May I add our program?" said a Des Moines member as she laid on the table a light buff leaflet printed in dark blue. "The Des Moines Chautauqua League has already celebrated its tenth

birthday. While only Chautauquans are eligible to active membership, the public may become honorary members by paying an annual fee of twenty-five cents. The League, which is a union of circles, meets monthly preparing a program related to, and supplementing the regular work of the circles. In October we held a social meeting, welcoming our new officers and the new members of the seven circles which constitute our membership. In November a lecture on 'Reminiscences of the Civil War and its Personnel' by Dr. J. E. Cathell proved very successful and in December we had a program of songs and poems of the Southland. At this meeting we had the pleasure of welcoming Miss Julia Fuller of Beatrice, Nebraska, who has been very active both in circle and in Assembly Round Table work for many years. An educational program for January brought out 'Newer Ideals in Education' in an address by Mr. E. A. Nye, the editor of one of our dailies, and Miss Dunlap of the 'Roadside Settlement' described her work and emphasized the relation which we all sustain to the immigrant. In February a social celebration of Washington's birthday will be followed in March by a stereopticon tour of observation of 'Nature's handiwork in our own country' by Rev. J. H. String. At the April meeting Mrs. C. E. Risser will conduct a program on American authors, in May comes our annual meeting, and in June a picnic! We enjoy hearing of the activities of other circles and perhaps the plan of our League which has worked very well may appeal to some other community."

"I understand," said Pendragon, "that the Edelweiss Circle of Mt. Vernon, New York, has been profiting by a debate on the question, 'Resolved, that Immigration shall be further restricted and limited.' We should all like to know how it came out." The Edelweiss delegate, Mr. Hickok, explained that the debate was conducted by the "Saturday Night Debating Club." "Six members of the class," he said, "attended our last meeting in December and gave us the benefit of their best thinking. Very strong arguments were heard on both sides but the negatives were adjudged the victors and I don't think it was 'unreasonable optimism' that won the day either! I may add that our circle did not lose its energy during the holidays. At our first meeting in January we welcomed our president back from Europe. He gave us some vivid accounts of his experiences, among the most interesting being his journey through the counties of Devon and Cornwall which we studied in last year's travel series in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*. He generously distributed some beautiful postal cards among the members, presented to each officer a fine London photograph, neatly framed, and proposes to use a few others as prizes for the largest number of correct answers

to the review questions at our next four or five meetings. Our members really need no spur for they believe in the work for its own sake. But we are all human and you can fancy how much midnight oil will be consumed prior to our next few quizzes."

"If you had attended our first January meeting you would have found that we also were none the worse for the holidays," commented the delegate from Mobile, Alabama. "We had a quiz on American Literature and refreshed our memories of Benjamin Franklin by a paper on the subject. We were all quite fascinated by Mr. Crothers' 'Anglo-American School of Polite Unlearning' in the September *Atlantic*. The author makes it sound so very real that we were quite persuaded that the school would be worth a visit! The American Painting articles have attracted us very much and we are doing good work with them."

"Gower, Missouri, where our circle is situated," remarked another delegate, "is out in the country half way between St. Joseph and Kansas City. There are about four hundred people in the village and we have no immigrants. Our meetings are very interesting. We all bring notes upon our outside reading and as the circle is small, our discussions are very informal. We have one graduate of the Class of '91 so we feel as if our circle had a sort of Chautauqua pedigree although as a circle we are only a few years old."

"In spite of our national tendency toward titles and coats of arms," commented Pendragon, "I think we ought to encourage this circle in its ambitions. No dangerous tendency toward aristocracy seems to have developed among us yet. I note that this letter from Wadena, Minnesota, speaks of that circle as in a farming community where the population is about two thousand. The circle numbers fourteen members and they write that they have made it 'strictly a study club, doing no outside work at all.' These reports from farming communities interest me greatly, and I hope some of the circles will get the 'Play' number of *Charities* and meditate upon its suggestions regarding organized play in the country. It is a new idea to many of us, and like many new ideas one which seems so practical that we wonder why it hasn't taken root before. Chautauquans ought to serve as mediums for such ideas and these country circles might render a great service by appointing some member to make a digest of such an article and get the local paper to publish it."

"We also represent a small country community," said the delegate from Chautauqua, "and our A. M. Martin Circle has a very live membership. We have had occasional visits from officers of the Chautauqua Institution who are sojourning here for a short

time. Rev. D. W. Howell, the recently appointed field secretary of the C. L. S. C., was with us in December and supplemented our study of American painting by a very discriminating address. We constantly have very spirited discussions—one of these upon Whitman made a great impression. The Transcendental Movement and its influence gave us one of our most delightful meetings. We have a cozy gathering place in our very attractive church parlors and though winter sometimes descends upon us in ruthless fashion we rarely let it get the upper hand. We celebrated Lanier Day by a social meeting at the home of our president, Mrs. Day. Quotations from Lanier's poems and a reading by Mr. Day of 'The First Steamboat up the Alabama' opened the exercises. Longfellow's 'Evangeline' formed quite a unique feature of the program for each member was furnished with a blue print of some part of Acadia to which were attached lines from the poem. These were numbered and when the leader in her descriptive reading of the poem called for a number each reader in turn read the lines which fitted in and made up the story. The pictures were retained by the members as reminders of this reading journey to Acadia. In accordance with a previous request of the president members brought from their home libraries old books illustrative of the literary tastes of times long past. Several of these books were one hundred years old. The oldest being 'Doddridge's Lectures,' 1768."

"That allusion to 'Doddridge's Lectures,'" rejoined a New York member, "calls up visions of my childhood when I used to beguile the wearisome sermon time in church by reading the names of the writers in the back of the hymn book. That of Philip Doddridge was imprinted upon my memory for all time and still has a sort of halo about it, though I never have known exactly where to place him chronologically."

"The 1911's ought to have developed a good deal of enthusiasm over their class poet by this time," said a member of the Santa Clara, California, Circle, "what with the Longfellow Centenary and our American Year. So much is being made in these days of 'Original Sources' that we thought we would make the acquaintance of the 'Kalevala' the great Finnish epic whose weird metre gave Longfellow the proper setting for his 'Hiawatha.' Perhaps you'd like to hear a few lines to show how charming the old poem is:

'Many runes the cold has told me,
Many lays the rain has brought me,
Other songs the winds have sung me;
Many birds from many forests,
Oft have sung me lays in concord;

Waves of sea and ocean billows,
 Music from the many waters,
 Music from the whole creation
 Oft have been my guide and master.'

"Some thirty members of our circle were present at this meeting, and in addition to the selection from the 'Kalevala' we discussed thoroughly the articles on American Painting."

"I may add," said Pendragon, "that in volume XV of the Warner Library of the World's Best Literature you will find a very clear account of the relation of the Finns to the Russians, the Swedes, and the Huns and the peculiar influence of this famous poem which Max Müller places fifth among the world's great epics. Some of you may like to make a list of epics and see which you think might constitute the other four."

OUTLINE OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

I. THE COLONIAL PERIOD.

In the South, great landowners, well-to-do farmers, poor whites, and slaves.

Literature: Captain John Smith writes *A True Relation of Virginia*; William Strachey in 1610, *Wrack and Redemption of Sir Thomas Gates*—possible hints for *The Tempest*.

In the North, graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, dissenters from the Church of England. Democratic tendencies.

Literature: William Bradford's *History of Plymouth Plantation*; John Winthrop's *History of New England*.

The Early Ministers: Rev. Nathaniel Ward of Ipswich with his *Simple Cobbler of Agawam*, Francis Higginson of Salem, John Eliot of Natick: Apostle to the Indians, Thomas Hooker of Hartford, John Cotton of Boston, Roger Williams of Providence, Michael Wigglesworth and his *Day of Doom*.

Anne Bradstreet, the Tenth Muse.

The Later Ministers: Samuel Sewall and his *Diary*, Increase and Cotton Mather, the *Magnalia Christi*, Jonathan Edwards and his *Freedom of the Will*.

II. THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD.

"Politics" the theme of literature in contrast to the "theology" of the Colonial Period. Growing material prosperity. *The Old Dominion*, raising corn, cotton, rice, indigo, and tobacco and cultivating the graces of social life. *The Middle Colonies*. Grain and food stuffs, farming, fur trading and shipbuilding; a polyglot population with the Quaker leaven of tolerance. *New England*; fisheries, agriculture, fur trading, and lumber. The West Indian trade.

Literature: Benjamin Franklin: *Poor Richard*; his *Autobiography*.

Oratory: Josiah Quincy, James Otis, Samuel Adams, and Patrick Henry.

Statesmanship: George Washington, his *Farewell Address*, Alexander Hamilton, John Jay, *The Federalist*, James Madison,

the *Constitution*. Thomas Jefferson, the *Declaration of Independence*.

Poetry: Joel Barlow's *Hasty Pudding*. Trumbull's *McFingal*. Phyllis Wheatley's *Poems*. Philip Freneau's *Poems*.

Novel writing: Feminine experiments of an ultra sentimental sort. Charles Brockden Brown's *Wieland* and *Arthur Mervyn*.

Autobiography: John Woolman's *Journal*.

III. NATIONAL ERA, GENERAL ASPECTS.

1. Washington to Jackson: The Embargo Act, War of 1812, The Monroe Doctrine, Era of Good Feeling, 1793 the Cotton Gin, 1807 Fulton's Steamboat. Handel and Haydn Society, North American Review 1815. Lectures on Shakespeare.

Literature: William Dunlap, "he can't write and he can't paint" though a useful chronicler. John Howard Payne and "Home, Sweet Home." Sentimental productions by Mrs. Sigourney, Debby Lenox, Mrs. Brooks. Woodworth's *The Old Oaken Bucket*, Morris' *Woodman Spare that Tree*. Francis Scott Key's *Star-Spangled Banner*. The Knickerbocker School, Willis, Irving, Paulding, Halleck, and Drake.

2. Jackson to Lincoln: The Spoils System, The Panic of '37, The Mexican War '48, California in '49. Antonic immigration, Irish famine and immigrants, The Missouri Compromise, 1850. Civil War.

Literature: War songs and Tributes. Lowell's *Biglow Papers*. The liberal movement in New England, ethical and idealistic. Transcendentalist and Abolitionist. *The Atlantic Monthly* and *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Foreign Criticism of American Crudeness.

3. Lincoln to McKinley: Reconstruction. Growth of Cities, Immigration in 1882. Great Changes in 1902; Occupation of the Western lands; Civil Service Reform; Growth of Monopolies; Labor Struggles to preserve the "Standard of Life."

Literature: A period of great versatility without stars of the first magnitude. Rise of the Universities and Women's Colleges. Increase in periodicals. The illustrated magazine. Portrayals in literature of our rich and varied provincial life.

IV. NATIONAL ERA: POETRY.

1. Bryant. Cummington, Mass. Studied law. Editor of *New York Evening Post*. *Thanatopsis*, *The Forest Hymn*, *The Tides*. *A Hymn of the Sea*, *To a Waterfowl*, *The Fringed Gentian*, *The Battlefeld*, *The Stream of Life*, Translator of *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

2. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Portland, Maine. Graduated at Bowdoin. Professor at Harvard. Prose: *Outre Mer*, *Hyperion* and *Kavanagh*. Poetry: *Voices of the Night*. Ballads, *Evangeline*, *Hiawatha*, *Miles Standish*, *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, *Christus*, *Michael Angelo*. Translator of Dante and other European masterpieces.

3. James Russell Lowell. Cambridge, Mass. Graduate and Professor at Harvard. Editor of *Atlantic* and *North American Review*. *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, *Fable for Critics*, *The Biglow Papers*, *Harvard Commemoration Ode*, *The Cathedral*, *Agassiz*, *Under the Willows*, *Heartsease and Rue*.

4. Oliver Wendell Holmes. Cambridge, Mass. Graduate of Harvard. Professor in Harvard Medical School. *The Chambered*

Nautilus, Musa, Martha, The Last Leaf, Old Ironsides, My Aunt, The One-Hoss Shay, The Boys, The Height of the Ridiculous.

5. John Greenleaf Whittier. East Haverhill, Mass. Editorial Work. *Snow Bound*, Indian legends and border ballads. *The Tent on the Beach. Voices of Freedom, In War Times and Other Poems, Home Ballads and Poems, The Eternal Goodness.*

6. Ralph Waldo Emerson. Boston. Harvard College. Concord. Nature Poems. *Voluntaries, The Concord Hymn, Threnody, Monadnock, May Day, The Problem, The World Soul, Days, Ode to Beauty.*

7. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Edward Rowland Sill, George E. Woodberry, Thomas William Parsons, Jones Very, Celia Thaxter, Richard Burton, Emily Dickinson, Lucy Larcom, John G. Saxe.

8. Edgar Allen Poe. Boston, Mass. *The Bells, The Raven, Dreamland, The City in the Sea, The Haunted Palace, Israfel, The Sleeper, Ulalume.*

9. Sidney Lanier, Macon, Georgia. *Hymns of the Marshes, The Symphony, My Springs, A Ballad of Trees and the Master, Resurrection, Song of the Chattahoochee, The Revenge of Hamish, The Mocking Bird, The Crystal.*

10. Henry Timrod. John B. Tabb, Paul Hamilton Hayne.

11. Bayard Taylor. R. H. Stoddard. Thomas Buchanan Read. Charles Godfrey Leland. Edmund Clarence Stedman. J. G. Holland. James Whitcomb Riley. Edith Thomas. Bret Harte. R. W. Gilder.

12. Walt Whitman. *Leaves of Grass, Drum Taps.* and others.

V. NATIONAL ERA: PROSE

1. Criticism of Life: Ralph Waldo Emerson: *Essays, The American Scholar, The Divinity School Address, Representative Men, English Traits.* William Ellery Channing. Theodore Parker. Margaret Fuller. Amos Bronson Alcott. Edward Everett Hale.

2. Criticism of Society: Oliver Wendell Holmes: *The Autocrat series. Over the Teacups. Elsie Venner. The Guardian Angel, A Mortal Antipathy.* Charles Dudley Warner. Mark Twain.

3. Criticism of Letters: James Russell Lowell: *My Study Windows, Among my Books*, other volumes and essays. E. P. Whipple, E. C. Stedman. Agnes Repplier. Hamilton W. Mabie.

4. History: Bancroft, *History of the United States, Prescott, Conquest of Mexico, Conquest of Peru*, etc., Motley, *Rise of the Dutch Republic, History of the United Netherlands*, etc., Parkman, *The Oregon Trail* and series on France in America.

5. Oratory: Wendell Phillips. Charles Sumner. Henry Clay. John C. Calhoun. Daniel Webster. Rufus Choate. Edward Everett.

6. Studies in Nature: Thoreau. *Walden, The Maine Woods Excursions*, etc. John Burroughs, *Wake Robin, Fresh Fields*, etc.

VI. NATIONAL ERA: PROSE FICTION.

1. Adventure: James Fenimore Cooper's Novels.

2. Humor and Pathos: Irving's *Knickerbocker*. Mark Twain's *Innocents Abroad*. Donald G. Mitchell. George William Curtis' *Prue and I*.

3. Mystery and Terror: Edgar A. Poe's *Tales*.

4. Idealism: Nathaniel Hawthorne.

5. Realism: W. D. Howells. Henry James.

APRIL

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1908

The
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*The Magazine of
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APR 8 1908

**Contemporary Figure and Mural
Painting**

Progress in the United States

John Fiske

Jewish Farm Colonists

Poetry of William Vaughn Moody

H/M

THE CHAUTAUQUAN

THE MAGAZINE OF SYSTEM IN READING

CONTENTS FOR APRIL, 1908

COVER DESIGN

Mural Paintings by John W. Alexander.....	Frontispiece
Highways and Byways.....	163
Labor Decisions in Supreme Court. Congress and the Reform Movement. Our Treaties of Arbitration. Municipal Government by Commission. Tyranny and Assassination in Portugal. Party Politics and Social Reform in England. The Taft and Hughes Candidacies. Notes and Comment.	
As Others See Us	John Graham Brooks 176
XVI. Signs of Progress.	
American Painting.....	George Breed Zug 201
VII. Contemporary Figure Painting. VIII. Contemporary Mural Painting.	
Immigrants on the Land.....	Kellogg Durland 248
II. Jewish Farmers.	
Some Great American Scientists.....	George Perry 266
VII. John Fiske	
The Poetry of William Vaughn Moody.....	Carl H. Grabo 274
The Vesper Hour.....	Chancellor John H. Vincent 284
Library Shelf.....	287
Edward Alexander MacDowell.....	296
Greetings from President Craighead of Tulane University.....	299
C. L. S. C. Round Table.....	Conducted by Kate F. Kimball 301
Talk About Books.....	317

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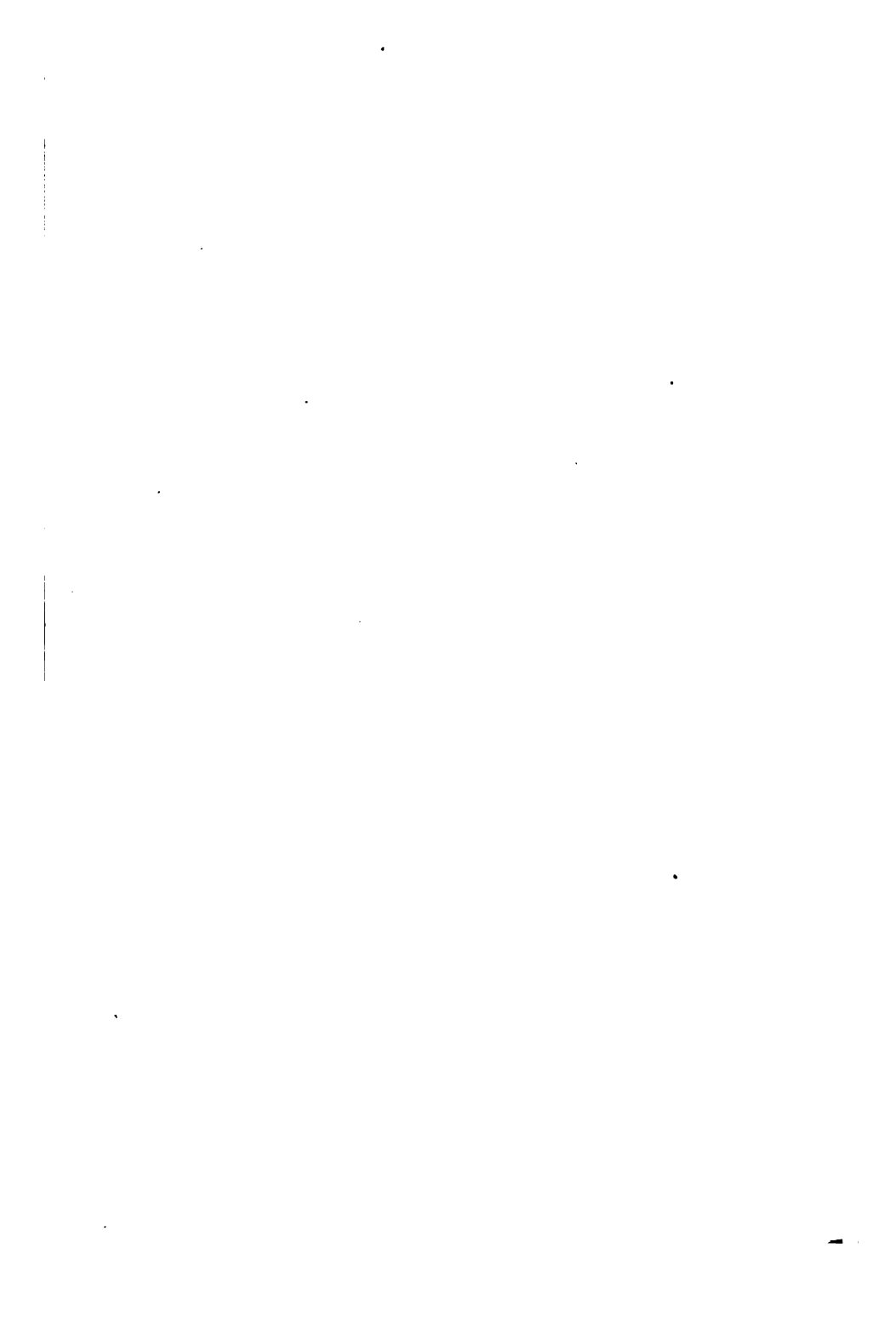
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Mural Paintings, by John W. Alexander, on Stairway of Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh.
See "The Story of American Painting," page 201.

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TWO more "anti-labor" decisions have been rendered by the federal Supreme Court. In the press they have been freely spoken of as "crushing blows" to unionism, while the labor leaders themselves, with more reserve and caution, have discussed them regretfully and suggested that legislation would be necessary to neutralize their effect. These decisions are the more important since they are admittedly likely to become a factor in the political situation. Labor chiefs complain that the courts are illiberal in applying old, obsolete principles to new industrial and social relations; and the candidates for the presidency are sure to be judged by many with reference to their respective positions on this question. In England adverse judicial decisions gave a striking impetus to independent political action on the part of labor; what will be the effect of similar decisions in this country?

In the first place, the Supreme Court, overruling the lower tribunals, invalidated on constitutional grounds that section of the so-called Erdmann act (passed some ten years ago) which prohibited railroads and other common carriers engaged in interstate commerce from discharging union men because of their membership in unions or from insisting that union applicants for employment resign their membership. The Erdmann act is essentially a conciliation and arbitration act; it provides for public investigation of industrial disputes at the request of any of the parties, and

for moral efforts toward a settlement. The act has never been particularly effective, but in recent years it has occasionally been invoked. The section against discrimination on account of unionism in giving employment is independent of the principal sections of the act, but the lower courts sustained it on the ground that its purpose, like the purpose of the rest of the act, was clearly to protect and foster interstate commerce by preventing strikes, sudden interruptions, friction and inconveniences to the shippers and the public.

The Supreme Court, however, was unable to discover any "possible or logical connection" between interstate commerce and any employe's connection with a labor union. The power of Congress to regulate commerce, said the court, is the power to regulate either the subjects or the instrumentalities of commerce, and whether an employe is or is not a member of a union cannot be said to affect commerce. Moreover, the opinion continued, there was a deeper objection to the provision—it was an invasion of the right of property and of contract. Employers could not be required by Congress to employ such or discharge such men, any more than Congress could require workmen to take such labor or reject such other labor. The right to discharge, or to refuse to employ, for any reason is the correlative, indeed, of the right to strike, which is unrestricted, and even the power to regulate interstate commerce would not justify an attempt to restrict either right by legislation.

The other decision alluded to dealt with a Connecticut case in which a firm of hatters complained of a national boycott that had been carried on against it by the hatters' union and its sympathizers. The facts were not in dispute: the existence of a national boycott against the firm was admitted, such boycott having been instituted to compel it to unionize its factory. The question was whether such a boycott was unlawful under the national anti-trust

law, whether it was a "combination in restraint of interstate commerce." The lower courts had held that it was not, because the boycotters had nothing to do with interstate commerce and never even touched any of the firm's hats in course of transportation. The Supreme Court unanimously declared that any agreement to injure the national, outside trade of a person or corporation was a violation of the trust law and an attempt to obstruct, injure and destroy commerce among the states. The illegality of the boycott was strongly affirmed by the court, and the opinion seems to make it possible for any employer who is threatened with a general boycott in more than one state to secure both an injunction and heavy damages from the boycotters for injuries inflicted.

Now, most of the labor leaders and organs insist that the peaceful boycott is a legitimate weapon to use in forcing employers to recognize unions or grant demands made by their employees. The boycott, they argue, is merely the withholding of trade from one or from several whom one is under no obligation to patronize, and if one man may do what he sees fit with his custom, any number of men, singly or in combination, may do the same thing. The decision appears to them a denial of a fundamental right—to sell and buy where they please—and a denial based on doctrines that have come down from a time when labor was harshly and unjustly treated by the law and the court. In the press both decisions have been approved, but the fact is recognized that the unrest among workmen may have serious political consequences.



Congress and the Reform Movement

It has not been the intention of the leaders in Congress to enact any "general" legislation of moment this year—first, because it is presidential year and mistakes are apt to prove dangerous, and second, because many business men

have been demanding a "rest" and a cessation of agitation and "interference" with industry, commerce and affairs. Not a few organs have blamed the Roosevelt regime for the recent panic and the business depression that followed it, and of course the upshot of all such talk was that an end must be put to all radical, experimental or "disturbing" legislation.

Even now, it may be admitted, the chances are that Congress will limit itself to moderate currency reform, appropriation bills, and some minor measures. "Even now," it may be said, for the President is determined that, so far as his influence goes, this year shall be one of progress and construction, not one of stagnation, still less of reaction.

His "fighting" message to Congress was more than an arraignment of dishonest men in politics and business who systematically misrepresent and resist the correction of notorious abuses in finance, corporate enterprises and public utilities. It was more than a general demand for equality of opportunity and the abolition of unfair special privilege. It was a plea for certain specific reforms, for measures completing and rounding out the legislation of the last two or three years in relation to railroads, interstate commerce and so on.

The administration favors legislation increasing the power now possessed by the interstate commission over rate-making by railroads, over capitalization (in order to prevent inflation and manipulation of securities) and over the physical operation of trains, to make travel safer and transportation more efficient. The President favors legislation for the better protection of employes and for the greater "equalization" of the conditions under which employers and employes make their contracts. He favors more effectual provisions for conciliation and arbitration. He favors revision of the trust law in the interest of honest combinations of capital and labor. He favors limita-

tion of the use of the writ of injunction in industrial disputes.

In the President's opinion most of these proposals are eminently reasonable, practical, and wholesome. In this he is supported by Secretary Taft, Senator Knox, Governor Hughes and other prominent Republican leaders who are candidates for the presidential nomination. The majority of the voters are also with him, evidently, regardless of partisan affiliations, for Democrats, independents and radicals have vied with advanced Republicans in praising the President's recent utterances and applauding his stand for further reform in corporate business, in railroad management, in taxation, and in politics. It will be interesting to note how far the year's work in Congress will reflect this public sentiment.



Our Treaties of Arbitration

The Senate with but little talk and ado, recently ratified a treaty with France for the submission to the Hague arbitration court of all differences that may arise between that country and the United States, provided they do not affect the vital interests, the independence, or the honor of either of the contracting parties, and provided the interests of no third government are involved. The treaty is not new. It was negotiated some three years ago and discussed by the Senate. It was, however, dropped by the State Department at that time because the Senate insisted on an amendment which appeared to be highly objectionable to the executive. The amendment was to this effect—that any specific agreement for the submission of a particular dispute under the terms of the general treaty should be subject to the approval of the Senate. This, it was said at the time, reduced the general treaty to a nullity, for it made it merely a vague promise to try to arbitrate certain disputes if the Senate be willing. However, further reflection satisfied the State De-

partment that even with the amendment the value of a general arbitration treaty would, morally speaking, be considerable. The other powers care little about the machinery of our government, and to them a treaty of arbitration is a treaty of arbitration, no matter who negotiates the specific agreements under it and by whom the protocol for arbitration of a given issue is revised, considered and approved.

The Franco-American arbitration treaty is an outgrowth of the resolution of the third Hague conference, which urged the powers to conclude such treaties among themselves, seeing that the time was not ripe for a great, general treaty embracing all the civilized nations and establishing one uniform scheme of arbitration. It is likely to be followed by several other treaties of the same scope and character. The United States, in fact, already has negotiated such treaties with Germany, England, Italy, Spain and other powers, and it is only necessary to take them up again and induce the Senate to ratify them. The amendment which disposed of the objections to the contention with France will likewise overcome the objections to the pending agreement. The principle involved is the same in all cases, and our foreign relations are such that we can offer to all, or nearly all, civilized nations what we have bound ourselves to do in the case of the French Republic.

The excepting of "vital" questions or those affecting honor may disappoint the more advanced and idealistic peace men, but even they should welcome the treaty as a long step in the right direction. The scope of arbitration will be gradually broadened, once the principle and the method have obtained proper recognition.



Municipal Government by Commission

The so-called Texas or Galveston plan of commission government for cities is steadily making headway in the country. Several cities in Kansas have voted to adopt it,

and in other places similar proposals have been defeated by very narrow margins. It is certain now that commission government is to have a real trial in the United States. The ordinary form, with its division of powers, its imitation of state and federal machinery, has been severely criticised by thoughtful Americans as clumsy, wasteful and vicious in a majority of cases, and the idea of concentrating all power and responsibility in a small body of experienced men, of enabling such a body to govern a city as a great business corporation is governed, is becoming familiar and popular.

As we have shown on a previous occasion, the most advanced and democratic plan of commission government is that provided for by a recent Iowa act. This act enables any city of a certain size to establish commission government of a prescribed type. The commissioners are given great power, but they are also placed under direct popular control. The people not only elect these commissioners—this is inevitable—but may recall any one of them during his term for misconduct or inefficiency. The voters may also initiate legislation and demand a referendum on any ordinance adopted by the commission.

If, however, the people seem disposed to try government by commission, doubt has attached to the legal aspects of the reform. Is it constitutional? Each state must obtain an answer to this question from its own courts, and it is noteworthy that the Supreme Court of Iowa has sustained in a decision of the most sweeping character the validity of the commission plan as provided by law for that state. Almost every feature of the plan had been attacked, and especially the provisions for the initiative and referendum, for the recall of unsatisfactory administrators, and for the abolition of the city council. The court took the broad ground that the constitutional requirements with regard to the separation of governmental powers, republican forms, etc., applied only to the state and federal governments, while municipalities might be governed in any way the legisla-

ture thought fit. It follows as a corollary that the legislature, in creating commission government for the sake of simplicity and efficiency, may give the voters as much control over the commission as it deems expedient.

This decision is a great victory for the new plan, and it is the more significant since Iowa is considered a very careful and conservative state. The movement for municipal government by commission will be stimulated by such high judicial approval. But the success of this plan depends on the degree of interest and earnestness which the voters display toward it. The best and most upright men must be willing to serve under it and the people must be watchful and alert. In the hands of selfish and unfit professional politicians commission government may be worse than government by mayors and councils and departments.



Tyranny and Assassination in Portugal

The assassination of the king and crown prince of Portugal shocked the whole world, though the internal troubles of that kingdom for months prior to the tragedy had led many to anticipate revolution and other grave developments. About a year ago Portugal's constitution was suspended and a dictatorship established. The king sanctioned the *coup* because the politics and administration of Portugal had long been thoroughly corrupt. Graft and plunder were general; many offices were sinecures; the highest as well as the lowest officials stole and wasted the public funds. Taxation increased, the national debt grew steadily, but the masses received no benefits therefrom. Illiteracy and poverty were almost universal, and parliament could not and would not address itself to the work of education, administrative reform and retrenchment. Franco, a young minister of courage and honesty who had made a fine record, became premier and undertook the herculean task of reform. Few would coöperate with him, however, and he advised a tem-

porary dictatorship of a political sort. The king made him dictator in everything but the name, and he used his power fearlessly. He introduced economies, abolished offices, suppressed newspapers, banished enemies. He promised, however, that the constitution would be revived in the spring and an election held to give the country fair parliamentary government.

It was almost on the eve of this return to constitutional rule that the assassinations took place. Whether republicans or others committed the deed is still undetermined. But it put an end to the regime of Franco, who fled to France. A coalition ministry was formed and the second son of the late king, a boy of eighteen, was crowned king. The conditions are very chaotic, and some of the old grafters are back in office. But it is hoped that the tragedy will lead to a national awakening and to a regime of honest and efficient government in Portugal, which has been considered a "dying nation" for many decades.



Party Politics and Social Reform in England

The new year opened in Great Britain with a series of reverses for the government and the party in power. In three or four parliamentary by-elections tory candidates were successful, converting their previous minorities into majorities. The liberals themselves admitted that they could not account satisfactorily for these results. They have been in power only a little over two years, and two or three of their important bills were rejected in the House of Lords. If they have accomplished little, should not the people blame the hereditary upper chamber rather than the government? The tory party meets such arguments by saying that it is the propaganda of tariff change, of protection against foreign goods and preferential duties or no duties for the British colonies, that is leading the electors to reverse themselves. The liberals were placed in power on

the issue of free trade vs. protection chiefly, and now, according to the tory protectionists the voters are realizing their mistake, for the price of bread has risen under free trade and trade has decreased, with resultant idleness and suffering to tens of thousands. The Chamberlain section of the tory-unionist party is in full control and the tory free traders are inactive, silent and weak. The aggressiveness of the former makes it certain that the question of protection for England will be reopened and discussed throughout the country as the paramount issue in British politics, an issue with which many others are bound up. The liberals are making preparations for another great fight. When it will take place no one knows. The tories think that several additional reverses will so demoralize the liberal party that it will find it necessary to dissolve parliament and hold a general election before the end of the present year. The liberal editors and leaders pooh-pooh this notion. The liberal majority is so huge—about two hundred—that the loss of over twenty seats would scarcely affect its position. The party was elected to do certain things in addition to preserving free trade, and it must discharge its task before appealing to the country. This year the party will endeavor to deal with education, the question of liquor licensing and temperance, the housing of the poor, old-age pensions, agricultural small holdings, Irish university reform, etc. The program is colossal, and trouble with the lords is unavoidable over some of the proposed measures, but the liberals have declared war on the unreformed upper house, wish to limit its power over legislation, and will not shrink from further collisions with it over specific measures. In fact, the liberals intend in this way to make reform of the lords the paramount issue of the next general election, for it is an issue in which they will have the support of labor, the radicals, the socialists, and the Irish nationalists. They call this policy "filling up the cup" against the lords by passing desirable bills which the lords selfishly oppose. For

no matter what question might be the immediate cause of the dissolution of this parliament, the reform of the lords could then be put forward as the issue of issues.

Both parties are in the meantime making overtures to labor. The liberals are offering a beginning toward old-age pensions, better housing of the poor, a miners' eight-hour law, and small holdings of land as their immediate program of social reform. The tories, while denouncing socialism furiously, are professing to be even greater friends of social reform than the liberals. Protection, they say, will furnish funds for pensions and other necessary things where direct taxation will fail. The Labor party in parliament is maintaining an independent attitude, however, and votes for measures rather than for parties. It is manifesting pronounced socialistic leanings, as is organized labor at large. The recent trade union congress voted—though not by a decisive majority—that the time has come when labor must make socialization of the means of production and distribution the goal and objective of its endeavors. This resolution has aroused much opposition among the moderate and “old-fashioned” union workmen, but the fact that a majority of the convention delegates adopted it is regarded as significant.

The present parliament will no doubt pass some social-reform bills, and the lords will probably be advised by the tory leaders to approve them, as they approved the radical anti-conspiracy and anti-injunction bill of the labor party last year.



The Taft and Hughes Candidacies

It is not surprising that President Roosevelt's recent utterances should have revived in some quarters the talk of a third term for him. But it is not likely that the effort will enlist much general sympathy. The Taft movement has made too much headway for any such tendency, and

the feeling is growing stronger that Mr. Taft may be relied upon to continue the policies which have made Mr. Roosevelt so popular. His speeches are couched in moderate language, but the views they express are, as to all immediate questions, substantially the same as the views of the President.

Governor Hughes, it is true, also entertains practically the same views. He, too, is identified with the cause of corporate and railroad reform, of strict regulation of public service companies, of prevention of monopolistic abuse. Should he be the Republican nominee, and should the people select him, the campaign against wrong and oppression and dishonesty would go on. No one has any serious doubt as to that, even though some of the reactionary interests are undoubtedly working for the Hughes candidacy. Indeed, it would be difficult to point out any important difference between the Hughes profession of political faith and the Taft program or declaration of belief. There is much in common, even temperamentally, between these two leaders.

In political circles, however, it is believed that the Taft candidacy has acquired so much momentum and strength that it cannot be endangered even by the Hughes boom. In Ohio, his own state, Taft is now sure of a solid delegation to the national convention. A series of legal and primary victories completely demolished the Foraker opposition to Taft. Several other middle western states are already committed to Taft, and in the South he is the strongest of all the Republican candidates. It has been charged that federal patronage is being used in Taft's interest, but President Roosevelt has entered a vehement denial of this accusation.

We shall not refer to the "tables" and estimates and speculations which are indulged in daily in the press with reference to the next presidential nominations, but some interest attaches to two "straw votes" recently taken. The *Chicago Tribune* has canvassed several thousand editors,

political leaders and legislators, and has found Secretary Taft to be in the lead as a favorite by a 4-to-1 vote, nearly, over Governor Hughes, who, however, is second on the list of candidates. The *Independent* has asked its readers, who are all, or practically all, private citizens, to indicate their ideas as to issues and candidates, and while the sentiment is unanimous in favor of the Roosevelt policies 45 per cent. of the replies name Taft as the natural successor to Roosevelt and 38 prefer Hughes in that capacity.

The nomination of Taft by the Republicans is considered by many almost an assured thing. But the progressive elements of the party have cause for satisfaction in the fact that should Hughes win in the convention, after all, his candidacy would "spell" exactly the same reform and methods that Taft is believed to represent. Of the other Republican candidates none has made any visible progress of late.



NOTE AND COMMENT.

The magazine number of the *Outlook* for March contains an article upon the Italian aspects of our immigration problem, an article based upon a personal tour through southern Italy whence come the greater part of our Italian immigrants. Mr. H. F. Sherwood, the author of the article, found remote villages entirely depopulated of all able male workers, these being in America. Italy as a result of this migration is profiting to some extent as much money is sent back to the families at home by the exiled workers. Scarcity of labor in southern Italy is moreover raising the wages of farm hands though this change, beneficial to the peasants, is regarded by the landowners as a hardship.



In *Charities* for February 15 a map and accompanying article vividly indicate the progress made in the construction of tenements in New York City since the law of 1901 was passed. "Model" tenements have been built in sufficient number to accommodate over a million people.



The recently published report of Judge Harry Olson, chief justice of the Municipal Court of Chicago, shows economies of time and money as well as increased efficiency effected by the new municipal courts which take the place of the former police magistrate system. Cases are for the most part tried on the day of the offense and all within five days of the offense. The judges as a result of their year's experience are demanding an adult probation law.



A Century of Foreign Criticism On The United States---A Study of Progress.*

XVI. Signs of Progress

By John Graham Brooks

THAT our "progress" is manifest and assured is perhaps the most confident of American opinions. A French critic asks, "Why has the France of today such sickly doubts about herself, while America, in spite of her prolific sins, has the boisterous faith that does not really fear any danger or check upon her forward movement? Even if your American talks gloomily, it is all upon the surface. He is at heart a robust and reckless optimist."

This optimism of which everybody is proud, gets sadly mixed up with most arguments for progress. It is the justification of optimism that has to be first shown. No one is quite equal to the task, because final proofs of progress

*Mr. Brooks' series of articles will be concluded in the May CHAUTAUQUAN. The September articles were: I. "The Problem Opened;" II. "Concerning Our Critics." October: III. "Who is the American?" IV. "Our Talent for Bragging." November: V. "Some Other Peculiarities;" VI. "American Sensitiveness." December: VII. "The Mother Country as a Critic;" VIII. "Change in the Tone of Foreign Criticism." January: IX. "Higher Criticism;" X. "Other French Visitors;" XI. "Democracy and Manners." February: XII. "Our Monopoly of Wit;" XIII. "Our Greatest Critic." March: XIV. "A Philosopher as Mediator;" XV. "A Socialist Critic."

cannot be given except in terms of character or of happiness and conscious well-being. But happiness! Who shall define it in its "higher" and "lower" scale? It has been the despair of dialecticians wherever this subject has been discussed.

I recall the sentence, "The age that has the most deserved and most diffused happiness is the age of highest progress." But who shall prove that the twentieth century is happier than the fifteenth? or that the days of John Milton were happier than those of Socrates? The reign of the Borgias in Italy seems to us full of all sorts of terrors for average men, but the studies of Taine led him to believe it a happier age than ours. He believed this because the Italians showed at that time so much *vitality*. It was the age of "magnificent and daring action." On the other hand, we are told that India has lost her vitality, and with it the power of great activity. Yet a Hindoo scholar told an audience in Boston, that the India he knew, was far happier than we of the United States because she was uncursed by our feverish activity. Quietness and meditation, with the habit of not wanting too many things, were to him indispensable to happiness. We are likely to reject this Oriental test, but the reasons we should give would doubtless seem to this Eastern gentleman merely to beg the question.

We are thus driven to other and secondary tests of progress. This is here justified because it is with these that our critics are for the most part concerned. They have to do chiefly with the conditions of social growth upon which "deserved happiness" in part at least depends. The points raised by our critics enable us to discern changes in these conditions that have very vital connection with social growth.

I select first that part of the country about which the visitors were most in despair, the South. Nearly thirty of them go there largely to study the institution of slavery and its social effects. They are generally charmed by the man-

ners and hospitality which inspire many cordial pages. Progress or the hope of it, few of them see. Mrs. Stowe never wrote a line so withering against the results of slavery as many of these foreign onlookers. That the very roots of industrial and political society under our form of government were already poisoned by the reactions of slave labor,—giving the whites contempt for honorable work, and turning to ridicule our whole theory of political equality, was the theme on which much high wrought feeling was expressed.

That it would end all dreams of having one national life was believed by most of them. Then, each after his own temperament, speculates as to the shapes the ruins will finally assume. A few make good guesses, but the results, as we now see them, would have amazed all these prophets. Social destinies are still deep in the shadows, because the "tragedy of color" has only changed its form. Yet there is no misconception so fundamental as to make this negro tradition in our day the determining or primary fact in the future of the South. The essential evil of slavery was that the negro as slave, gave shape and direction to *the whole industrial life* and, therefore, largely to the political life. Desperate as it now may be, the whole negro question has become secondary, while the entire new order of free industrial life is primary and creative. This seems to me the most impressive fact in the South.

Soon after the evils of "reconstruction," these changes in business structure and method began. Statistical measurements are at last accessible that are wholly trustworthy. From a date so recent as 1900, her products leap in value from less than one-half billion to nearly two and a half billions of dollars. Cotton spindles from six to ten millions; her assessed property from 5,266 millions to 8,000 millions; her bank deposits from 87 millions in 1896 to 171 millions in 1906: this is the material uprising of the South from the gaunt and awful poverty in which the war left her. But the growth of her educational purpose and achieve-

ment, her enlarged recognition of the unities of our national commonwealth, are still more impressive than all the climbing figures of her industrial prosperity. No one can travel there without seeing that the Southland tingles with new life which breaks through all crusts and all restraints. Her one grief is the lingering tradition of the slave. Yet, in the whole best side of that race, the progress as figured in property acquirement or by sacrifice for learning is as hopeful as any page of recent race history in the world.

Nor is it for a moment to be supposed that this special race burden is solitary or peculiar to the South. Largely a question of color and intermingling numbers, it faces and tests every civilized nation. It is the supreme lesson that all people have to learn together. Anyone who reads Olmsted's masterly studies of the South before the war, together with the pages of that sagacious journalist, E. L. Godkin, a few years later, can test the strides the South has taken. Better than either of these writers, Walter H. Page knows this subject. He knows it the better because he knows the North so well. Just returning from a ten weeks' trip, he compares the gains made largely within a dozen years. Hear his judgment:

"I doubt if anywhere in the world there has been so rapid a change in what may be called the fundamentals of good living and of sound thinking and of cheerful work, as the change that has taken place these ten years in many of these rural districts. Many a farmer who was in debt to his 'factor' now has money in the bank, a bank that itself did not exist ten years ago. The inherent good nature of the people approaches something like hilarity. If you direct the conversation toward prosperity, they will crack jokes with you about the needy condition of Wall Street, and remind you that their banks have money lent at interest in New York."

A dozen years ago, the talk of the Southerner was continually about the romance and drama of the past. Today it is not tradition, not even the terrors of Reconstruction that hold his attention. It is the present and the future. Mr. Page puts the spirit of the new change into this incident:

"I asked a young man at one of the Southern schools of

technology why he chose this training rather than training for one of the older professions. 'My grandfather,' said he, 'was a mighty man in theology in his day. He knocked out his opponents and he battered the devil. My father was a lawyer and a soldier. He fought the United States by argument and in war. I notice that the devil and the United States are both doing business yet. I made up my mind, therefore, that I would change the family job and do what I can to build mills and roads in Georgia.'

It should be added that Mr. Page sees even greater encouragement in the renaissance of education.

Since 1896, I have been nine times into the South and I do not believe these words contain a single accent of exaggeration. With the skill of a good observer, Mr. Page does not take his reckoning chiefly from the favored border states, but rather from the lower South where the difficulties have been greatest. As one turns back to the gloomy conjuring of the older visitors, as one re-reads the shadowed pages in Dickens and Abdy, one seems to ask for a stronger word than "progress" to tell the tale.*

We must guard against the easy treachery of gauging real growth in material estimates. But these are not to be omitted if they are associated with other facts.

That the man who traveled yesterday in an easy chair from New York to Philadelphia in an hour and forty minutes was any happier than Mr. Jerrold who bumped through in a wagon with no springs in twenty-three hours, we cannot prove, because we have no test for the sensations of either traveler. That Mr. Jerrold had to get out frequently to help boost the stage from the ruts; that he arrived stiff and thick with mud does not prove that he was without enjoyment on that trip. The man in the plush chair may have been more disturbed by a delay of fifteen minutes than the earlier traveler was by a delay of four hours. Yet the change from twenty-three hours to two hours; from the

*In spite of much present opinion, the South was not happy under slavery. The most far seeing of the critics constantly note the deep currents of unhappiness which that institution brought to the best men and above all to the best women of the South. Except in degree, the story does not differ for the country as a whole.

bumping cart to the plush chair is an improvement which goes down on the side of progress. The added comfort is no mean gain, but far more are the economies in time and human strength. When Madison was elected President in November, 1812, Kentucky heard the news in the following *February*. This fact means much more than physical difficulties of transportation. It represents an average of mental lethargy and indifference which we have outgrown.

That a few years later than this, it should have cost one hundred and twenty-five dollars to carry a ton of coal from Pittsburg to Philadelphia is mainly a physical fact. It has quite other significance, that when our first critic was here, a Philadelphia publisher should be seriously advised not to start a paper in that city, because *there was already one in Boston*. There were those who gravely questioned whether the country could support two newspapers. It is in the same class with the latter fact, that in a prominent college, one professor could teach without protest, botany, Latin, chemistry, mineralogy, midwifery, and surgery. At this time the clergy in Boston were thrown into a frenzy of moral revolt by the announcement that two of Shakespeare's greatest plays, "Hamlet," and "Othello," were to be presented on the stage.

Our study began with a whole order of social phenomena of this character. One of our critics at the beginning of the nineteenth century went from Baltimore to Philadelphia. He paid six cents per mile on the stage, two dollars and twenty-five cents per day at hotels, and was three days on the way. Another wished to go from New York to Albany. He watched the papers three days for a boat. When it was finally announced, there was a further delay of thirty-six hours because of the weather. He had besides to take his own bedding and food.

Here is a description of a trip from New York to Philadelphia:

"We had about twenty miles down the Delaware to reach Philadelphia. The captain, who had a most provoking tongue, was a boy about eighteen years of age. He and a few companions despatched a dozen or eighteen bottles of porter. We ran three different times against other vessels that were coming up the stream. The women and children lay all night on the bare boards of the cabin floor. . . . We reached Arch street wharf about eight o'clock on the Wednesday morning, having been about sixteen hours on a voyage of twenty miles.

The Scotch Wilson, who had been nearly as severe on New England hotels, thus describes those on a trip through the South:

"The taverns are the most desolate and beggarly imaginable; bare, bleak, and dirty walls, one or two old broken chairs and a bench form all the furniture. The white females seldom make their appearance. At supper you sit down to a meal, the very sight of which is sufficient to deaden the most eager appetite, and you are surrounded by half-a-dozen dirty, half-naked blacks, male and female, whom any man of common scent might smell a quarter of a mile off. The house itself is raised upon props four or five feet, and the space below is left open for the hogs, with whose charming vocal performance the wearied traveler is serenaded the whole night long."

An Englishman with wife and child goes from Albany to Niagara Falls. The cheapest conveyance he could get cost him one hundred and fifteen dollars, and they arrived "half skinned" from the journey.

Yet it is neither the slowness, discomfort or expense of this early traveling which tests most fully the improvement. It is rather *the safety*. Arfedson wrote in 1832

"A traveler intending to proceed thence (from Augusta, S. C.) by land to New Orleans is earnestly recommended to bid adieu to all comforts on leaving Augusta, and make the necessary preparations for a hard and rough campaign. If he has a wife and children unprovided for, and to whom he has not the means of leaving a suitable legacy, let him by all means be careful to insure his life to the highest amount the office will take."

In 1834-5 Miss Martineau found steamboat traveling in the West extremely dangerous:

"I was rather surprised at the cautions I received throughout the South about choosing wisely among the Mississippi steamboats;

and at the question gravely asked, as I was going on aboard, whether I had a life-preserver with me. I found that all my acquaintances on board had furnished themselves with life-preservers, and my surprise ceased when we passed boat after boat on the river delayed or deserted on account of some accident."

No man who ever came to us had more scientific caution in his statements than Sir Charles Lyell. As late as 1850, on his second journey of investigation, he said:

"After comparing the risk it seems to be more dangerous to travel by land, in a new country, than by river steamers, and some who have survived repeated journeyings in stage-coaches show us many scars. The judge who escorted my wife to Natchez informed her that he had been upset no less than thirteen times."

I purposely select this test, because we are at last being shocked into some sense of social disgrace by the monthly horrors of our railway butcheries.

Our accident list is now as inexcusable as it is appalling, but man for man and mile for mile, travel is far safer than in the year 1800, and in the half century that followed. Until within a generation, there seems to have been no general public sensitiveness whatever as to these dangers. This growth of sensitiveness to what is cruel or socially harmful, seems to me fundamental. But first let us select from the witnesses other hints at least of the conditions of a larger individual and social life.

There are many perfectly trustworthy comments to show us the rise of wages that lifts the whole standard of comfort in the community. The builders of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal in 1829 imported workmen for twelve dollars a month. The employers who paid the passage got in addition three months' labor for nothing. There are now classes of Italian workmen among us who earn enough in six months to make it worth while to pay their own passage twice across the Atlantic, and leave in their pockets more than these laborers of 1829 got in the whole year. In 1907, I found Italians in a California quarry earning \$4.00 and \$5.00 daily for less than nine hours work.

At the present moment Italians are on strike in New

York for more *per hour* than they got in South Italy *per day*, and for nearly three times as much as Chevalier found Irishmen at work for in 1834. This careful economist says he found a good deal of the hardest work done for sixty cents a day. At about this time women in the Lowell mills worked from five o'clock in the morning till seven at night for fifty cents a day. As compared with English wages, Godley finds even this surprisingly high.

In 1834 there was a strike among the men doing the heavy work on Philadelphia wharves. They worked from six to six. I cannot learn what they asked, but when the employers met, they offered one dollar a day for work from sunrise to sunset. The men accepted it. Carpenters were paid there one dollar and a quarter for ten hours work. In a small country town in New Hampshire I cannot now get a local carpenter for less than two dollars and fifty cents for nine hours.

I have seen Slovak peasants doing work about our rolling-mills for \$1.50 per day who never get beyond thirty cents in their own country and for nearly half the year received less than twenty-five cents.

From Seattle to Los Angeles one finds plenty of Orientals whose daily wage at home had been less than twenty cents. They land in Americanized Hawaii where they soon receive eighteen dollars a month. As they pass to Oregon and California they are found working for \$35, \$40, and \$50 a month.

Thirty years ago in the South, a Frenchman notes that negroes who can be said to be "emerging" are receiving forty cents a day. The larger constructive industry like the railways is now tempting them from the old agricultural standards with wages at least twice and often three times as high as in 1870. This higher wage is much more than a material thing. It is the open door to freedom from desperate and slavish indebtedness to the truck-store.

The year 1834 is I think the time when men agitating

for ten hours in Boston were said to be "agitators." The city authorities refused to allow them to have a hall even to discuss the issue before the public. In 1835 the bakers in Philadelphia struck against working "more than eighteen hours a day." There was also a strike of sewing women against a wage scale that was not one-half the lowest price I have ever known to be paid in a present day sweatshop, namely, from seventy-two cents to one dollar and twelve cents *per week*.

Of the poorer workmen, McMasters says:

"Their houses were meaner, their food coarser, their wages were, despite the depreciation that has gone on in the value of money, lower by one-half than at present. A man who performed what would now be called unskilled labor, who sawed wood, who dug ditches, who mended roads, who mixed mortar, who carried boards to the carpenter and bricks to the mason or helped to cut hay in harvest-time, usually received as the fruit of his daily toil two shillings."

The man who "mixed mortar" and "carried bricks to the mason" is now called a hod carrier. Within sight of where I am now writing a building is going up. Every hod-carrier gets daily three dollars and works but eight hours. In 1825, this class was getting seventy-five cents for a twelve-hour day.

The usual reply to this is, "But they could then buy so much more for their money!" The statement is not true. Rent and a very narrow range of foods were then, of course, far cheaper, but today the average workman demands and gets for his expenditure at least ten things where he then got two. Including these, he gets far more for his money. A large part of his house-furnishings, as well as foods for the table, did not then exist. It is to this far better housing and improved variety of diet that another step in progress for the masses of the people is clearly seen in these critical records.

Among the few best tests of social bettering, what is fairer than the *health* of the community?

It would weary the reader, if I were to put down a tithe of the opinions on health and its conditions in the United States during the first decades of the last century. It is only the recent critic who comments on the health of the American woman. Until the present generation it was as common to discourse on our ill health (this chiefly of the women) as to note the use of the rocking chair. The philosopher, Volney, is very curious about it and studies our diet and habits of eating, drinking, effects of climate, etc., to account for the phenomenon. He does not distinguish between the men and the women. His conclusion is in these words: "I will venture to say that if a prize were proposed for the scheme of a regimen most calculated to injure the stomach, the teeth, and the health in general, no better could be invented than that of the Americans." The acute Chastellux says that above all other people we "heap indigestions one on another," and "to the poor relaxed and wearied stomach, they add Madeira, rum, French brandy, gin or malt spirits, which complete the ruin of the nervous system."

James Sterling reaches this conclusion as to the cause of such prevailing ill health as he found: "The deepest rooted cause of American disease is the overworking of the brain and the over-excitement of the nervous system."

A Russian diplomatist, P. I. Poletika, here in 1810, 1811, 1812, and again in 1818, published an excellent book "Apercu." He has great admiration for the young American women, but says they are so delicate ("*si frêle et si passagère*") that they seem on the edge of invalidism. He attributes the lack of health to our climate.*

Alexander Mackay in 1846 says of our women: "They are, in the majority of cases, over delicate and languid; a defect chiefly superinduced by their want of exercise."

These among scores. Nor need we trust in this to foreign sightseers. There is plenty of undeniable testimony

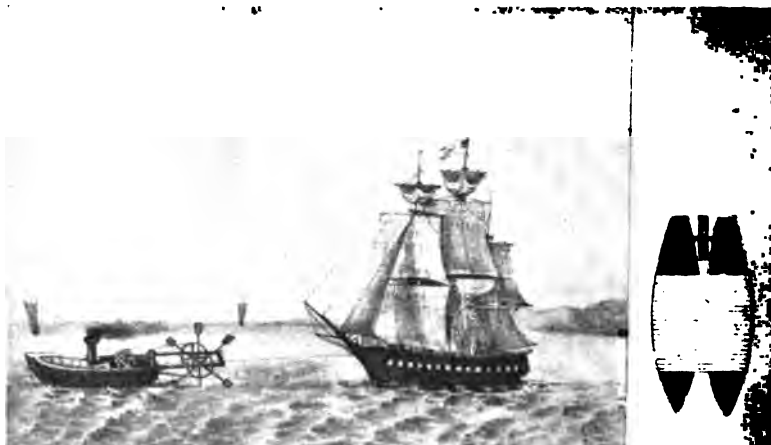
*Page 154.



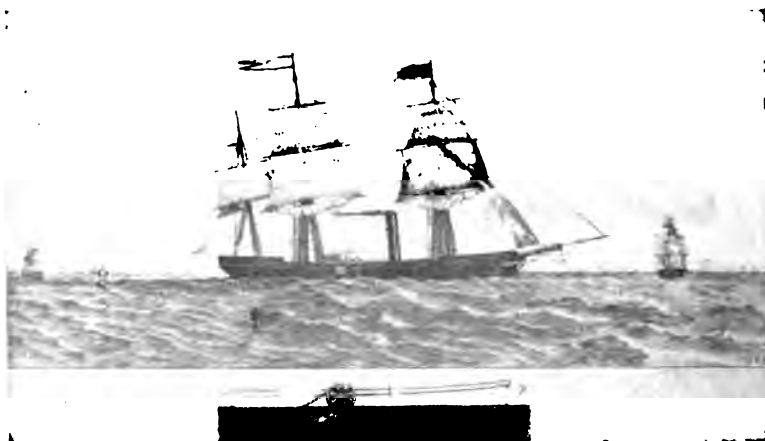
Robert Fulton's first experiment with paddle wheels, in the summer of 1779 on the Conestoga.



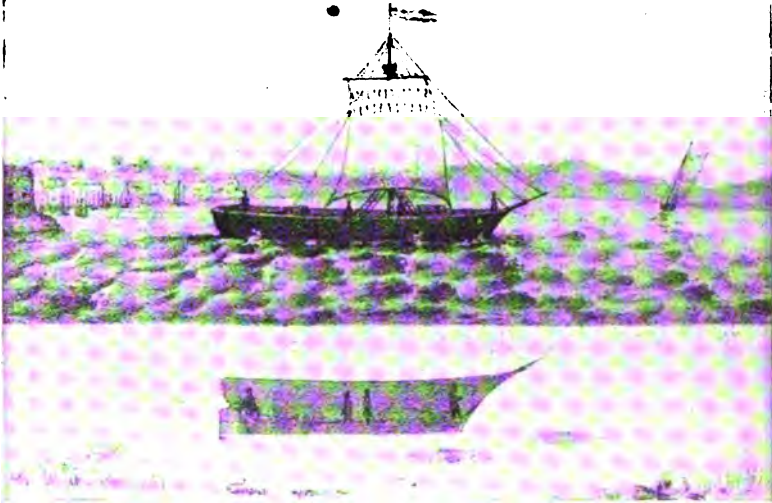
Fitch's Steamboat on the Delaware River, 1786. Philadelphia in the background.



Jonathan Hull's Steamboat, used as a means of towing other vessels out of harbor. At the right, Patrick Miller's double boat of 1787.



The American Steamship, *Savannah*, first steamboat to cross the Ocean.



The *Nautilus*, submarine boat of 1801.

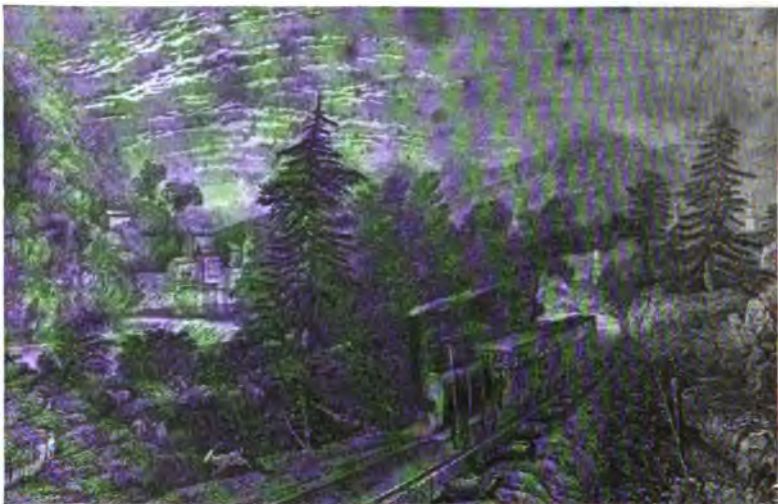
from our own authentic documents. Adams in his first volume* writes, "The misery of nervous prostration, which wore out generation after generation of women and children and left a tragedy in every log cabin."

Of our whole frontier life he says: "The chance of being shot or scalped by Indians was hardly worth considering when compared with the certainty of malarial fever, or the strange disease called milk-sickness, or the still more depressing home-sickness."†

It was thought necessary by most of the early travelers to see life up and down the Mississippi, or through the thinly populated settlements. To find a healthy looking woman was a surprise. It was usual to say that climate and

*Page 58.

†Adams, Vol. I, p. 58.



Railroad Scene in 1842.

"nervous strain" play their part, but it is also true that the meager family income could not supply an adequate and various diet. Ignorance about such diet, as about all sanitary measures was no less a cause. That the standard of vigor has improved in the sixty years since Sir Charles Lyell's comments is about as certain as that our population has increased.

Inseparable from this health improvement of the women, is the observed improvement in the speaking voice. One could easily collect a thick volume on the disagreeable quality of the American voice. Among all the earlier visitors, there is not the least disagreement on this point. There is much wonder as to the causes that can have brought this about. Climate is oftenest mentioned. Also "nervous strain and consequent depression." The necessity of straining the voice in "calling for men folk to come to dinner." The women, it is said thus get a harsh quality which was imitated by the children. "Incipient catarrh," "prevailing

stomach trouble," "constant hurrying and anxiety," are other guesses. All the causes are beyond our knowledge, but it is, I believe, fairly clear that some generations of nervous ill health (especially among the women and imitation by the children) goes far to account for this lack of resonance and sweetness in "the American voice." Miss Martineau grieves much over this defect and is one of the few to trace it to ill health. She says:

"A great unknown pleasure remains to be experienced by the Americans in the well-modulated, gentle, healthy, cheerful voices of women. It is incredible that there should not, in all the time to come, be any other alternative than that which now exists, between a whine and a twang. When the *health* of the American women improves, their voices will improve."*

Two recent critics express surprise that they find everywhere in the United States so many people with a speaking tone "as agreeable as anywhere in Europe." They speak of it as beginning and extending, not yet as commonly prevailing. It is very recent that we were conscious enough of the blemish to admit its existence. Foreign travel, the presence of certain nationalities among our immigrants, the teaching of singing and voice-training in the schools, have so far aroused this recognition that the way to its healing slowly opens before us. We shall soon have sense enough to "standardize" voice quality: first of all for teachers. No teacher with a harsh, nasal or "complaining" voice should be allowed to enter a school-room.† A little later we shall not allow boys with snarling or grating tones to shout their wares on the railroad train or to hawk papers in the streets.

There was much truth in a sentence just written in a London paper by an English teacher: "About one-half the Americans use tones that make you shiver. They will be shamed out of this only by hearing a pleasant voice long enough to feel the unpleasantness of their own."

Two college girls from New England lived a year in

*"Society in America," Vol. II, p. 200.

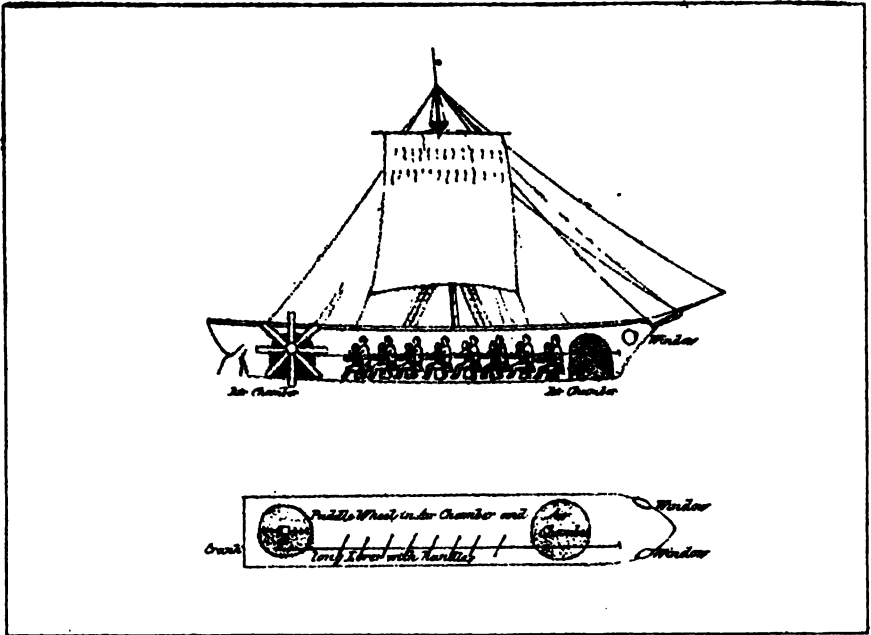
†I am told that this has already a definite beginning.

Spain. One of them says, "When I came home, at least one-half of my own friends spoke so that I wanted to put my hands to my ears. Yet I had never for an instant noticed this, until I had been surrounded by people for some months whose voice was a positive pleasure to the ear." This illustrates one precious lesson our critics have helped to teach us. We were "taking it in" even when we were hotly abusing our instructors. Dickens' brilliant caricature left its lesson for improved prison methods and for better manners. Even the saucy Mrs. Trollope, whose every page left a smart, actually modified some of our habits. Men who sprawled in their shirt sleeves in a theater box, or thrust a foot over the railing in the gallery, about 1840, often heard the word, "Trollope!" "Trollope!" shouted in the audience. All knew amidst the laughter what it meant. Much in these criticisms entered into our common thought and helped to form that self criticism which makes the better possible.

Most of the hardest strictures concern frailties and imperfections that are easily accounted for by the newness, the narrowness, or the hard physical difficulties in the surrounding life. It was usually the point of the unsympathetic critic that our character and institutions were such that we could not free ourselves from the disorders.

It is a very different sign, but not less favorable, that so many of the early students of America believed that our democracy as a form of government chokes and hinders *opportunity* for the growth of higher, disinterested faculties. Science, art, letters, all the graces and real distinctions of civilization were as they tell us under baleful handicap, because we were committed to a democracy.

In nothing has the tone of the critic undergone profounder change than as regards this same word opportunity;—opportunity for the highest as well as for the commonest. St. Gaudens, the sculptor, has finished his work and foreign artists are telling us that, with the exception



The *Mute*, early submarine boat.

of the French Rodin, the American had no superior in the world. Sir Robert Ball, the Astronomer-Royal of Ireland, recently left us. He is reported as saying that no higher astronomical work is done in Europe than here. In 1830 it was written of us: "They have neither made any music nor do they show the slightest appreciation of it. Even their 'Yankee Doodle' and 'Hail Columbia' were not written by Yankees."

The French composer, Saint-Saens, was last year in this country. "Before I came here," he says, "people told me a great many unpleasant things about the New World. 'You won't like America,' they said. 'Everything over there will shock you and grate upon your artistic sensibilities.'" He now reports (not for the American interviewer, but in the *Paris Figaro*) his delight and surprise: "Everywhere

I found excellent orchestras—everywhere excellent conductors.”*

Mr. Bryce’s tribute to our higher education as on a level with the best that Europe offers is in the same key.

If opportunity, as an inspirer of faculty, be made the test of progress, we gladly accept it. The present-day voyager is indeed the first to use it in the larger sense, as characteristic of this country. “If you ask me,” says one, “in what the United States differs from Europe, one word expresses it ‘Opportunity.’” One entitles a chapter “The Land of Opportunity.” A Socialist friend is very impatient with what he calls “all this fine talk about opportunity” in this country. Have we not sixty thousand tramps, gruesome poverty and all the shame of the sweatshop and child labor? Yes, far too much of this shame is ours, but “opportunity” is a relative term. What land or people offers more to a larger part of its inhabitants? The world’s practical judgment about this has to be taken. Since our story began, some twenty-five million of people at a good deal of risk and sacrifice have left their homes to come here. They came from all parts of the world and the pressure increases from year to year. It increases because those who have tried the country, write back to their friends to follow them. The chief cause of immigration is the story which those continue to tell who have put the chances here to trial. No more final test is conceivable than this, that (as compared to other countries) the world’s millions have found it, and still find it, the land of opportunity. An English Consul long in this country, says the charge of the English that the Irish are shiftless and ineffective at their tasks in Ireland has much truth, but he adds, “The moment the Irishman touches American soil, he works, and works with the best of them, because all sorts of chances open out to him and his children.”

*The title of a German book is “The Land of Limitless Opportunity.”

Now, what more than this same "opportunity" enters into and constitutes a people's hopefulness, courage, and happiness? If we are careful in our thought to add to the fact of economic opportunity, the fact of the rapidly growing *educational* opportunity, hopeful chances never were greater in our history than now—I mean, for a larger proportion of the population.

Many who admit this are likely to add, "But this opportunity is closing up, it will soon be at an end." No prophecy at the time it is spoken can be disproved, but the pages of our critics contain a great deal of testimony that bears directly on the point. Decade by decade through the century, our visitors are stoutly assured by the best informed Americans, that the limit of assimilating immigrants has been reached. "It must be stopped or the Republic is at an end." This gloomy view held stiffly in 1825; it was rampant when de Tocqueville and Miss Martineau were here; it reached a crisis of alarm in 1840. "America," says one, "is always going to the devil, but never gets there." Yes, it has always been going to the devil, because of *something*. It is worth while to note some of these ever-impending calamities.

Most of the first visitors heard from conservative and leading citizens that the President was to become a "despot" or "the slave of foreign potentates;" that the Senate was sure to become an oligarchy, because it sat six years and was not elected directly by the people; that the central government would swallow up the states or intimidate them by the army; even the House of Representatives would be made up of the rich and would tyrannize over the people; the small states would be at odds with the large states and lose their sovereign rights; Rhode Island could not maintain itself against New York. Bryce says of these dark misgivings, "Not one has proved true." There were many fears because of the size of our country. In a small democracy, it was said, you may extend power to the peo-

ple, because the area of the problem is under control. With the vast domain of the United States, the interests will be so diverse and so conflicting that the factional spirit cannot be held in restraint. Bryce says very definitely that this factional unrest has, as a fact, "proved less intense over the large area of the Union than it did in the Greek republics of antiquity;—today the demon of faction is less powerful in the parties than at any previous date since the so-called Era of Good Feeling in 1820."

Again, we were to be hopelessly vacillating in our foreign policy. Democracy, it was said, is "like a drunken man on horseback, falling now on this side, now on that." But Bryce will not even admit that, at our worst, we outdid most monarchies. "Royal caprice, or the influence of successive favorites, has proved more pernicious in absolute monarchies than popular fickleness in republics." With more conviction still, he says of our later years that "the foreign policy of the United States has been singularly consistent." This criticism, that we should be feeble and inadequate in foreign policy, was repeated and believed until the very close of the nineteenth century. But when commanding necessities came upon us, the man equipped for the new exigencies appeared in John Hay. We were told at his death by a foreign diplomat that in the whole field of world politics Mr. Hay had no superior. I heard it predicted that his successor could not be found. Elihu Root did not have to be found, he was at hand.

Another dire prediction was that with so many states, dangerous and irresponsible experiments would be tried. Especially would states here and there legislate against private property, putting the whole basis of society in peril. We now see that this very experimental feature of state legislation has proved to be an advantage, and as for the perils to private property, Bryce finds the prediction wholly false.

Basil Hall was told that the rock on which we were to

split was the change in our inheritance laws whereby all the children get their equal share, instead of the oldest son getting it all. This was to destroy the saving social influence of the family and property. This fear now sounds to us merely funny.

Giving equality of rights to women (first appearing in the youth of Lucy Stone) was also an innovation sure to introduce "a conflict of interests—a lack of family unity—that no society could stand." Woman has not won a right or an equality that has not stood for progress.

That the Church should be separated from the State was another fatal step to bring in ruin. For more than a generation our visitors were told that the catastrophe always close at hand, is the presence of Roman Catholics.

I once had occasion to ask an aged man, whom his fellow citizens counted as one of their wisest, some question about our social difficulties. When he had given his opinion, he added, "I suppose I am the more hopeful because my seventy years of pretty clear memory cover so many 'shipwrecks of the Republic.' My father was a hard-headed man and nothing was more impressed upon my youth by him and his friends who came to us, than the absolutely certain destruction of our government by the Catholics. I have lived to see that every one of their alarms was an entirely false one. As this has been true of a great many other scares, I have got into a pretty comfortable frame of mind about this country." He added, "Of course, something awful may happen tomorrow, but I am going to let the other man do the worrying." I use this because, better than any words of mine, it sums up the century of testimony on the approaching evils that were to overwhelm us.

De Toqueville saw an impending peril from the growing "tyranny of the majority." How brilliantly he proved this! We now see that the proof had one defect—it wasn't true. How often it has been a glowering "Cæsarism" close



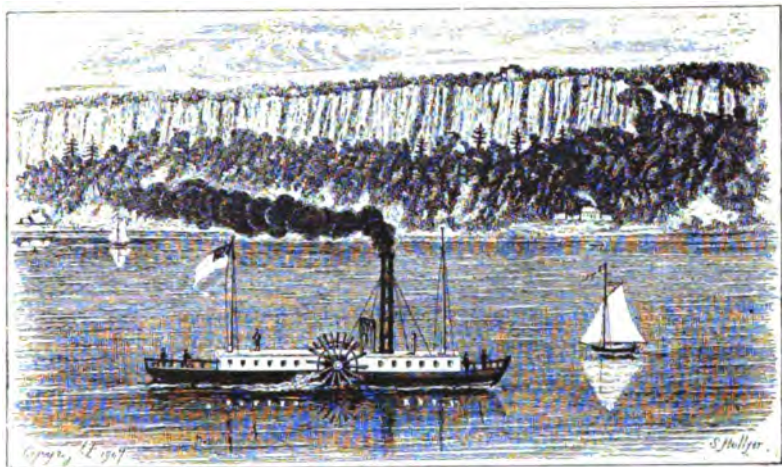
The first locomotive to be run on the Mohawk Valley Railroad. at hand. Bryce notices this and thus writes, "Cæsarism is the last danger to menace America."

That before the death of George Washington, de Warville should see our doom in the "ravages of luxury" already rampant, sounds as droll to us, as that a great number of enlightened people believed the Republic in immediate danger because of that very innocent society of the Cincinnati, or as the fears expressed to Miss Martineau, because *young men were leaving the cities for the country districts*. The "decay of religion" was, of course, at all times working our early ruin.

Another form which the fear took was the certainty of "disrupting religious quarrels" because of the increase of Protestant sects. The Catholic Professor Klein comes here to find us so tolerant in this respect as to set a splendid example to the world. He wishes France could imitate us.

It should calm us a little that so many people in the first half of the last century were dejected about the "servant question." There has not been a decade since Colonial times in which this frowning difficulty has not seemed to multitudes of home keepers a despairing problem.* "The increase of intemperance" is another spectre constantly appearing in our story. A long chapter would be insufficient to show the clear and impressive evidence that, however in-

*The work of the servant a century ago is thus depicted: "She mended the clothes, she did up the ruffs, she ran errands from one end of the town to the other, she milked the cows, made the butter, walked ten blocks for a pail of water, spun flax for the family linen and when the year was up received ten pounds (50 dollars) for her wages."



First trip of Fulton's Steamboat to Albany, 1807.

temperate we now are, the improvement in drinking habits is beyond a doubt.

There is one more shape which our early undoing takes on that is perhaps more instructive and more encouraging than any other. It is the agitated feeling for more than a generation that we could not possibly survive the growth of "sectional hatreds." It is a feat of the "sympathetic imagination" quite beyond us of today to appreciate what these sectional hatreds and jealousies were in the first forty years with which our criticisms deal. No opera bouffe could outdo many of these sober records of sectional spite. Trevelyan shows what this local prejudice meant among our soldiers in the Revolution. A military patriot from New Jersey gives his opinion of the corrupting influence of Pennsylvania soldiers. They would, he says, "be *pejorated* by having been fellow soldiers with that discipline-hating, good-living-loving, to eternal fame damned, coxcombical crew we lately had from Philadelphia." This English historian adds that this amiable communication was from no less a man

than General Livingston and that it "was one among a hundred others which betoken a condition of feeling productive of endless scandal and immeasurable danger."

I had to look through a good many of our own history books in the effort to confirm the dire opinions which travelers record about these geographical animosities.* They record so many of them that only the briefest illustrations can here be given. One reports the President of Harvard College (the historian Sparks) as "much dispirited on account of California and her attitude." In a letter to de Tocqueville he writes, "Where will this end and how are such accessions and discordant materials to be held together in a confederated republic?" Marryat gives these "acrid jealousies" as a reason why a traveler cannot trust a bit of evidence that he gets in one part of the country about any other part of it. "The people of Connecticut will not allow that there is anything commendable or decent in New York." The German, F. J. Grund, is so impressed by this that he falls into a speculative nightmare. Through these prophetic mists he sees in the near future our collapse as a nation. He says: "I imagined myself somewhere near the Hudson or the Delaware in the midst of a large flourishing city, besieged, stormed, and finally carried by a victorious Western army."† It was against the playing upon these sectional discords that Webster spoke his great words, "There are no Alleghenies in my politics."

That we have grown in those integrities that constitute progress is not wholly proved by the kind of testimony just given. But it is a history of doubting and fearful opinions which we may read with a good deal of wholesome instruction and encouragement.

Such weight as this story of pessimistic apprehension possesses, we must take over into the final chapter. We shall see there the bearing of what our critics reveal on the gravest dangers to Democracy.

*See, for example, "American Revolution," Vol. II, p. 196.

†"Aristocracy in America," Francis J. Grund, London, 1839.



The Story of American Painting*

VII. Contemporary Figure Painting

By George Breed Zug.

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THE present chapter is intended to show something of the development of figure painting in the United States and to point out some of its recent tendencies. What is meant by figure painting? What is figure painting *per se* in distinction from the use of the human figure in the portrait, the religious, the historical, the mural painting? By tacit understanding the word has come to be applied to all canvases which cannot be classified under one of the above mentioned heads, but in which the human figure is a prominent element. Since the beginnings of art the human figure has been the subject most often depicted. Landscape, which supposedly might have been a close rival is, in fact, of itself a very modern subject after having served for centuries as a mere accessory to the portrait, the religious, and the historical picture.

During our Colonial and Revolutionary periods and even well beyond the middle of the nineteenth century, figure

*The series on American Painting will be concluded in the May issue of THE CHAUTAUQUAN. The articles heretofore printed are: "Foreword" and "Painting in the Colonies" (September); "The Period of the Revolution" (October); "The Years of Preliminary Growth" (November); "Formative Influences" (December); "The Development of Landscape and Marine Painting" (February); "Modern Portrait Painting" (March).

painting, except in the form of the portrait and of the historical composition, was devoted to "ideal" subjects, the characters of which were drawn chiefly from Greek or Roman story, from the Bible, and occasionally from English literature. There flourished also a certain sentimental type of Bible illustration and the pietistic allegory. (For example see West's "Hagar and Ishmael" and Copley's "Venus, Mars, and Vulcan" in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, Sept., '07, pp. 68 and 73. See also Trumbull's "Death of Hector," *CHAUTAUQUAN*, Oct., '07, p. 222, and Huntington's "Mercy's Dream" in the present number.)

The latter picture is a good example of our bygone conception of figure painting. This is, however, a remarkably good piece of work for the time. It is well composed and pleasing in color. But its harsh contrasts of light and dark, its smooth and shining surface, its heavy shadows as well as its general conception stamp it as belonging to a past period in our artistic growth.

During the first century and a half of American Art, both landscape and figure painters sought to embody in their pictures ideas which would make for spirituality as well as culture. Their purpose was not "to portray a corner of nature as seen through a temperament," but to elevate the mind by the depiction of subjects supposed to be high and noble. The appeal of art was then a moral rather than a purely esthetic appeal. These artists learned their technique from the old Italian masters by way of the English painters, or else from the Dutch and Flemish by way of the modern Germans. The result produced unreality both in subject and in treatment. Because of this it may not be out of place to mention here some definite points in regard to execution or technique which may help the reader to discern a little more clearly our progress in the figure arts during the last generation.

The art of painting has to do with visual images; and just as literary art has its language composed of letters, words, and sentences, so graphic art has its own language,

the elements of which are lines, color-spots of varying dullness or brightness, and masses of light or dark, all arranged with a definite purpose on a flat surface, and intended to reproduce more or less truthfully the appearance of the natural world. In order to understand and appreciate pictures, it is necessary to learn to observe these elements of the language of art.

First, observe in all pictures the success or lack of success of the artist in rendering the form of objects. Ask yourself if the painter whose work is before you, so defines by lines the human figure that it answers to the anatomical proportions of a real man or woman. Are the features shaped like those of real people? Are the legs and arms joined naturally to the body in the figures of the painting before you? Are the limbs, head, and body of each figure related to one another as naturally in the picture as in real life? Are the proportions correct?

Here it should be remembered that the question of anatomical accuracy is not the only one. There is another: is the result beautiful? Many painters, especially those of the older schools of art, have deliberately changed the shape and proportions of the human figure in order to give beauty or rhythm of line. This was done by Botticelli.

The human figure, moreover, cannot be adequately represented by outlines which merely define the body. The artist must suggest on his flat canvas the solid substance, the three dimensions of the body. This he does by modelling; by the use of light and shade within the limits of the figure. By modelling we here refer to what in our school days we called "shading." By means of modelling the artist indicates the solid substance, the rotundity of the figure and its undulations of surface. Notice in a picture whether the modelling does actually suggest the substance and form of a figure and remember that here again an artist may increase or diminish the amount of shading or modelling in nature for a distinct artistic purpose, to make the figure harmonize with the rest of the picture. There is,

also, a broader meaning to light and shade, a meaning that refers to the disposition of masses of light and masses of shade over all parts of the picture; notice again the brightness of the sky of the natural world and the relation of that brightness, or luminosity, to the amount of dark in a nearby object.

We refer to the relation of the amount of light and dark reflected by certain objects in nature; a cloud in the sky, a rock in the foreground, if you are looking out of doors. If you are indoors observe the brightness of the sky seen through a window as compared to the darkness of a shadow under the table. This relation of lights to darks over the whole face of nature is referred to by painters as "values" and must find some corresponding rendering in the art of painting. Some of the old masters present scenes with an even distribution of light and with practically no shadows. Others, for example Leonardo da Vinci and Rembrandt, seem consciously to exaggerate the contrasts of light and dark which they see in nature so that they represent a bright spot of light on a face or figure contrasting strongly with dark shadow on all sides. This is an artistic hyperbole: an artificial use of light and shade employed for a conscious artistic purpose. In most of the older schools of painting, the artists did not seem to strive for imitation of the values (*i. e.*, the relations of light and dark) of nature, but rather for the use of lights and darks in an arbitrary and artificial way. Perhaps the best of the old masters in this matter of values were the Venetians, and the Dutchmen of the seventeenth century. Our early American painters of both figure and landscape founded their methods on the works of European masters who are remarkably artificial in their values, as well as in their drawing and modelling.

Hence you will observe in the works of our early painters, harsh contrasts in light and shade that are contrary to nature, just as you will observe stiffness and unreality in drawing and lack of delicacy in modelling. (See most



The Questioner of the Sphinx, by Elihu Vedder.



Mercy's Dream, by Daniel Huntington. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



"So when that Angel of the darker Drink
At last shall find you by the river-brink—"
An Illustration for Omar Khayyám by Elihu Vedder.



A Quartette, by William T. Dannat. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



The Ameya, or Itinerant Candy Vender, by Robert T. Blum.
In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



The Temple of the Winds, by Louis Loeb. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



The Last Voyage, by E. L. Weeks, In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



In the Garden, by George De Forest Brush. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



Caritas, by Abbott Thayer. In the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.



Mother and Child, by George De Forest Brush. In the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.



The Seer, by Sargeant Kendall. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



Aurora, by Will H. Low. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art.
New York.



A Cozy Corner, by F. D. Millet. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



The Coppersmith, by Edgar M. Ward, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



The Caress, by Mary Cassatt.



Allegory, by Frederick Ballard Williams. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



El Jaleo, by John S. Sargent. In the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.



Across the Common, by Charles Sprague Pearce. In the Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo.

of the illustrations for these articles on American Painting in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for September, October, November, and December.) Notice also the darkness and opacity of their shadows as compared with the lightness, brightness, and transparency of the shadows in real nature and in the best modern painting. Consequent upon this attempt to reproduce nature there is a strong tendency in all modern art towards a lighter and brighter tone of color. Painters of the present day have also become especially interested in the actual handling of paint, that is, in brush work, in order to suggest by the size and shape of the brush marks, the texture of the object represented.*

Composition has meanwhile been growing less and less formal, more and more unstudied. The subject need no longer be the ideal or the heroic. A "Girl and Cow" (see illustration of the painting by Theodore Robinson, CHAUTAUQUAN, Dec., 1907, p. 65) has become as fitting a subject for the artist's brush as "Mercy's Dream," and the Mother and Child (see Miss Cassatt's painting reproduced in this number) has been deemed as worthy of high artistic skill as the Madonna and Christ Child of the old masters. In the light of these introductory remarks, we may indicate some recent tendencies in our figure painting.

Elihu Vedder, born in 1838, found his artistic inspiration in Rome, and he is the "noblest Roman of them all." Though he studied in Paris in 1856, he was in Italy in 1857-61, and since 1867 he has made his home in Rome. He is a painter, sculptor, and illustrator, a man of high ideals, and ceaseless energy. His work in oil is of the old school, with low tones, dark shadows, and lack of atmosphere. He has never been preëminently interested in technique, in the art of painting for its own sake. Above all

*For the best brief definitions of art terms known to the writer, see The Century Dictionary. For discussions of drawing, modelling, values, brush work, and other technical matters, see John C. Van Dyke's "Art for Art's Sake" (Scribner). For a helpful passage on light and shade, see H. R. Poore's "Pictorial Composition" (Baker & Taylor Co.), pp. 151-174.

a draughtsman, his greatest work is the matchless series of illustrations for Fitzgerald's Omar Khayyám (published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). There are in these plates a majesty in composition, a precision of line, a depth of mystery, which happily interpret the text of the poem, and which the artist has never excelled in his later work. In Bowdoin College and in the Congressional Library he has mural decorations which are likewise marked by a sense of mystery, a high seriousness, and significant interpretation which deserve highest praise.

The tendency towards realism in light, atmosphere, and color which has been noted, was the outcome of the French training which since the sixties and the early seventies has been sought by American students. The pioneers in this movement to France were Inness, Hunt, and LaFarge. This is not the place to discuss the works of any of these painters, all of whom proved to be important influences.

About 1875 and 1876 there returned to America a number of young men thoroughly trained in the methods of the French school, and prepared to prove the worth of that training. When in 1877 the Society of American Artists was founded with Mr. John LaFarge as president these "younger men" were among the first and most influential members. Some of them were Louis C. Tiffany, J. Alden Weir, William M. Chase, J. H. Twachtman, Abbott H. Thayer, Francis Lathrop, and Will H. Low. Their ranks were soon swelled by the addition of such artists as Edwin H. Blashfield, George de Forest Brush, Robert F. Blum, Kenyon Cox, George W. Maynard, Frank D. Millet, Eastman Johnson, Douglas Volk, George Fuller, Thomas Hovenden, Theodore Robinson, and others. Some of these men were trained in Germany or elsewhere, but it was always the "new" training which they had had and by far the larger number received it in Paris.

The French school has always been academic; nearly all its chief masters have been inclined to agree with Ingres in his dictum that "the probity of art is drawing."

It is a school of style, a school that bases its teachings on the Greeks and the Florentines. Yet, during the third quarter of the nineteenth century, there was combined with the impeccable drawing and careful balance of a somewhat academic kind, a decided inclination to study more carefully than ever before the appearances of nature, as regards form and local color. Will H. Low, a pupil in the Ecole des Beaux Arts under Gérôme, and Carolus-Duran, is a good example of the result of purely academic training. His "Aurora," which we reproduce, represents the careful drawing, the thin painting, the smooth surface and the lack of feeling that is a frequent result of the training of the Ecole des Beaux Arts. With Mr. Low the subject is not so very different from that of our earlier painters, but the execution is far subtler and more refined. A large group of men could be named who, like Mr. Low, settled in New York and have practised with success an art as distinctly academic as his. Some of them have been mentioned above. It remains only to emphasize the importance of the names of E. H. Blashfield, H. Siddons Mowbray, and Kenyon Cox. These three have filled important positions as teachers in art schools of New York, and all three have been prominent among the mural painters. But Kenyon Cox, who has done much figure work, which is not mural, may be taken as one of our best representatives of academicism in America. His delicate and impeccable draughtmanship judging it from its own point of view, for precision and subtlety, can hardly be matched outside of Paris.

T. W. Dewing, a pupil in Paris of Boulanger and Lefebvre, who became a member of the New York group, chooses for his themes women, American women frequently arrayed in flowing evening garments and placed alone or in groups in dimly lighted interiors. Though trained by the strictest of academicians, Mr. Dewing has developed a refined and subtle style, marked by great beauty of tone, depth and harmony of color and effects of atmospheric poetry that speak for an unusually poetic style.

The question as to appropriate subject has been answered in another and eloquent way by Abbott H. Thayer. Everyone knows his ideal dreams of American womanhood. His lovely women are painted on larger canvases than are the dainty apparitions of Dewing; and in a very different and more intimate way. They are more personal and at the same time more human. That Mr. Thayer is a master of light and air effects, of brush work and all the subtleties of modern workmanship, is perhaps shown or at least suggested by our reproduction of his noble painting "Caritas." Very broadly painted is this and noble in conception.

His contemporary, George DeForest Brush, was also an early member of the Society of American Artists. After his return from his Parisian studies under Gérôme, he produced for some years very notable paintings of American Indians, paintings which did not perhaps show the consummate craftsmanship of some of his associates, but which did, however, adequately and beautifully interpret the red man to his white brethren. It was not long, however, till Brush began to paint that series of portrait groups which has made his name familiar. In the many pictures of his wife and children, two of which are here reproduced, he presents us with what is very nearly a portrait group, but which is really a sort of modern madonna. How various are the attitudes of mother and of babies in these pictures, and how beautifully does his drawing render the turn of a wrist, the bend of a head, the shadow of a smile. He is precision itself, clarity and purity, a worthy successor of his master Gérôme.

Sergeant Kendall, a young man, also a distinguished portrait painter, was a pupil of that sturdy realist, Thomas Eakins of Philadelphia and afterwards of Merson in Paris. He, too, like Brush excels in the delicate rendering of twentieth century madonnas. He is remarkably successful in interpreting the fleeting expression on children's faces as may be seen in our illustration.

Another painter of great distinction who is, however,

entirely unconnected with the artists we have just passed in review, may be mentioned here in connection with the modern treatment of the theme of motherhood. Miss Mary Cassatt was born in Pittsburg, Pa., but she early went to Paris, became a pupil of Manet, and was soon closely associated with Monet, Pissarro, and others of the French Impressionist group. This circle of friends started one of the most interesting movements of modern art.. They might well be called "Luminarists" instead of Impressionists, since one of their chief aims was the painting not merely of light but of sunlight (the very light of the sun itself). But the subject of impressionism may best be taken up in connection with the landscape painters who show most sympathy with that movement. Miss Cassatt's method of painting and her point of view are very similar to that of the group just mentioned. She is one of our most distinguished painters who has for years interpreted the modern French madonna and child with a subtle and refined method. She is also distinguished for her dry points of the French peasantry.

William T. Dannat, a contemporary of Thayer and of others who have just been mentioned, studied in the Munich Academy and with Munkacsy. When he was in the student period, the problems of the painting of atmosphere and light were occupying the minds of all his fellow workers. He threw into his studies his youthful enthusiasm and in "A Quartet," which we reproduce, he shows himself at his best. But it must be acknowledged that he has not kept up to the standard which he thus set for himself; he still remains in Europe, but has almost ceased to paint. While Dannat remained in Europe and painted Spanish subjects, Robert F. Blum went to Japan and brought home most delicate paintings of the people of that country. Blum was a dainty master, a magician in subtle color schemes, and harmonies of line, as may be seen by his works in the Cincinnati Museum of Fine Arts, or by his two decorations in the concert hall of the Mendelssohn Glee Club, New York.

American Painting

While Blum and Dannat sought congenial subjects in foreign climes, F. D. Millet painted domestic scenes of the early years of our country and Edwin Lord Weeks was attracted to oriental subjects, which he painted with a romantic feeling for color and atmosphere.

Space forbids much more than the mere mention of one who is today the most distinguished master of the figure among our artists resident in Europe, Mr. Gari Melchers. The exhibition of some nineteen of Melchers' paintings in several American cities during the winter of 1906-7 proved to the discerning that his is the most versatile, the most accomplished brush that is held by any of our painters in Europe. In thus placing Gari Melchers in an exalted position, we do not forget the important and original work now being done in Paris by such men as Tanner, Van der Weyden, Hubbell, Maurer, and others.

A recent group of New York painters has been called the Romantic School.* J. Humphreys Johnson, Albert Herter, Bryson Burroughs, and Arthur B. Davies, differing as they do from one another in many ways, show a certain romanticism in temperament and in use of color and of atmospheric effect. The same may be said of the paintings which we reproduce by F. B. Williams and by Louis Loeb. These latter may as fittingly be classed with the painters of landscape as with figure artists.

Finally, to pass over many names of important masters in Chicago, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, and elsewhere, we are unable to close without at least mentioning some of the distinguished painters of the Boston group. These are Joseph de Camp, F. W. Benson, and E. C. Tarbell, three of the most skilled and poetic interpreters of the figure in the United States.

* See Isham's "The History of American Painting," pp. 483-488.

VIII. Contemporary Mural Painting

FROM the period extending from 1824 to 1844 when Trumbull, Leutze, and others were executing their huge historical paintings for the Capitol Building at Washington, nothing worthy of mention as mural decoration was produced in the United States until the years 1876 and 1878.

During the latter year William M. Hunt was given the commission for two wall paintings in the Albany Capitol Building.

In the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia may be seen a beautiful canvas by Hunt, a study of "The Flight of Night" (see illustration in December CHAUTAUQUAN, p. 71). For nearly a quarter of a century, so we are told, this oriental idea of Anahita the queen of the night, derived from a Persian poem, had been lurking in Hunt's mind, but he had given to it only incomplete expression. When, therefore, the Albany commission came, this naturally became one of his chosen subjects. The other theme was also a long cherished idea, that of "The Discoverer," Columbus guided across the sea by attendant spirits.

The story of these two, our first really great mural decorations is one of the tragedies of art history. The artist's excessive sincerity made him abjure the present accepted method of wall decoration by means of canvas applied to the wall surface and led him to paint upon the actual stone, thus assuring, as he supposed, the eternal duration of his work. But so badly had this notorious monument of graft been constructed, that in ten years changes necessary to keep the building from becoming a complete wreck had caused the disappearance of his pictures. History goes on to say that the unveiling of his work aroused such enthusiasm that the Albany legislature voted \$100,000 to be devoted to other decorations by the same artist. This action was, however, vetoed by the Governor and so great was the artist's consequent disappointment that his death

soon followed—even before fate had overtaken his two great works.

It would be difficult to grant due meed of praise to the more majestic of Hunt's two noble decorative paintings, "The Flight of Night." The vigorous action of the horses as they gallop over the clouds, hardly held in check by the attendant figure, does not disturb the monumental effect of the painting, nor the calm of the goddess of night who is driving them through the heavens. With a large simplicity and dignity of execution which were new on this side of the Atlantic and are still rare, the painting possesses the abstract beauty that reminds one of the noblest art of the Renaissance.

The other memorable, and, fortunately, not so melancholy, date is 1876. It was late in that year when the architect, Mr. H. H. Richardson, was completing Trinity Church, Boston, and offered to John LaFarge, a young artist, who had done some good decorative work in private houses, the wall and roof decoration of the new church. The story of how the artist met the almost insurmountable difficulties of the task with the limitations of time, money, suitable material and skilled helpers reads like one of the Herculean labors.

LaFarge himself said, "I knew that our work at Trinity would have to be faulty but this much I was able to accomplish, that almost every bit of it would be living, would be impossible to duplicate." The result was in fact as someone has said, "Such an artistic effect as had not been seen in this country before." And Trinity still remains a landmark in our art history.

From that time to this Mr. LaFarge has kept on producing work bearing the stamp of fine individuality. Whether his product has been in the form of book illustrations, water-colors, landscapes, easel pictures, stained glass, or mural decorations it has been original in conception and skilled in workmanship. After Trinity followed similar work in churches in New York, Newport, Portland, Maine,



Group of Prophets—Micah, Haggai, Malachi, and Zechariah, by John S. Sargent. From the frieze in the Boston Public Library.



The Ascension, by John LaFarge, in the Church of the Ascension, Fifth Avenue and Tenth Street, New York City.



The Halt of the Wise Men, by John LaFarge. In the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.



Religion, by Charles Sprague Pearce. Mural painting in the Library of Congress.
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Melpomene, the Tragic Muse, by Edward Simmons. Mural painting in Library of Congress.



The Discoverers and Pioneers gathered at the sources of the Mississippi. Mural Painting
in State Capitol at St. Paul, by E. H. Blasfield.



The Uses of Wealth, Mural Painting in The Citizens' Savings & Trust Building, Cleveland. By E. H. Blashfield.



Oral Tradition, by John W. Alexander. Mural painting from his series in the Library of Congress, illustrating "The Evolution of the Book."

Copyright by H. G. Douglas.



The Printing Press, by John W. Alexander. Mural painting from his series in the Library of Congress, illustrating "The Evolution of the Book."

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Isabella and the Pot of Basil, by John W. Alexander. In the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

and elsewhere, as well as a number of decorations in private houses. In 1876, LaFarge began his experiments with stained glass which have resulted in his becoming the greatest, the most individual, artist in that material which the world has known in modern times.

And now late in life, for he was born in 1835, he seems to have entered on a second period of activity in the art of mural decoration for he has been executing for the Court House at Baltimore and for the State Capitol at St. Paul, mural decorations of great virility, wonderfully rich in color, skilful in composition and original in conception.

Nothing that this artist has done surpasses, however, that masterpiece of his first decorative period, his "Ascension" in the church of the Ascension, New York, which we reproduce. The painting occupies the upper part of the wall behind the chancel. High up on either side a window pierces the clerestory wall, so that the composition is well lighted. Never does the writer go to New York and fail to make a pilgrimage to this holy place. This is not merely a picture well painted, it is a great work of art. The noble figure of Christ, ascending to heaven, appears just above the center of the picture; a choir of angels hovers on either side, and from below His disciples are looking upward at their departing Lord. This is no mundane gathering of draped models carefully posed, no prosaic bit of vulgar realism; it is a painter's vision of a heavenly scene, a great religious painting, not only masterful in execution, but also most reverent in conception.

'Among the technical sources of the moving power of this great painting are its circumambient atmosphere, its tone and its color. In every bit of landscape that this artist has produced, in every Samoan water-color as in every stained glass window or mural decoration he has proved himself to be that rarest of masters, rare in every clime, but especially in America, a great colorist.

It remains to be said that with all their other excel-

lences technical and spiritual, Mr. LaFarge's decorations are always functional. As a critic has recently written, "His mural paintings have the unusual quality of adding to, rather than taking from, the solidity of the walls which they invest."

But Mr. LaFarge is not only our greatest decorator, he is the most versatile, most gifted, most accomplished artist of America today; he is a master whose technical achievements, no matter how admirable, always seem trifling in comparison to the spiritual content of his work.

After this brief notice of one who was the pioneer in American mural painting and before we take up some recent tendencies, it may not be amiss to ask the question "What are the conventions of mural decoration? Are there any principles the knowledge of which will help the critical judgment of wall painting? In other words how does a mural painting differ, if at all, from an easel picture? Long ago Ruskin said that the peculiarity of mural decoration as distinguished from the other branches of figure painting is simply that it must be "fitted into place." A small painting placed in a frame and intended to be hung on a wall must be harmonious within its own limits. The mural painting is placed permanently upon the wall. It must therefore share in the character of the wall, it must be wall-like. And in order to attain this end it must have greater simplification in all regards than an easel picture. It must be not only more simplified but also more generalized, more abstract than an easel picture. It must be part and parcel of the architecture. Therefore it must harmonize in design, color, and in effects of light and shade with the size, shape, and color of the room in which it is placed, with the architectural character of the whole room, and with the architectural details juxtaposed to it. It must in a word be functional, be architectonic.*

*See "Mural Painting," an article by Edwin H. Blashfield in "A Dictionary of Architecture and Building" (R. Sturgis, ed), 3 vols. Macmillan, 1901, Vol. 2, pp. 981-997. The writer acknowledges his indebtedness to this scholarly essay of Mr. Blashfield.

One of the remarkable characteristics of the decorations by Hunt and LaFarge which have been mentioned is their appropriateness, their functional character, and yet historians of our mural decoration note that the work of LaFarge in Trinity Church and of Hunt in Albany was looked upon not "as the commencement of a new Movement, but as something extraordinary," "probably to be confined to the two artists in question." Meanwhile men were doing good work as illustrators, as painters of landscape and figure so that when in 1892 there came the call for a band of decorators for the Columbian Exposition men were equipped to aid in the realization of the White City.*

From that year to this interest in the matter of mural decoration has been growing as surely and steadily as have public taste and a general love of the beautiful and though the White City was ephemeral, other and lasting shrines of beauty arose with the Boston Public Library and the Congressional Library at Washington.

Edwin A. Abbey's series of paintings representing the story of the Holy Grail, and the famous Prophets by John S. Sargent in the Boston Public Library have been recognized very widely as important contributions to mural decoration in America.

Sargent is a painter who stands somewhat apart from the American movement for mural decoration. He has been living for many years in England and though preëminently a portrait painter, nevertheless, produced some remarkable mural paintings in the Boston Public Library. His ceiling paintings and his first lunette representing his Religions of Idolatry sin against all the requirements of mural decoration except that of flatness. They are too confused in form and color and not sufficiently simplified to carry to a distance; but his frieze of the prophets is mural in effect, and a deservedly popular creation. In these he has so chastened the realism of his por-

*The names of Millet, Turner, Blashfield, Reid, Simmons, Cox, Melchers, appeared then and have remained.

trait style that the figures take their place on the wall effectively. An important consideration, however, is that in his later work here, "The Dogma of the Redemption," he shows distinct advance in adapting his style to these, for him, new conditions.

Mention may be made also of two notable series of mural decorations in the Boston Public Library by Puvis de Chavannes. Although this artist is not an American, his contribution to decorative art in America is of the highest importance since by common consent he ranks as the greatest modern master of mural painting.

The founding of the Municipal Art Society of New York, a society having for its motto "To make us love our city, we must make our city lovely," has given rise to similar societies all over the country. This society has raised the standard of public taste by setting the stamp of its approval or disapproval on proposed public works of art. It has also fostered art directly as when it provided decorations in the Criminal Court Buildings in New York, carried out by Edward Simmons. Another forward step was taken with the founding of "The National Society of Mural Painters" in 1895. Since this year the movement for wall decoration has spread amazingly, so that now over 150 professional artists are devoting their skill to this form of work and their services are in demand not only for churches, court houses, capitol buildings, and libraries but also for private residences, clubs, hotels, cafes, theaters, auditoriums, banks, school buildings, great office buildings, and department stores. Thus the interest in mural decoration has become both widespread and democratic.

Much that has been said about former methods of figure painting applies equally well to mural painting especially in the matter of subject and of composition. We have been fond of harking back to the painters of the Italian Renaissance. Personifications of virtues and abstract qualities—Charity, Justice and their kin in the guise of comely women displaying their wonted symbols have been

thought desirable reminders as tending to a general uplift of the nation. The figures must be balanced and grouped according to rule. Symmetry and perfect rhythm must enter conspicuously into the composition and all produce a result according to the canons of the academic schools of Paris. Atmosphere and light as developed by the modern landscapists in particular have received but scant attention.

To come back to the men who are in the movement in America. Typical of the academic group are such men as Kenyon Cox, H. Siddons Mowbray, Charles Sprague Pearce, Edwin H. Blashfield, and other accomplished artists. Of Blashfield it is important to note that ever since his beginnings as a decorator at the Columbian Exposition and in the Library of Congress to his latest works in Baltimore, St. Paul, and Newark, New Jersey, his art has shown steady progress. Note in his picture of the Sources of the Mississippi how one side exactly balances the other, and how symmetrically these groups are arranged with reference to the central figure which is carefully outlined against the dark background. No reproductions can present the beautiful effect of the water as it appears in the original, or the quiet harmony of the coloring.

At the same time, however, there has been, as already indicated, a group of painters who seem to reject the unrealities, allegories, and symbolism borrowed from Greece, and Rome, and Florence, and like the painters of old, are interpreting on the walls of many public buildings in a large and imaginative way, the history and traditions of their own country and the civilization of their own time. Some of the members of this group, who are associated only by kinship of aim and not by formal organization are C. Y. Turner, Howard Pyle, Miss Violet Oakley, W. B. Van Ingen, and John W. Alexander.

Mr. John W. Alexander's very beautiful and truly decorative series of lunettes in the Congressional Library called "The Evolution of the Book" were his first large mural

commission. Now he has done what might be called a monumental work in his series—not yet completed—of sixty wall decorations in Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg. His subject is the Apotheosis of Pittsburg. Pittsburg in the form of a man in armor is rising from the smoke and glow of furnaces. Contrary to the method of academic composition, the principal figure of the picture is not in the central panel but at the left. Lovely creatures float to him bearing rich gifts of all nations—artistic productions in fine metals and rare stuffs, while groups of angels on either side are sounding their trumpets. The floating figures have the long sweeping lines so characteristic of this artist's other work. In the lower corridor he has placed a series of sixteen oblong panels in which workers in the iron and steel mills, partly nude, in varied and yet most natural poses, lighted by the flames of the furnace fires and by the hot metal and shadowed by steam and smoke, give a marvellously poetic interpretation of labor in the great mills. This is a new and original way of interpreting modern life and offers a suggestion for future development of our mural art, in the treatment of American subjects in a large and imaginative manner.

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SEARCH AND REVIEW QUESTIONS UPON THE REQUIRED READING WILL BE FOUND IN THE ROUND TABLE SECTION AT THE BACK OF THIS MAGAZINE.

(End of C. L. S. C. Required Reading for May.)



Immigrants on the Land

II. Jewish Farmers*

By Kellogg Durland

THE tide of Jewish immigration presents a different problem from that of the Italian. The aggregate number of Jews coming to America annually from Russia, Austro-Hungary, Roumania, and other European states is nearly as large as the number of Italians. Congestion among the Jews in America occurs more rapidly. The seaport towns are even more frequently the destination of the Jewish immigrants than of the Italian. Today we find in New York City nearly 800,000 Jews—the largest aggregation of Jewish people ever found in one city in the history of the world. Old world customs are more universally imported by the denizens of Jewry than among Italians, and adhered to longer. Racial ties are strong, but racial ties supported by religious bonds are stronger. Italians come to America in most instances to work, to make money, and with the desire to ultimately return to their native land. The Jews emigrate with the idea of permanent flight. They come to America to live. A single man without encumbrance of wife and children is freer to move from place to place, to journey inland, west or south, and immediately take up whatever work offers. When the Jews land they are either accompanied by their families (which are frequently large) or they are determined to send for their families as soon as they can earn the necessary passage money. Thus is the Jewish immigration question, or rather, the Jewish *distribution* question complicated.

The intensely local life represented in the Jewish quarters of our large cities—the quarters popularly called “ghettos”—is a constant lure to a people whose traditions

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and habits for generations have been associated with huddling, with herding together in comparatively small areas. Temperamentally the Jews are not a pioneer people. They have never in all the course of their history hewn out fresh paths, nor explored farther frontiers. When they have invested hinterlands it has always been *en masse*. A lonely farm in the midst of a prairie, however fertile, does not tempt a ghetto bred Jew. Yet the terrific problems that arise as a result of the ghettos are problems that clamorously call for solution, and the establishment of other ghettos in other cities throughout the country is only partially gripping the problem. Dividing the problem may make it more possible of handling, but it does not necessarily lead to its solution.

In South Jersey, in the very district where the oldest Italian farm colonies are located, are a number of Jewish farm colonies, experiments in tempting the Jew from the town and endeavoring to start him as a farmer. The oldest and most important of these settlements which I have visited are at Alliance, Norma, Brotmanville, Carmel, Rosenhayn, and Woodbine. Some of these experimental colonies have been established long enough for us to attempt to formulate certain opinions in regard to the probable success of Jewish farmers in the future. If the Jewish question can be solved through the land, as I believe is largely possible of the Italian question, we shall have a very material contribution to the settlement of our whole so-called "Immigrant Problem."

After the Russo-Jewish immigration of 1881 and 1882, the first agricultural and industrial Jewish colonies in the United States were established. At that time the buying up of unimproved land and abandoned farms in different sections of the country and turning them over to the Jewish immigrants, was purely an experiment. These experiments in different sections of the country have worked out variously—in some places with moderate success.

With an annual Jewish immigration of more than one hundred thousand and with a natural tendency of the Jews to segregate in cities, and very often to remain in the cities to which they first go, there is an apparent need for the transportation of a very considerable number from the cities to bring about a satisfactory economic distribution which will give opportunity for future adjustment and proper assimilation.

Theoretically, the economic tendencies of the time are all against this method. For centuries the Jews have been traders rather than toilers, and where they have had the desire to work the soil they have been driven to the cities and corralled into Ghettos by rigid regulations of governments. In an age when the rising generation of the native population are constantly drifting to the cities, it is exceedingly difficult to take a people unaccustomed to the land and to stimulate them to face this current from the country and to establish themselves with the hope of becoming successful farmers and industrials in small towns. That this has been accomplished at all is owing to the fact that the people have been much helped in starting and the Jewish agricultural communities have been strengthened by the introduction of industrial interests, and into the midst of these industrial-agricultural settlements have been introduced certain social elements designed to attract and interest the young people and to hold them through the years when they would naturally be setting forth to the cities.

The early years of these experiments were marked by great hardship and many seasons were necessarily passed before the type of immigrant who is destined to make a successful agriculturist was discovered. The Jewish people from Roumania, for example, do not make successful farmers. Nor do the Austrians nor the Hungarians. And indeed not all of the Russians. But from Poland and from parts of Russia there do come each year a certain number of immigrants who have the capacity for adjusting them-

selves to the conditions of American farms and small town life.

The breaking out and reclamation of waste land is a terrible and arduous task—one that few American farmers will face in these days. But having once brought forth a harvest and been encouraged by a single yield of crops, the Jewish farmers are open to being convinced that farming may be profitable. They may even show themselves energetic and enthusiastic in attacking the waste land and in improving the reclaimed tracts.

The first of the Jewish colonies in southern New Jersey, Alliance, was named after the Alliance Israelite Universelle, which provided some of the money for its foundation. At the time that the first colonists arrived, land was bought and divided into sixty-seven farms of fifteen acres each and worth fifteen dollars an acre. With the improvements which these colonists have made and with the development of the colonies, uncultivated land in the same region today is worth upwards of one hundred dollars an acre and the cultivated land from three to twelve hundred dollars per acre.

Of the first colonists who went to Alliance each family was expected to pay three hundred and fifty dollars to the Immigrant Aid Society which sent them out. Of this amount one hundred and fifty dollars is supposed to represent the value of the house. During the first year of its existence the colonists received from eight to twelve dollars per month and one hundred dollars worth of seed for planting, also a small amount of furniture, cooking utensils, and farm implements. In 1889 the population of Alliance had grown to five hundred and twenty-nine, owning fourteen hundred acres of land, eight hundred and eighty-nine of which were under cultivation. There were ninety-two houses and a synagogue. In 1900 there were ninety-six families; of these thirty-three devoted themselves exclusively to agriculture, fifteen to tailoring, and twelve combined agriculture with

work in the tailor shops; the remaining thirty-six were masons, carpenters, etc. At the outset these people knew practically nothing of farming and so their policy in the beginning was to apprentice themselves to non-Jewish farmers round about and learn the rudiments of farming. Presently a cigar factory and a shirt waist factory were started in the village. The former was not long-lived, however, but the various sewing trades which began with the shirt waist factory have developed, until today there are tailoring establishments connected with each of the four existing colonies.

Shortly after the foundation of Alliance the colony of Carmel in Cumberland County was founded. Carmel in its earliest beginnings consisted of seventeen Russo-Jewish farmers. In 1889 there were two hundred and eighty-six people in Carmel living in some thirty houses. There were eight hundred and sixty-four acres of farm land owned by the people, but only one hundred and twenty-three of these were under cultivation. In this year Baron Maurice de Hirsch gave five thousand dollars with which fifteen hundred additional acres of land were purchased and thirty-six new houses built, these costing eight hundred dollars each.

In 1900 the Carmel colony consisted of eighty-nine families or nearly five hundred people, of whom nineteen families depended on agriculture for their existence, thirty-three upon tailoring, while fourteen combined tailoring with agriculture. Carmel today is much more largely an industrial colony than an agricultural community. The total value of the land in 1900 was \$84,574.00, on which there was an indebtedness of \$26,273.00.

In connection with this indebtedness, however, it must be remembered that the rentals of cottages go toward the purchase of houses and of land, and that in all probability the proportion of debt found among these colonies is not



A Russian Jew Farmer with his chickens, Woodbine, N. J.



An Immigrant Farmer cultivating his Irish potato crop at Woodbine, N. J.



Comfortable Cottage with all Modern Improvements, Woodbine,
New Jersey.



Vineyard, Woodbine, N. J.



A Woodbine Farmer with his Family.



A Fourth of July crowd of children, Woodbine, N. J.



Baron De Hirsch Agricultural School at Woodbine, N. J.



Central School Building, Woodbine, N. J.

greater than the proportion of mortgages found on the average New England farm.

Between Carmel and Alliance is the colony of Rosenhayn, founded by the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society in 1883. Six families started the community. Its existence has been precarious from the very beginning and the people have undergone many hardships.

In 1887 other families bought land in the vicinity of Rosenhayn, and while heavy mortgages were issued in order to pay off their indebtedness, these people went to work in various tailoring establishments, working the soil after hours, at night, on holidays, and at odd times when the shops were not working. Two years later thirty other families came out at one time. At this time the Jewish settlement comprised nineteen hundred and twelve acres, but with only two hundred and sixty-one acres under cultivation. There were sixty-seven families living in twenty-three houses. Some of these houses were built by local Jewish carpenters. Of the sixty-seven families who originally went to Alliance only one-half are still living on their original farms. The holdings are for the most part as small as they were at the beginning, for it has been shown through experiment and experience that Jewish immigrants for the most part are more successful with intensive cultivation than with the larger forms of farming. When there is a large crop of wheat or corn to look after it is pretty sure to go to waste in weeds, whereas with small crops the farmers seem to look after them better and produce a richer harvest. It is difficult to teach Jewish farmers anything of scientific farming, of the rotation of crops, or of any of the intricacies which go to make up successful farming except through a graphic method; that is to say, if a trained farmer attempts to explain to a Jewish farmer how he can better his crops, his advice is resented, whereas where there is a farm in the midst of an agricultural community where the crops are more successful and which is on the whole more

profitable than other farms around about, farmers will inquire as to the reasons for the difference. Thus in a way one prosperous farm will serve as a sort of model for all the colonists of that district. The Allivine Farm which was mentioned in connection with the Italian colonies is such a farm. On this farm during a typical year there is a yield of say five hundred barrels of potatoes from a three-acre patch. These are sold at fifty cents per barrel off the field. There are fifty barrels of sweet potatoes to the acre and about one and a half tons of grapes to the acre. This serves as an example to the colonist farmers of the district who endeavor to make their farms do as well.

On this farm also there is a small dance hall which serves as a kind of recreation center during the winter months, the manager of the Allivine farm acting as a sort of host to all the young men and women of the Allivine community of the colony; this being a frank attempt to counteract the tendency of the young men and women to drift to the city. This tendency, however is no stronger among Jewish colonists than among Americans. To counteract this hungering for city life, certain social and educational features are essential. The Jewish Agricultural and Industrial Aid Society employs a man who acts as a social secretary to provide these weekly entertainments at the other colonies—as at Carmel, for example, where there are dances every Friday night.

The Alliance colonists club together and support a physician. They manage among themselves to raise four hundred dollars a year, to which the Baron de Hirsch Society adds another four hundred dollars. This affords each member of the colony the privilege of calling upon this physician at any time during the year, and there is a regular stated fee of twenty-five cents per visit. Previous to the inauguration of this scheme doctors from other villages were summoned in times of illness and their charges were frequently exorbitant. The employment of a regular sal-

aried physician in this way it is estimated saves the colony probably from one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars a year.

Alliance also has its own Rabbi or *Schochod*. This man serves as Rabbi and Cantor both in the synagogue and receives his remuneration through the killing of meats which are consumed by the Jewish people who still insist upon having Kosher food. He receives five cents for killing chickens, fifty cents for killing beef, and receives fifty cents a week per child for conducting a Cheder or Hebrew school.

At the time of my visit there were about one hundred and twenty-five families at Carmel, the population numbering six hundred. There is a fairly large clothing factory employing from forty to fifty hands; a wrapper factory, employing sixty hands; and a shirtwaist factory employing thirty hands. All of these establishments are run throughout the year giving constant employment to their employes. During the two years that the present superintendent of the clothing factory has been there not one family has removed to the city. It sometimes happens that men will get a start in the factory and later purchase farms and continue to conduct their farms while still working more or less constantly in the factory. The advantages of the country factory to the employe are many. The class of work done is similar to that done in the ordinary sweat shops of the Ghettos of the city. At Carmel the workers receive the same wages that they receive in the city and their work is done under absolutely perfect hygienic conditions. The surroundings are airy and clean and the general state of the employes is distinctly better than in the slum shops. There is no especial advantage to the employer except that he has his regular staff of help and the satisfaction of knowing that his shop is sanitarily perfect; sometimes it is slightly more expensive, owing to the fact that he must include freight charges in the costs of the business. On the other

hand, rents, etc., are lower than in the city. There is a local union and most of the workers in the Carmel shops are trade unionists. There have never been any strikes or difficulties of any kind with the employers. They work fifty-five hours a week, and apparently are contented. These same people in the city would be the denizens of a Ghetto, living in squalid tenements and working under the most unsanitary conditions. Here they own their own homes, frequently have their own gardens, and oftentimes their own farms.

Further, in Carmel, Rosenhayn, Alliance, and Brotmanville, the taking of summer boarders has become almost an industry. Friends of the colonists from Philadelphia and New York come down throughout the summer season, paying six and eight dollars a week for rooms, and this cash profit to the colonists has been a great boon. It sometimes tends to interfere somewhat with the farming, for the horses are apt to be in demand and the farmer himself is frequently called upon to assist his wife in caring for the boarders, but this loss is amply compensated by the cash receipts taken in from the boarders, and in cases where the farmer himself neglects his work, he generally engages another man to do it for him.

Brotmanville, two miles north of Alliance, is the least lovely of the colonies. The soil is especially sandy and on the main street there is no sign of green grass or products of any kind; in fact it looks like a squalid industrial town. The prospects of Brotmanville, however, to its citizens seem exceedingly bright. The possibilities for improvement are great. A large swamp which adjoins the village may some day be reclaimed by damming the stream which goes through it, clearing off the trees and making a large lake. Plans for its development are now under consideration and it is entirely within the range of possibility that within a few years Brotmanville will be the largest of these communities.

In the cities the Jewish people are notably keen for education. Jewish children are among the brightest in the schools of New York. There is a marked desire on the part of the parents to keep the children in school as much as possible and upon the part of the children to acquire as much learning as they can. In the colonies, however, the children appear to care less for the schools. The desire on the part of the people seems to be more to make good farmers of their children, and when this is impossible, to send them off to the cities to get into business as early as they can. Originally, Jewish colonists were inclined to pack peddling. They found the difficulties of the soil so great that they became discouraged and gave up. Others took to themselves packs of merchandise of one sort or another and started abroad selling. Those who gave up and went away were the people who probably would have failed anywhere or the people who were temperamentally or by training unfitted for the agricultural pursuits. It is the universal testimony of immigrants in South Jersey that American farmers would have failed and given up much earlier if they had been placed on the same land. To break out an area so wild and so unpromising appears a prodigious task, and yet a sufficiently large number of these people stuck to their tasks to develop these colonies which are today apparently prospering.

There is a feeling among the people of Vineland and the neighboring villages that the average Jewish immigrant was not built for a farmer; that he is more successful as a trader, and in instance of this they point to a number of young men who have given up in the South Jersey colonies and who have gone off to the cities and are now traveling men or successful business men in the cities. On the other hand, as large, if not a larger proportion of the children of these colonists remain on the soil than American children of the same generation.

Woodbine is the newest of the Jewish colonies. It was

established seventeen years ago, but has been more rapidly developed than any of the other colonies and is today the most important Jewish colony in South Jersey. This is largely due to the fact that an agricultural school was established there and at this institution many men are being trained for work on the land and sent out to different parts of the country. Also to the fact that a number of factories have been established there and the community combines in the largest measure the agricultural and industrial interests.

There are five factories—a hat factory, a machine factory, a ladies' waist factory, a clothing factory, and a knitting goods factory. Together these factories give work to several hundred hands. In addition Woodbine has a pumping station and a power house which supplies electricity to the town and power to the various factories. It has four school houses, two synagogues, and a Talmud Torah.

Woodbine has also the unique distinction of being probably the only entirely Jewish community in the world with a political status. Its mayor, its board of six councilmen, and its assessor are all elected officers. There is also a department of health and a board of education, consisting of nine members, three of whom are annually elected.

In every respect Woodbine is conducted along the lines of an ordinary borough of the State of New Jersey. The population is about two thousand. There are nearly seven hundred children enrolled in the public schools and the school system consists of twelve teachers with a supervising principal. The Woodbine public schools were the first in the country to introduce a kindergarten, and today the schools include all classes from the kindergarten through the high school.

The town comprises about five thousand acres of land, approximately one-half of which is under cultivation. The original agricultural holdings were divided into thirty-acre plots, one-half of which were sold to the farmers with the understanding that they improve the fifteen acres and

they then be given option after a reasonable number of years on the adjoining fifteen acres.

Intensive farming is where the Jewish immigrants are most successful, and consequently the smaller holdings are still mostly in vogue, although there are a few farmers who have added large holdings to their originally small holdings, and they are today conducting farms upon a comparatively large scale.

Woodbine is a town without a jail. The Jews, as a whole, are a law-abiding people, and up to the present time the marshal has had practically no difficulty with the Jewish inhabitants. The trouble makers are almost entirely the Gentiles from neighboring towns and villages, and are more apt to be native born Americans than foreign colonists.

The moral atmosphere of all of these colonies is exceedingly good. Drunkenness is practically unknown among the Jews and theft and other crimes are equally rare. Most of the factories are closed on Saturdays, and Saturday is generally accepted as the Sabbath. While the children receive a cursory Hebrew training, they grow up understanding little Hebrew, though familiar with the jargon, Yiddish, and like the children of the second and third generations in the cities, they tend toward liberalism and to break away from the faith of their fathers. This unfortunate phenomenon, however, is not peculiar to the colonies, but is also one of the great problems of city life. As much harm results from the too rapid assimilation and Americanization of our immigrants as from the too slow development toward American standards and ideals.

The experiments in Italian colonization all point toward success. The experiments in Jewish colonization, after two decades of effort, are still uncertain in their conclusions. In other words, the Jewish immigrant has still to fight for recognition as a farmer, while the Italian has proved his adaptability to an agricultural life. The Italians have all the natural qualities that make for good farmers as well

as the heritage their peasant forbears have left them. The Jews have none of these advantages and are frequently further handicapped by families, and families mean also debts.

The first work which was laid out for the Jewish colonists, the developing of waste area, they have accomplished successfully. If the supply of hard workers can still be found among the immigrants who are annually coming into American ports, it is entirely possible that the Jewish immigrants will furnish America with a certain proportion of men who will become successful farmers.

Introducing industries into the Jewish farm communities is still a matter of dispute. Some who have watched these colonies from their earliest beginnings, feel that it would be better to concentrate all the energy of the community upon the land. Others feel that an agricultural community without markets for its products is at so great a disadvantage that it must not depend upon agricultural effort alone, but introduce the mills, factories, and the usual enterprise of the town in order that part of the community may find employment without leaving the town for a distant city. Unquestionably this would lend stability to these colonies, but having done this the communities cease to be "agricultural." At best they are small towns with agricultural interests. When Italians are directed to the soil, they promptly redeem it, enrich it, and establish themselves successfully upon it. The Jewish immigrants, however, have needed much assistance in every respect—as to farming methods, debts, and the marketing of their products. Having been started and liberally helped to gain a foothold, they sometimes work out to success but on the whole the results in this direction have been too meager to lend promise of wide success in any near future.

It is the present policy of the Baron de Hirsch Fund to help independent Jewish farmers rather than to establish more farm colonies. It is the belief of this organization that the Jewish colonies of South Jersey are now in a posi-

tion to work out their own salvation, but still with some material aid.

This investigation was undertaken solely for scientific purposes, directed toward practical conclusions. I spent nearly three weeks in the midst of these Italian and Jewish colonies, and my whole desire was to try to estimate the value of these experiments in the light of the great immigration question. I did not approach this task as a journalist, but as a student.

My own conclusions are that the Italian immigration question can in a very large measure be solved through the land. State authorities, working in collaboration with federal authorities, must take up the matter. Under large auspices, such as these, the undertaking is a thoroughly practical one and in the main resolves itself into a problem of distribution and transportation—problems which present comparatively few practical difficulties.

The Jewish question is more complicated, and in nearly every respect more difficult. To a certain small degree the Ghettos of the cities, especially the seaport cities, may find here a channel of relief, but I doubt if the problem of Jewish immigration will ever be solved in this way. The ultimate solution of the peculiar difficulties of Jewish immigration must be sought elsewhere. In the meantime, however, every effort in any direction, resulting in even small success should be encouraged. I would only venture the suggestion that the Jewish question must be handled differently—according to schemes not yet developed or discovered perhaps—while the Italian question can be solved right here and now, and that its solution only awaits the establishment of a properly equipped and financed bureau to undertake the work. Owing to the magnitude of the task and the value of its accomplishment to the whole country it is properly a national undertaking, therefore the matter is respectfully called to the attention of the people interested in the American immigration question, and through them to the federal authorities.

Some Great American Scientists*

VIII. John Fiske

By George Perry

JOHN FISKE was born at Middletown, Conn., March 30, 1842. His father, Edmund Brewster Green, who edited newspapers in Hartford and New York, died in Panama in 1852 and the name by which the subject of this article was known till his mother's second marriage to the late Edwin W. Stoughton, was Edmund Fiske Green. He was brought up in the house of his grandmother Fiske and in 1855 took the name by which alone he is known, John Fiske.

His childhood was spent mainly in study and one is amazed not merely by the number of books he read but also by the number of good books that were lying before him waiting to be read. In those days literature had not been so successfully adapted and compressed as now and he read solid books in the sturdiness of their original form. By the time he was eleven he had read Rollin, Josephus, Goldsmith's Greece, Gibbon, Robertson, Prescott, most of Froissart, all of Shakespeare and much of Milton, Bunyan, and Pope. At thirteen he had read a considerable amount of Latin literature and had made some progress in the face of obstacles in Greek. Nor had he devoted himself to the ancient languages alone; he had begun algebra at eight and had gone through Euclid, plane and spherical trigonometry, surveying and navigation and analytic geometry and had dipped well into differential calculus. He had ac-

*The first article of this series, "Asa Gray," by Prof. Charles Reid Barnes, appeared in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for September; the second, "John James Audubon," by Prof. Samuel C. Schmucker, in October; the third, "Simon Newcomb," by Prof. Malcolm McNeill, in November; the fourth, "Louis Agassiz," by David Starr Jordan, in December; the fifth, "Samuel Pierpont Langley," by William F. Magie, in January; the sixth, "Thomas Alva Edison," by George Iles, in February; the seventh, "Edward Drinker Cope," by William Hosea Ballou, in March.

quired a satisfactory knowledge of German, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese and learned them all by himself. In a word, he began as he ended, a hard student.

It would be a vain repetition to say that he was ready for college at an exceptionally early age and when he entered the sophomore class of Harvard in 1860 he brought to that seat of learning more abundant knowledge than many of his contemporaries took away. The college, as a whole, disappointed him. The course of study at that time was curiously limited and the most willing student was held back to a pace which should not exhaust the most indifferent. Half of the things Fiske had begun to work in were not taught at all and he was thrown back again upon his own resources. These he had good reason to trust. He worked at Hebrew, which was taught, and at Sanskrit which was not.

It was then that in the glow of youth he aspired to acquire all knowledge and since at that time books were supposed to be the repository of all knowledge, the notion was not utterly wild. There was required a busy reader with a good memory and that defined John Fiske. One does not need to claim originality for Fiske, in this desire for omniscience; there was a feeling in the air that it was almost attainable. Buckle aspired to it and Comte certainly looked at the acquisition of all knowledge as possible, if not already accomplished. Now it is different; omniscience survives only in the newspapers. The wind has wholly shifted and the aim of the ambitious student of today is to know one thing well and to let the rest go.

As was just said, the path to heights of omniscience lay across the printed page. The modern fashion of studying the objects themselves, rather than a description of them, had scarcely been invented and one had the advantage of studying the natural sciences without soiling a finger, as if one could learn anatomy from a book or botany by a course of winter reading in a library. This at least was the tendency of the education at that time, and one may

yet say without exaggeration that half a century ago the general tendency of education was to accumulate what has been picturesquely called "book-learning." Fiske was an enormous devourer of books, and when in college he spent twelve hours a day in study. He thus accumulated a vast amount of information which his capacious and quick memory made very serviceable; the difficulty was to find any occupation which could put his knowledge to some use. In such cases the study of law seemed to be the best opening, and he even after admission to the bar opened an office in Boston; but the prizes of that honorable profession were not for him. The usual solitude of a young lawyer's office he consoled by continued study outside of his profession. One suit was placed in his hands and he won it. He received a fee which exceeded the modest sum that literature could expect to earn, but Fiske decided, nevertheless, to give up the law and to devote himself to a life of letters. The question was an important one because he had married Miss Abbie Brooks of Petersham in September, 1864, and the claims of the young family had to be considered.

The first book he published was a little volume, scarcely bulkier than a pamphlet, called "Tobacco and Alcohol," in which he combatted some perhaps intemperate remarks of Mr. James Parton upon those matters. This was in 1868. In 1869 he was appointed University lecturer on philosophy in Harvard College and there he read his outline of Cosmic Philosophy, the book he had been preparing for many years, which was to expound and develop the system of evolution. He had before this read it in the United States in Boston and in New York as a course of lectures. The next year he received an appointment as instructor in history at Harvard and he seemed to have found the position best suited for him while the college had acquired an instructor exceptionally endowed with an admirable equipment and blessed with a really extraordinary power of imparting his great knowledge. Unfortunately, however, it was first whispered and then shouted abroad that Fiske was a dangerous



John Fiske.

man, an atheist, an adherent of a subversive philosophy, doubtless a corrupter of youth, and the authorities who certainly were not fanatical let themselves be led into the weakness of rejecting his nomination two years later. However, in 1872 he was appointed assistant librarian and this post he held until 1879. It was an honorable position but it was a most impractical employment of his special gifts.

Meanwhile he had been working hard and had brought out his first serious book, "The Outline of Cosmic Philosophy," in which he presented the theory of evolution and especially of evolution as defined by Herbert Spencer. It was not a mere work of vulgarization, but rather an attempted definition of the universe, which every philosophy is, in the light of evolution. The book met with great success, it spread abroad many novel ideas, it explained many difficult points, it proclaimed the new thought to many people. The book was the *magnum opus* of his youth to which his study for many years had tended, and the book once published, he acquired an honorable reputation as a serious and well informed writer.

For some years Fiske devoted himself to writing on learned topics in a style that made the knottiest problems simple. His "Myths and Mythmakers," "Darwinism and Other Essays," "Excursions of an Evolutionist" show well the wideness of his tastes and the profundity of his knowledge. Nor was omniscience ever presented in a more attractive light; his marvelous clearness where cloudy wordiness is so often met, was most delightful. His studies had gone on uninterruptedly and especially in the line of historical investigation. After the centennial celebration of 1876, American history had begun to interest seriously both students and casual readers. Fiske was asked to give some lectures in the Old South Church of Boston, and these met with such success that a new career opened before him. He began to give courses of lectures in one place after another, devoting the summer to their preparation and the winter to reading them in different towns and cities. The lectures

thus written and read he afterwards worked over into one of a series of books in which he meant to recount the whole course of American history. At first he intended to write a single volume after the pattern of Greene's admirable short history of the English people, but the plan soon modified itself and he found himself deep in the larger work which he never ended.

It is well that Fiske thus gave himself time to tell the story leisurely, for he needed ample space to appear at his best. He was capable of performing admirable bits of compression, as the little volumes, "The Destiny of Man" and the "Idea of God" clearly show. Indeed, the second of the three lectures published under the title of "American Political Ideas Viewed from the Standpoint of Universal History" is a marvel of compact statement, but readers are happier when they have a moment to breathe. He saw his subject, too, in its full significance, he looked at American history as a part of the history of the world and was thus able to interpret phenomena with remarkable clearness. The reader will recall many of the historical manuals which American students have thrust into their hands and he will agree that many of them seem to regard what has happened in America as something without relation to the rest of the world. They teach, too, with much warmth the tyranny of the English and the pure patriotism of us Americans in a way that is admirably fitted to breed suspicion and hatred of a country to which we owe something besides hatred. They are dry and too often a mere chronicle of events. The charm of Fiske's work is that not only does he tell what happened, but he also makes it clear why it happened. He explains, as well as narrates, and thus the reader sees how clearly the history of America is connected with the history of the world.

It would not be rash to say that it would be hard to name a clearer writer than Fiske. He had the art of putting the most difficult and complicated propositions in such light that the reader cannot fail to comprehend them.

Everywhere we get the fruit of his wide study and clarifying intelligence. The generous abundance of his knowledge gives him authority. His learning was very great and very wide. It was worn easily, for it is only pedantry that sits awkwardly on the wearer, and it was accurate. His memory was wonderful and easily commanded the knowledge that he had accumulated.

In reading his histories, one has the feeling of being led by the hand by a very well informed and exceedingly amiable guide who delights to instruct and does so with the utmost charm. The charm comes from his intelligence; the learning is an important part but it is the way the learning is handled that delights the reader. That it is unpedantic will be readily acknowledged; what is not so easily seen is the way in which the reader is led to take a high view of the events he is reading about. Almost without an effort he is seeing things through Fiske's eyes, he is perceiving the relations of things in a new fashion. History is explained and set before us with a breadth of treatment that is very rare and very important. There are as many ways, of course, of writing history as there are of painting a picture and it is sometimes unwisely thought that the merit of any work of art lies in the method itself and not in the intelligence of the man who makes it, but it is the way the method is applied that makes the work a success or a failure.

Fiske had acquired a vast mass of information and this he had from instinct and from habit so clarified that he had complete command of it and he set it before the reader in perfect order. His mind worked with perfect smoothness, and he was not distracted by whims and fancies. There were no gaps that had to be bridged over with loud assertions, but each work is an unbroken, smooth story flowing somewhat majestically from the beginning to the end. Whatever work Fiske took up had the same quality, the same full, steady flow of information directed and elucidated by a clear intelligence.

He was an untiring worker. Every winter he passed

in visiting one town or another, to deliver a course of lectures that he had been preparing during the summer. In 1884 he had been appointed professor of American History in Washington University, St. Louis, and there he opened his winter campaign. He gave himself no rest, except an occasional visit to the concert room, for music was always one of his main interests. He had friends in many parts of the country who will remember long talks with him with great delight, for Fiske dearly loved not to chat, but to fold his legs and have his talk out. Then he was at his best, with his learning, his clear perceptions, his unfailing optimism, for he never doubted that all would be for the best if by any chance it were not at the best now. He would never skim lightly over any subject, he liked to look at it from all sides and to see what there was inside, and he examined it most conscientiously.

These phrases seem to describe a pompous and immensely serious man, altogether too dignified to smile, whereas in fact, Fiske's optimism was part of his nature; he was always cheerful, indeed more than cheerful, he was merry. His robust health appeared to lift him above all petty worries, he looked at life hopefully, and life does not always smile back upon men who are supporting their families by writing history not in the form of a novel. When things went wrong he was without rancor. He hated dishonesty and sham, but he hated without virulence.

In fact, his character was a very simple one, he had no perplexing contradictions which it was hard to reconcile. He was of a very simple nature, direct, and above all things, honest. He was singularly incapable of deceit. If any of his theories or statements could have been disproved, he would have been the first to rejoice that a mistake could be corrected.

It was in the midst of his labors that this distinguished scholar was removed. He was spending the summer of 1901 in Cambridge to prepare his winter's work, when the hot weather that made life almost unendurable for everyone,

found him singularly unfitted to withstand the drain it made on his strength. He went to East Gloucester on the seashore to find, if possible, some coolness, some relief from the killing heat, but it was too late; he died there July 7, almost immediately on his arrival. It was an untimely end of a laborious life, one of unremitting toil, at first without recognition, though the later years of life were cheered by general appreciation of his merits. Few men, other than financiers or politicians have been more widely known in America, and he had, for a long time, enjoyed a high reputation abroad. And there is this satisfaction, that his reputation was deserved.

The Poetry of William Vaughn Moody

By Carl H. Grabo

THE irony with which at times fame practises upon worthy writers, has a fine modern instance in the celebrity gained by William Vaughn Moody through the success of his play, "The Great Divide." For some years Mr. Moody has been recognized by discerning lovers of poetry as one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of our modern poets in English. His two masques and single published volume of poems seem indeed slight in quantity and insufficient to base such a claim unless their high quality be emphasized. Quality duly considered they suffice to raise Mr. Moody to the highest rank of contemporary poets. The public, however, if at all acquainted with his work, has been on the whole largely indifferent, and Mr. Moody remained "undiscovered" until his successful play demanded the consideration of the dramatic critics. These at once acclaimed him the most promising of American playwrights and pronounced "The Great Divide" the long-expected "great American drama." Inasmuch as Mr. Moody was already known to have dipped into poetry, re-

viewers referred casually to his earlier works, some, in a patronizing way describing them as unactable poetic dramas. Unactable they certainly are and were so intended to be, but to anyone who has read them they must appeal at once as great poetry, whereas Mr. Moody's successful drama, financially profitable as it has been, seems by comparison a bit of pot-boiling. No criticism attaches to Mr. Moody for writing a remunerative play, one which will enable him to continue, undeterred by lack of financial return, the composition of poetry. But it is indeed unfortunate if Mr. Moody's triumph as a popular dramatist prevent the public from properly appreciating his work as a poet, for as a poet he has already shown himself a great and original writer, one who in profoundness of conception and mastery of verse seems unrivalled among the English writing poets of today.

Mr. Moody has published but three volumes,* one a collection of miscellaneous poems, in 1902; the others, two masques of an as yet uncompleted trilogy, "The Fire Bringer" and "The Masque of Judgment," published respectively, in 1904 and 1902. In discussing these various works it will be well to begin with the trilogy of dramatic poems for these are the most ambitious of Mr. Moody's work and reveal at their best that power of thought and that beauty of expression which characterize all of his poetry.

Of the two published poems of the projected trilogy, "The Fire Bringer" though second in time of composition is yet first in the thought sequence of the cycle. It is a fresh treatment of the Prometheus theme already made famous in English poetry through the work of Shelley and Mrs. Browning. Prometheus, the lover of men, wrests from Nature her cunning secrets that mankind may profit thereby. The nations flourish and Zeus enraged at the flushed insolence of the race he has created resolves on its destruction. He

*Mr. Moody's poetry is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: "The Fire-Bringer," \$1.10; "The Masque of Judgment," \$1.50; "Poems," \$1.25.

brings a great flood upon the world which but a few survive, these, however, including Deukalion and Pyrrha. They, as the waters recede from a devastated world, replenish the race of men by throwing stones over their shoulders, those thrown by Deukalion becoming men, those by Pyrrha women. It is at this point in the legend that Mr. Moody begins his poem, picturing the desolate world, dim, without fire or heat, and with but a few survivors of its former life. These make sacrifices and pray in vain for the return of the sun, the new-made men, meanwhile, existing as hardly more than shadows in that they lack the vitalizing heat.

Prometheus, undeterred by the gloom and the wrath of the gods, seeks tirelessly for the forbidden fire. But on earth no flint retains the desired spark and the altar fires are cold. In the absence of Zeus he even storms Olympus, steals fire and is about to escape with it when a pursuing thunderbolt breaks the vase he carries and spills the precious element. Discouraged but persistent he follows the encouragements of Pandora, his wife, and in a fennel stalk contrives again to steal the fire, this time successfully. Light and heat return to the earth and the old life is resumed. Prometheus, however, is, for his audacity, bound,

"A thousand aeons, nailed in pain
On the blown World's plunging prow."

The masque, it would seem, summarizes in poetic form this great contribution made by the Greeks to the philosophy of the world: man's cunning, by which he raises himself to a position of rivalry with the gods, must forever guard itself, for in sloth and content vanishes the ever necessary watchfulness and man becomes the prey not only of the jealous gods but also of his own weaker nature. Only through strife does he keep his soul from rust:

"The sun whose rising and whose going down
Are joy and grief and wonder in the heart;
The moon whose tides are passion, thought, and will;
The signs and portents of the spirit year,—

For these, if you would keep them, you must strive
Morning and night against the jealous gods
With anger, and with laughter, and with love;
And no man hath them till he brings them down
With love, and rage, and laughter from the heavens,—
Himself the heavens, himself the scornful gods,
The sun, the sun-thief, and the flaming reed
That kindles new the beauty of the world."

The poem throughout is Greek in spirit, its philosophy an intellectual and esthetic one. The verse, compact and musical, is free from the richer imagery which in the "Masque of Judgment" is suited to the more luxuriant spirit of a Hebraic theme. But though set pieces of quotable description are comparatively lacking, the "Fire Bringer" finds poetic compensation in the magic of its songs. These are indescribable in their subtle mastery of word music and must be read in their appropriate setting to be fully appreciated. Perhaps the quoted lyric, one of Pandora's songs, may serve to indicate the power of diction and musical suggestion which make the "Fire Bringer" unsurpassed in modern poetry:

"Along the earth and up the sky
The Fowler spreads his net:
O soul, what pinions wild and shy
Are on thy shoulders set?
What wings of longing undeterred
Are native to thee, spirit bird?

What sky is thine behind the sky,
For refuge and for ecstasy?
Of all thy heavens of clear delight
Why is each heaven twain,
O soul! that when the lure is cast
Before thy heedless flight,
And thou art snared and taken fast
Within one sky of light,
Behold, the net is empty, the cast is vain,
And from thy circling in the other sky the lyric laugh-
ters rain!"

In the "Masque of Judgment," first in time of composition but second in the order of the projected trilogy, Mr. Moody has cast into poetic form the Hebrew philosophy

which like the Greek myth of Prometheus forms so important a part of our modern thought. But whereas in "The Fire Bringer" the philosophy was an intellectual one, it is here emotional and ethical. The characters are chiefly archangels and various other heavenly personages, chief among whom is Raphael, the most human of the archangels, loving man and his ways. The thought of the poem is more difficult to grasp than that of "The Fire Bringer," the philosophy being ethical and more complex.

God, to satisfy the impulse within him, created Heaven with its orders of divine life. Unsatisfied he created the earth with its human life, a life mixed of good and evil, joy and pain, both divine and earthly in its desires. But though in part virtuous, humanity not only abuses its freedom in sensuality, but also by reason of its divine creative impulse finds sufficient satisfaction in its own works, losing its feeling of dependence upon God.

Evil too often triumphs over the divine impulse; rage, hate, love, and lust wage uncertain battle. Then God to save the life of his creation takes on human form and suffers death that those who accept him may be saved, those who reject, destroyed. At the Judgment the good are preserved to become a part of the heavenly life, the evil crushed, though Raphael who looks on, powerless to help, suffers in the annihilation of those he loves, for all life and its passion is to him lovable in all its manifestations, good and bad.

With the destruction of the evil, however, a strange apathy and weakness overcome all things divine, and the Worm, created when man was created, attacks the protectors of the throne, seeming in the end of doubtful conflict to overcome them. The Worm it would seem symbolizes utter death and its triumph is made possible when the conflict of good and evil ceases. Only in conflict can there be life. Says Raphael:

"Why did he quench their passion? I have walked
 The rings of planets where strange-colored moons
 Hung thick as dew, in ocean orchards feared
 The glaucous tremble of the living boughs
 Whose fruit hath eyes and purpose; but nowhere
 Found any law but this: Passion is power,
 And, kindly tempered, saves. All things declare
 Struggle hath deeper peace than sleep can bring:
 The restlessness that put creation forth
 Impure and violent, held holier calm
 Than that Nirvana whence is wakened Him."

So Uriel in much the same strain:

"'Tis not mine
 To lesson thee how height and depth are bound
 So straitly that when evil dies, as soon
 Good languishes, nor how the flesh and soul
 Quicken with striving, and when strife is done
 Decline from what they were."

This brief commentary can but hint at the philosophy Mr. Moody has clothed in glowing verse. But though the philosophy be at times a little dark and difficult, the beauty of the verse must be apparent to all lovers of poetry. It is verse gleaming with a rare and varied imagery, and with a lavish wealth of diction infinite in its appeals to all the senses. The lines too are rich in music, endlessly varied blank verse, songs of subtle rhythms, rhymed verse of all metres forming a whole of infinite complexity. Indeed, in the music and color of the verse one ceases to care, often, for the underlying philosophy profound though it is.

One further quotation must suffice:

(Raphael sings)

"On earth all is well, all is well on the sea;
 Though the day breaks dull
 All is well.
 Ere the thunder had ceased to yell
 I flew through the wash of the sea
 Wing and wing with my brother the gull.
 On the crumbling comb of the swell,
 With the spindrift slashing to lee,
 Poised we;
 The petrel thought us asleep
 Till sidewise round on stiffened wing,
 Keen and taut to take the swing
 With the grass-green avalanches in their swerving plunge
 and sweep,

William Vaughn Moody

Down the glassy, down the prone,
 Swift as swerving thunder-stone,
 We shot the green crevasses
 And we hallooed down the passes
 Of the deep.

"On earth all is well, all is well.
 In the weeds of the beach lay the shell
 With the sleeper within,
 And the pulse of the sleeper showed through
 The walls of his delicate house
 That will wake with the sun into silver and purple and blue.
 Where the creek makes out, and the sea makes in
 Between the low cliff-brows
 Was borne the talk of the aldered linn
 Matching the meadow's subtile din;
 And hark, from the grey high overhead
 The lark's keen joy was shed!
 For what though the summer sulky was
 And the punctual sun belated,
 His nest was snug in the tufted grass,
 Soft-lined and stoutly plaited,
 And shine sun may or stay away
 Nests must be celebrated!

"Drowsy with dawn, barely asail,
 Buzzes the blue-bottle over the shale,
 Scared from the pool by the leaping trout;
 And the brood of turtlings clamber out
 On the log by their oozy house.
 Round the roots of the cresses and stems of the ferns
 The muskrat goes by dodges and turns;
 Till she has seized her prey she heeds not the whine of her
 mouse.
 Lovingly, spitefully, each
 Kind unto kind makes speech;
 Marriage and birth and war, passion and hunger and thirst,
 Song and plotting and dream, as it was meant from the first!"

What may be the third of this more than Miltonic trilogy must of course remain a matter of conjecture until Mr. Moody chooses to enlighten us. It may be his purpose to complete his series with some modern theme, embodying the philosophy which underlies social movements of today, the religion of service to others, the spiritual meaning of democracy. We can but hope that it will be on an equality with the two poems he has already written.

In his "Poems" published in 1902 and in occasional poems since printed in current magazines, Mr. Moody has

it must be confessed, are not likely soon to become widely read. Of these poems a few have already achieved a high place in contemporary verse, as notably his "Ode in a Time of Hesitation" which possesses an occasional as well as a poetic interest in that it was written at the time of the subjugation of the Philippines, its theme, freedom. This poem has been declared by competent judges to be one of the greatest in American literature and indeed its masterly use of American names would alone justify the claim. Nowhere outside of the poems of Walt Whitman will one find such a sweep of patriotic vision, and Mr. Moody, it may be added has a command of the music of verse such as Whitman seldom even suggests.

Other poems, less widely known perhaps, are no less excellent. Of the published volume, the opening poem, "Gloucester Moors" is, perhaps, the most perfect of these in its union of poetic expression and simplicity of idea. In it Mr. Moody voices the question which many of today have asked when speculating on the inequalities and injustices of society, a question which the poet phrases thus:

"Who has given to me this sweet,
And given my brother dust to eat?
And when will his wage come in?"

I cannot forbear quoting two stanzas from this poem simply as an illustration of what Mr. Moody can do with poetic imagery, though the quotation free of its context fails to give the spirit of the poem as a whole:*

"This earth is not the steadfast place
We landsmen build upon;
From deep to deep she varies pace,
And while she comes is gone.
Beneath my feet I feel
Her smooth bulk heave and dip;
With velvet plunge and soft upreel
She swings and steadies to her keel
Like a gallant, gallant ship.

*The entire poem will be found in the Library Shelf, page 287 of this magazine.

William Vaughn Moody

"These summer clouds she sets for sail,
The sun is her masthead light,
She tows the moon like a pinnacle frail
Where her phosphor wake churns bright.
Now hid, now looming clear,
On the face of the dangerous blue
The star fleets tack and wheel and veer,
But on, but on does the old earth steer
As if her port she knew."

Alike in its social significance is "The Brute" a poetical arraignment of our commercialism and the homage we pay to mechanical things, a poem, however, which points the way to the better, freer life which must come when commercialism takes its proper place and becomes the basis of social life not the end of life itself. This poem, strong as it is, has an imitative note but rarely found in Mr. Moody's poetry for it seems to be of the school of Kipling. The parallelism is not to be found in minor analogies but rather as permeating the whole, and in so original a poet as Mr. Moody seems a weakness rather than a source of strength.

The same criticism applies, though in lesser degree, to the "Menagerie," an amusing and profound poem which is rather Browningsque. Here the influence of another poet is even more difficult to trace than in "The Brute," but though indefinable is none the less manifest. "The Menagerie" is a poem such as Browning might have written and be it added, been proud to write, for the verse flows more easily than is usual with Browning.

Mr. Moody, however, must be taken for himself alone, for his resemblances to other poets are usually those due merely to a spiritual kinship rather than to an intellectual emulation. He has mastered the technique of his predecessors, added harmonies of his own, and set himself vigorously to the expression of his own ideas. Some of his poems indeed suffer in their universal appeal from this very individuality, for the mood which prompted them is not always readily intelligible. That is to say, Mr. Moody's poetry must, often, be studied to be understood, and studied, moreover, in a sympathetic mood.

Throughout all the poems, however, whether of social significance or merely personal in their expression of an individual emotion based on experiences unknown to the reader, there persists the same high poetic quality, a quality manifest alike in the command of the music of verse, the copious and careful diction, and the fine use of imagery. There is, moreover, a certain vastness of conception rare even in great poetry. Even a slight reading of Mr. Moody's verse must reveal his love for the infinite and the mysterious. The immensity of space, the starry heavens, the rising sun and moon, these together with the clouds and storms and the ever recurrent sea are the natural phenomena to which the poet turns repeatedly for his poetic background or for his imagery. If influences were worthy of discussion in this connection it would be fair to say that Mr. Moody resembles Shelley. But there is also a sanity and a grasp of the realities of the actual, palpable, everyday world which Shelley had not. One further quotation (from "Jetsam") will serve to illustrate Mr. Moody's peculiar quality, his remarkable command of suggestive diction when painting vast and familiar phenomena:

"For me one sight stood peerless and apart;
Bright rivers tacit; low hills prone and dumb;
Forests that hushed their tiniest voice to hear;
Skies for the unutterable advent robed
In purple like the opening iris buds;
And by some lone expectant pool, one tree
Whose gray boughs shivered with excess of awe,—
As with preluding gush of amber light,
And herald trumpets softly lifted through,
Across the palpitant horizon marge
Crocus-filleted came the singing moon."

The Vesper Hour*

By Chancellor John H. Vincent

ELIHU BURRITT was a reverent believer in the Christian religion, a philanthropist and reformer, a most zealous abolitionist at a time when it cost something for a man to avow himself an advocate of the freedom of the negro. He was the son of a farmer who was also a shoemaker, working with hoe and sickle in summer and with hammer and awl in winter and on rainy days in summer. The biographer of Elihu Burritt says "he was in the habit of practising on problems of mental arithmetic which he extemporized and solved while blowing the bellows. They were rather quaint in their terms, but quite effective as an exercise. One was 'How many barley corns at three to the inch will it take to go around the earth at the equator?' All these figures he had to carry in his head while heating and hammering the iron." It was such mental exercise as this that induced him to give up at twenty-one, three months to study. He packed a marvelous amount of energy into this period of opportunity and one finds it hard to accept all that his biographer says concerning his success.

He studied mathematics, Latin, French and Greek. His success in the efforts put forth during these brief periods induced him to go to New Haven "merely to reside and study in the atmosphere of Yale College, thinking that that alone would, without teachers, impart the ability which he could not acquire at home. Besides, being then naturally timid and also half-ashamed to ask instruction in the rudiments of Greek and Hebrew, at twenty-two years of age he determined to work his way without consulting any college professor or educator. So the first morning in New Haven he sat down to Homer's Iliad without note or com-

*The Vesper Hour, contributed to THE CHAUTAUQUAN each month by Chancellor Vincent continues the ministries of Chautauqua's Vesper Service throughout the year.

ment, and with a Greek Lexicon with Latin definitions. He had not as yet read a line in the book, and he resolved if he could make out two lines by hard study through the whole day he would never ask help of any man thereafter in mastering the Greek language. By the middle of the afternoon he had won a victory which made him feel strong and proud and which greatly affected his subsequent life and studies. He mastered the first fifteen lines of the book and committed the originals to memory and walked out among the classic trees of the Elm City and looked up at the college which once had half awed him with a kind of defiant feeling. He now divided the hours of each day between Greek and other languages, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, German and, Hebrew, giving to Homer about half the time."

Elihu Burritt was a Christian man. A few paragraphs from his writings will give us some idea of his spirit.

He pays a lovely tribute to his friend the Quaker, "good Joseph Sturge," as he called him. He says "Joseph Sturge was unlike Howard, unlike Clarkson, unlike Wilberforce. His philanthropy was as pure and large as theirs in *every* direction. . . . The Son of God's love and life was to his great heart what the summer sun of heaven is to the full moon. The reflection of that higher illumination came off from its daily life with as slight a parallax or 'shadow of turning' as we ever saw in man. It was this which gave his benevolence its broad and perfect circumference, embracing with equal heartiness every good word and work for man."

In a letter to a friend in 1844 he writes "There is a spot of earth, a little mound, as yet unfringed by a single blade of grass, to which my spirit would beckon yours. *It is my mother's grave.* You have wept over the sodded resting place of a beloved parent; come then and see where they laid *my* mother, and such a mother as scarcely ever was laid in the grave since graves were made. . . . Once I thought the sun would be darkened when she died, and every star go out in the firmament of my soul, and the birds would strike their languid wings in mournful silence, and my heart

be sad and songless. But not so. I have hardly shed a tear, and yet once I thought that I should fill her grave with them. But she lives! I know she lives and loves me still; and this sustains and comforts me. Yes, she lives nearer the throne of grace where angels pray, and there I am sure she prays for me."

The correspondence of Mr. Burritt was very extensive, devoted to the cause of peace, pleading for ocean penny postage, protesting against bondage in all forms, advocating arbitration and standing for everything that represented "good-will to men." He writes December 21, 1878, to an old friend, "I am almost astonished at my own reformatory and literary labors. The other day I received a note from Dr. Allibone, Philadelphia, asking me to give a list of the books I have written and periodicals I have edited. I did so as well as my memory would allow and found they numbered *thirty-two*."

Mary Howitt, the eminent English authoress, said, "Among the many remarkable men in this remarkable age no one seems to us more worthy of notice than Elihu Burritt. . . . His many-linguaged head is wedded to a large and benevolent heart every throb of which is a sentiment of brotherhood to all mankind. . . . He has not read Homer and Virgil and the Sagas of the North and the Vedas of the East to admire only and to teach others to admire, the strong handed warrior, going his way to glory through prostrate and bleeding thousands; he has read only to learn more emphatically that God made all men to be brethren and that Christ gave as the sum total of his doctrines that they should love one another. This is the end of all his reading and learning; and better by far to have learned this with hard hands and swarthy brow from the labors of his forge and hammer than to have studied in easy universities, to have worn lawn and ermine and yet to have garnered no expansive benevolence while he became a prodigy of learning."



Gloucester Moors*

By William Vaughn Moody.

A mile behind is Gloucester town
Where the fishing fleets put in,
A mile ahead the land dips down
And the woods and farms begin.
Here, where the moors stretch free
In the high blue afternoon,
Are the marching sun and talking sea,
And the racing winds that wheel and flee
On the flying heels of June.

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple blue,
Blue is the quaker-maid,
The wild geranium holds its dew
Long in the boulder's shade.
Wax-red hangs the cup
From the huckleberry boughs,
In barberry bells the grey moths sup,
Or where the choke-cherry lifts high up
Sweet bowls for their carouse.

Over the shelf of the sandy cove
Beach-peas blossoms late.
By copse and cliff the swallows rove
Each calling to his mate.
Seaward the sea-gulls go,
And the land-birds all are here;
That green-gold flash was a vireo,
And yonder flame where the marsh-flags grow
Was a scarlet tanager.

This earth is not the steadfast place
We landsmen build upon;
From deep to deep she varies pace,
And while she comes is gone.

*Reprinted from "Poems," by William Vaughn Moody, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1902, by special permission of the publishers. See page 274 of this magazine for a discussion of Mr. Moody's poetry.

Beneath my feet I feel
 Her smooth bulk heave and dip;
 With velvet plunge and soft upreel
 She swings and steadies to her keel
 Like a gallant, gallant ship.

These summer clouds she sets for sail,
 The sun is her masthead light,
 She tows the moon like a pinnacle frail
 Where her phosphor wake churns bright.
 Now hid, now looming clear,
 On the face of the dangerous blue
 The star fleets tack and wheel and veer,
 But on, but on does the old earth steer
 As if her port she knew.

God, dear God! Does she know her port,
 Though she goes so far about?
 Or blind astray, does she make her sport
 To brazen and chance it out?
 I watched when her captains passed:
 She were better captainless.
 Men in the cabin, before the mast,
 But some were reckless and some aghast
 And some sat gorged at mess.

By her battened hatch I leaned and caught
 Sounds from the noisome hold,—
 Cursing and sighing of souls distraught
 And cries too sad to be told.
 Then I strove to go down and see;
 But they said, "Thou art not of us!"
 I turned to those on the deck with me
 And cried, "Give help!" But they said, "Let be:
 Our ship sails faster thus."

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple blue,
 Blue is the quaker-maid,
 The alder-clump where the brook comes through
 Breeds cresses in its shade.
 To be out of the moiling street
 With its swelter and its sin!
 Who has given to me this sweet,
 And given my brother dust to eat?
 And when will his wage come in?

Scattered wide or blown in ranks,
 Yellow and white and brown,
 Boats and boats from the fishing banks
 Come home to Gloucester town.
 There is cash to purse and spend,
 There are wives to be embraced,
 Hearts to borrow and hearts to lend,
 And hearts to take and keep to the end,—
 O little sails, make haste!

But thou, vast outbound ship of souls,
What harbor town for thee?
What shapes, when thy arriving tolls,
Shall crowd the banks to see?
Shall all the happy shipmates then
Stand singing brotherly?
Or shall a haggard ruthless few
Warp her over and bring her to,
While the many broken souls of men
Fester down in the slaver's pen,
And nothing to say or do?

Whistler vs. Ruskin

Celebrated in the annals of art is the suit of Whistler vs. Ruskin in which the pugnacious and brilliant artist challenged the competency of the Slade Professor to pass criticism upon a creative artist. The criticism which was the subject of the dispute appeared in *Fors Claviger*, July 2, 1877, and was as follows:

"For Mr. Whistler's own sake, no less than for the protection of the purchaser, Sir Coutts Lindsay ought not to have admitted works into the gallery in which the ill-educated conceit of the artist so nearly approached the aspect of wilful imposture. I have seen, and heard, much of cockney impudence before now; but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face."

Because of this criticism Whistler sued Ruskin for £1000, the trial holding the attention of the art public of London. We print herewith the interesting portions of the testimony:

Mr. Whistler, cross-examined by the Attorney-General, said: "I have sent pictures to the Academy which have not been received. I believe that is the experience of all artists. . . . The nocturne in black and gold is a night piece, and represents the fireworks at Cremorne."

"Not a view of Cremorne?"

"If it were called a view of Cremorne, it would certainly bring about nothing but disappointment on the part of the beholders. (Laughter.) It is an artistic arrangement. It was marked two hundred guineas."

"Is not that what we, who are not artists, would call a stiffish price?"

"I think it very likely that that may be so."

"But artists always give good value for their money, don't they?"

"I am glad to hear that so well established. (A laugh.) I do not know Mr. Ruskin, or that he holds the view that a picture should only be exhibited when it is finished, when nothing can be done to improve it, but that is a correct view; the arrangement in black and gold was a finished picture, I did not intend to do anything more to it."

"Now, Mr. Whistler, can you tell me how long it took you to knock off that nocturne?"

"I beg your pardon?" (Laughter.)

"Oh! I am afraid that I am using a term that applies rather to my own work. I should have said, How long did you take to paint that picture?"

"Oh, no! permit me, I am too greatly flattered to think that you apply to work of mine, any term you are in the habit of using with reference to your own. Let us say then how long did I take to—'knock off,' I think that is it—to knock off that nocturne; well, as well as I remember, about a day."

"Only a day?"

"Well, I won't be quite positive; I may have still put a few more touches to it the next day if the painting were not dry. I had better say then I was two days at work on it."

"Oh, two days! The labour of two days then is that for which you ask two hundred guineas?"

"No;—I ask it for the knowledge of a lifetime." (Applause.)

"You have been told that your pictures exhibit some eccentricities?"

"Yes, often." (Laughter.)

"You send them to the galleries to incite admiration of the public?"

"That would be such vast absurdity on my part, that I don't think I could." (Laughter.)

"You know that many critics entirely disagree with your views as to these pictures."

"It would be beyond me to agree with the critics."

"You don't approve of criticism then?"

"I should not disapprove in any way of technical criticism by a man whose whole life is passed in the practise of the science which he criticises; but for the opinion of a man whose life is not so passed I would have as little regard as you would, if he expressed an opinion on law."

"You expect to be criticised?"

"Yes; certainly. And I do not expect to be affected by it, until it comes a case of this kind. It is not only when criticism is inimical that I object to it, but also when it is incompetent. I hold that none but an artist can be a competent critic."

"You put your pictures upon the garden wall, Mr. Whistler, or hang them on the clothes line, don't you—to mellow?"

"I do not understand."

"Do you put your paintings out into the garden?"

"Oh! I understand now. I thought, at first, that you were perhaps again using a term that you are accustomed to yourself."



"The Falling Rocket," Whistler's "Nocturne in Black and Gold,"
the painting which caused the Ruskin-Whistler controversy.



Head of Whistler carved by Bruno Zinn, a pupil of St. Gaudens.

Yes, I certainly do put the canvases into the garden that they may dry in the open air while I am painting, but I should be sorry to see them 'mellowed.'"

"Why do you call Mr. Irving 'an arrangement in black?'" (Laughter.)

Mr. Baron Huddleston: "It is the picture and not Mr. Irving that is the arrangement."

A discussion ensued as to the inspection of the pictures, and incidentally Baron Huddleston remarked that a critic must be competent to form an opinion and bold enough to express that opinion in strong terms if necessary.

The Attorney General complained that no answer was given to a written application by the defendant's solicitors for leave to inspect the pictures that the plaintiff had been called upon to produce at the trial. The witness replied that Mr. Arthur Severn had been to his studio to inspect the paintings, on behalf of the defendant, for the purpose of passing his final judgment upon them and settling that question forever.

After the Court had re-assembled the "Nocturne in Black and Gold" was again produced, and Mr. Whistler was further cross-examined by the attorney-general:

"The picture represents a distant view of Cremorne with a falling rocket and other fireworks. It occupied two days, and is a finished picture. The black monogram on the frame was placed in its position with reference to the proper decorative balance of the whole."

"You have made me study of Art your study of a lifetime. Now, do you think that anybody looking at that picture might fairly come to the conclusion that it had no peculiar beauty?"

"I have strong evidence that Mr. Ruskin did come to that conclusion."

"Do you think it fair that Mr. Ruskin should come to that conclusion?"

"What might be fair to Mr. Ruskin I cannot answer."

"Then you mean, Mr. Whistler, that the initiated in technical matters might have no difficulty in understanding your work. But do you think now that you could make me see the beauty of that picture?"

The witness then paused, and examining attentively the Attorney-General's face and looking at the picture alternately, said, after apparently giving the subject much thought, while the Court waited in silence for his answer.

"No! Do you know I fear it would be as hopeless as for the musician to pour his notes into the ear of a deaf man." (Laughter.)

"I offer the picture, which I have conscientiously painted, as being worth two hundred guineas. I have known unbiased people to express the opinion that it represents fireworks in a night-scene. I would not complain of any person who might simply take a different view."

The Court then adjourned.

Burne-Jones was later introduced as a witness, testifying that in his estimation two hundred guineas was too great a price to ask for the picture in dispute. Burne-Jones admitted that Whistler's work had beauty of color and atmosphere but he contended that it was largely unfinished, and sketchy in effect.

The jury awarded Whistler one shilling in damages, and this shilling Whistler ever afterwards wore upon his watchchain as a token of victory. Ruskin was condemned to pay the court costs, but these were met by a subscription started by his friends and admirers.

Underneath this humorous episode lay, however, a genuine artistic principle. Whistler differed from his contemporaries in his conception of his art, and his pictures such as the "Nocturne in Black and Gold" of the famous suit

were illustrations of his firm artistic conviction. What these principles of art were, find their best expression in Whistler's celebrated lecture "Ten O'clock," first delivered in London on February 20, 1885, and repeated a short time after at Cambridge and Oxford. A portion of this admirably written lecture will serve to explain Whistler's theory of art.

Nature contains the elements, in colour and form, of all pictures, as the keyboard contains the notes of all music.

But the artist is born to pick and choose, and group with science, these elements, that the result may be beautiful—as the musician gathers his notes, and forms his chords, until he bring forth from chaos glorious harmony.

To say to the painter, that Nature is to be taken as she is, is to say to the player, that he may sit on the piano.

That Nature is always right, is an assertion, artistically, as untrue, at it is one whose truth is universally taken for granted. Nature is very rarely right, to such an extent even, that it might almost be said that Nature is usually wrong: that is to say, the condition of things that shall bring about the perfection of harmony worth a picture is rare, and not common at all.

This would seem, to even the most intelligent, a doctrine almost blasphemous. So incorporated with our education has the supposed aphorism become, that its belief is held to be part of our moral being, and the words themselves have, in our ear, the ring of religion. Still, seldom does Nature succeed in producing a picture.

The sun blazes, the wind blows from the east, the sky is bereft of cloud, and without all is of iron. The windows of the Crystal Palace are seen from all points of London. The holiday-maker rejoices in the glorious day, and the painter turns aside to shut his eyes.

How little this is understood, and how dutifully the casual in Nature is accepted as sublime, may be gathered from the unlimited admiration daily produced by a very foolish sunset.

The dignity of the snow-capped mountain is lost in the distinctness, but the joy of the tourist is to recognize the traveler on the top. The desire to see for the sake of seeing, is, with the mass, alone the one to be gratified, hence the delight in detail.

And when the evening mist clothes the riverside with poetry, as a veil, and the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become campanili, and the warehouses are palaces in the night, and the whole city hangs in the heavens, and fairy land is before us—then the wayfarer hastens home; the working man and the cultured one, the wise one and the one of pleasure, cease to understand, as they have ceased to see, and Nature, who, for once, has sung in tune, sings her exquisite song to the artist alone, her son and her master—her son in that he loves her, her master in that he knows her.

To him her secrets are unfolded, to him her lessons have become gradually clear. He looks at her flower, not with the enlarg-

ing lens, that he may gather facts for the botanist, but with the light of one who sees in her choice selection of brilliant tones and delicate tints, suggestions of future harmonies.

He does not confine himself to purposeless copying, without thought, each blade of grass, as commended by the inconsequent, but, in the long curve of the narrow leaf, corrected by the straight tall stem, he learns how grace is wedded to dignity, how strength enhances sweetness, that elegance shall be the result.

In the citron wing of the pale butterfly, with its dainty spots of orange, he sees before him the stately halls of fair gold, with their splendor saffron pillars, and is taught how the delicate drawing high upon the walls shall be traced in tender tones of oriment, and repeated by the base in notes of graver hue.

In all that is dainty and lovable he finds hints for his own combinations, and thus is Nature ever his resource and always at his service, and to him is naught refused.

Through his brain, as through the last alembic, is distilled the refined essence of that thought which began with the Gods, and which they left him to carry out.

Set apart by them to complete their works, he produces that wondrous thing called the masterpiece, which surpasses in perfection all that they have contrived in what is called Nature; and the Gods stand by and marvel, and perceive how far away more beautiful is the Venus of Melos than was their own Eve.



Edward Alexander MacDowell

Edward Alexander MacDowell, who died recently after an extended illness, was without question the greatest composer yet produced by this country. MacDowell, who was of a Quaker family of Scotch-Irish extraction, was born in 1861. His earliest musical training was gained under the instruction of several South American teachers, chief among whom was Teresa Carreño, who remained his life-long friend. This early training which was chiefly in piano playing was succeeded by ten years of study in Europe.

MacDowell first studied in France under Savard in composition and Marmontel in piano. He then went to Germany, studying under various famous teachers including Raff. The influence of the latter, who became his friend, is noticeable throughout his work. MacDowell during the course of his European study later met Liszt at Weimar and together with D'Albert played before him. From the years 1883 to 1887 he remained at Wiesbaden composing. At this time it was his intention to remain in Germany where he considered the musical atmosphere to be more congenial to composition than in America, but later he returned to Boston as a teacher and concert performer. In Boston he produced with the aid of the Boston Symphony Orchestra his two piano concertos.

In 1896 MacDowell was called to the Chair of Music in Columbia University, a position which he held until 1904, at which time he resigned after a dispute with the authorities over the status of music and the arts at the University. During his residence in New York MacDowell was for two years conductor of the Mendelssohn Glee Club, a celebrated male chorus, and for this organization he wrote a number of fine choral compositions for male voices. In 1905 his career was brought to an untimely end by a nervous breakdown which incapacitated him for further work and resulted recently in his death.

Greeting to C. L. S. C. Readers
dent of Tulane Univ

257

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MacDowell was a romanticist in music and was a believer in what is called program music, that is, music which seeks the aid of words in producing its effects. Anticipating Dvorak in the utilization of American folk music MacDowell incorporated Indian melodies in his second orchestral suite known as the "Indian" suite. Several of these themes were taken from Iroquois songs and one from the music of the Iowas. This suite though not published until after Dvorak's "New World Symphony" was publicly performed had nevertheless been sketched out before the performance of that masterpiece, thus entitling it to a fair claim for the first use of American folk themes. Dvorak in his famous symphony takes the familiar negro melody of "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," and makes a theme of it in a most masterly manner.

MacDowell's works are various, including symphonic poems for orchestra, many piano compositions; orchestral suites, and a considerable number of songs and choruses. Many of these songs are of the utmost beauty and will long remain a priceless heritage in American music. One, "The Sea," an arrangement for the poem of that name written by William Dean Howells is perhaps the best known and most effective. "The Sea" is, it is claimed, one of the greatest songs in the literature of the entire world. It is not a difficult composition and from it amateur music lovers may gain a very adequate conception of MacDowell's power and genius.

Greeting to C. L. S. C. Readers From the President of Tulane University.

There was a time when a deep gulf separated the educated classes from the great mass of humanity. Only once in the history of the world have the advantages of a University education been within the reach of every citizen, and that was in ancient Athens. In Athens, it is true, there was no University in the modern sense of the word, but the whole city was to the citizens of that commonwealth a University. Nevertheless, it must not be forgotten that educational advantages were open only to the Athenian citizens; for every educated citizen there were ten slaves, ignorant and degraded.

In America, educational advantages are more nearly within the reach of all classes and conditions of men than ever before in the history of the world. This is due in large measure to our great public school system. It is due also to the fact that great movements like the so-called Chautauqua movement--the first systematic effort in this country to give the masses some taste for higher learning--has brought the educated class into

warships started, decided to reduce the military expenses of Japan \$200,000,000 during the next six years. Our great country must build four new battleships, but little Japan is cutting down her war budget. The "Advocate of Peace" asks the pertinent question, "Are we hereafter to have to write down Japan as *first in peace*? Things are looking that way."

INDICATIONS OF PROGRESS.

There are many encouraging indications of progress in the world's attitude toward peace. Chautauqua readers who through their study of "Newer Ideals" this year have been giving heed to the social forces which make for brotherhood are in a position to exert much influence. Our churches are the natural allies of the peace movement, and ministers have very commonly signified their readiness to coöperate in carrying out ideals of education emphasized by Chautauqua. As Monday, May 18, is International Peace Day, Chautauqua Circles might through the pastors of various churches in the community arrange for a Sunday evening union service on May 17. Many suggestions for a program will be found in the Round Tables of the April CHAUTAUQUANS for 1905, 1906, and 1907. Special emphasis should be laid upon recent developments which can be learned by sending 25 cents to the American Peace Society, Boston, Mass., and asking for the "Advocate of Peace" for January and February, 1908, and pamphlets on "A Periodic Congress of the Nations," "The Churches and the Peace Movement," and "The Successes and Failures of the Second Hague Conference."



NOBEL PEACE PRIZE FOR 1907.

The Nobel Peace prize for 1907 was divided between two men, E. T. Moneta of Italy, and Professor Louis Renault of France. Mr. Moneta has for more than thirty years been the leading spirit in the peace movement in Italy. He is president of the Lombard Peace Union, one of the strongest peace societies in Europe, and organized a peace exhibit for the Milan Exposition in 1906 which

was remarkably effective. Professor Renault is professor of International Law in the University of Paris and was one of the French delegates to both the first and second conferences.



OTHER RECIPIENTS OF THE NOBEL PEACE PRIZE.

The first award of the Nobel peace prize in 1901 was divided between Frederic Passy of France and Henri Dunant of Switzerland. In 1902 it was divided between M. Elie Ducommun and Dr. A. Gobat. The Institute of International Law received it in 1903, William R. Cremer, M. P., in 1904, Baroness von Suttner in 1905, and President Roosevelt in 1906.



THE COMING MODERN EUROPEAN YEAR IN THE C. L. S. C.

Our readers will be interested in this connection to note that in the coming Modern European Year in the C. L. S. C. year, a remarkable series of articles will be published in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, entitled "The Friendship of Nations." These will take up the questions uppermost in modern Europe today in the light of recent history. Some of the results brought out will be of a very striking character. The topics treated in this series will be, in general, as follows:

1. The European Equilibrium.
2. Danger Points of Conflict around the Globe.
3. Special interest of the United States in International Peace.
4. United States of Europe? World Federation.
5. The Wastes of War.
6. Rise of Peace Sentiment.
7. What is International Law?
8. The Hague Tribunal. Why the Hague was Chosen, etc.
9. Modern economic and social forces against war: Trade and Commerce, Transportation and Communication, International Aspects of Socialism, Intermarriages, The Arts, Attempts at a Universal Language, International Societies—Scientific, Educational, etc.



CLASS OF 1908.

Last summer the class appointed Miss Una B. Jones as a special committee of one to look up pictures relating to Tennyson which might be arranged in an effective group in the class room. The following letter is the result of her preliminary investigations. Some members may be able to make helpful suggestions. Miss Jones is following up

various possibilities and the 1908's may be assured of interesting results next summer:

"Dear Fellow Chautauquans:

"It is my pleasant duty to look up and obtain Tennyson portraits for the Class of 1908, to be used in our classroom. I should like suggestions of any member's favorite portrait. We could use effectively a large portrait and two panels containing other portraits, etc.

"Watts' portraits of 1859 and 1888 are good, also Mayall's, Cameron's, Barrand's, Rejlander's, and Lawrence's. Photographs of Somersby Rectory, Farringford, Aldworth, Lady Tennyson, and others, would also be interesting.

"Can anyone tell me where I may obtain some of these portraits?

"Wishing you all a prosperous year and hoping to meet you next summer, I am

Sincerely yours,

"UNA B. JONES, Stittville, N. Y."

A very enthusiastic letter from a member of the Class of 1908, a public school principal in Alabama, states that he has his three annual certificates duly framed and hung in his office. He says, "Of course I am ready to do anything for the class. I am going to pledge one one-hundredth of this year's salary to be divided proportionally for the banner, tablet, and room in the Hall. If that is not enough, I can give more." This is a specimen of the class spirit which is sure to reveal itself in class correspondence during the next few months.

One of the '08's from Binghamton, New York, writes that she has just discovered two classmates in a suburb of that city. She has thus far done all her reading alone and this opportunity to talk over class affairs is quite delightful. They are all planning to be at Chautauqua for graduation.

The Class Secretary and Treasurer feels not only the financial responsibility resting upon the class but appreciates also the spiritual benefit which those who accept and enjoy responsibilities gain! She writes:

"Perhaps our class do not all know that we want to raise \$250 for our class room, \$50 for our banner and \$100 for our tablet in the Hall of Philosophy, and that any member wishing to help may send a contribution to the treasurer. I find that people who have never been to Chautauqua know nothing about the class

home there and its privileges. They are only too glad to contribute as soon as they really understand about it."

As a specimen of the class tablets, members of '80 may see in the October CHAUTAUQUAN a view of the '82 tablet, the first to be placed in the Hall. The classes of 1905 and 1910 will place theirs this summer and 1908 can also be included if the necessary funds come in. More members of the class will be at Chautauqua this year than ever again and it will be a great thing if they can all see their tablet. These tablets form a mosaic pattern on the floor of the beautiful Hall of Philosophy and add greatly to its artistic effect. The address of the class treasurer is Miss S. E. Ford, 169 Court street, Binghamton, New York.



AN OMISSION.

Apologies are due our readers for the omission in the January CHAUTAUQUAN of review questions on Chapter XI of "As Others See Us."

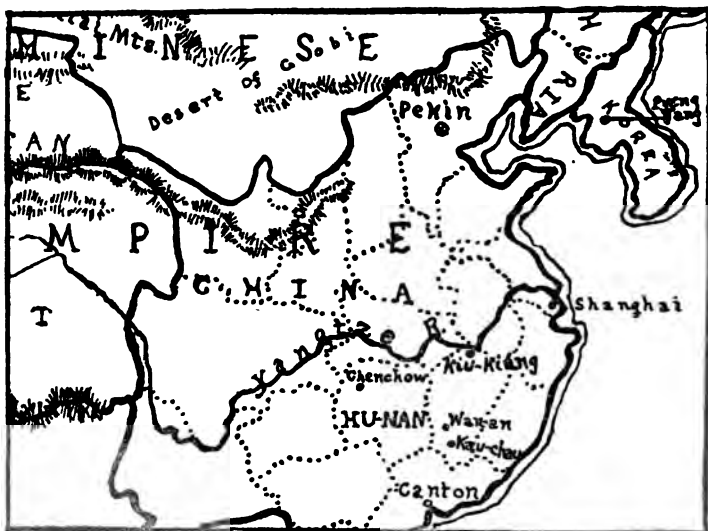
Miss Spencer's inability to furnish her manuscript for this number necessitated the insertion of an additional chapter of Mr. Brooks' series after the remaining forms of the magazine had gone to press.



THE C. L. S. C. IN THE FAR EAST.

The accompanying map of China shows in the province of Hunan and the adjoining one of Kiang Si, the points where Chautauqua has had representatives during the past year. They seem few and scattered when compared with the vastness of the Empire, and one can realize how far distant from western influences these readers and their Chautauqua neighbors off in Pyeng Yang, Korea, must feel. In a recent letter from Chenchow the two members of the Class of 1909, in the great province of Hunan report progress:

Your letter of July 15 is at hand. Missionaries lead an intensely busy life, and also one of social isolation. This is especially true when one lives at a distance from all railways, steamships, and telegraph communication with the



outside world. Mrs. Derr and I have found the Chautauqua readings of the Class of 1909 a great help to us in relieving the limitations of our social and intellectual life, and in keeping up many of the subjects which we studied in our college course. I try to read one chapter or a magazine article each day, and have thus read all the books once and some of them several times. They are all profitable and interesting. The Chautauqua Circle offers the busy man a great opportunity to get and keep in touch with the world's life and thought. I have found the readings invaluable.

Yours truly

CHAS. H. DERR.

Chenchow, So. Hunan, China, December 4, 1907.



A GREETING FROM THE PRESIDENT OF 1911.

The editor of the Round Table had hoped to introduce the members of 1911 to their class president by means of a photograph, but advices from Miss Merington state that the only picture available is "prehistoric." Later on we may hope for one faithfully representing a later period. Meanwhile seizing a brief moment from the exacting de-

mands of school duties Miss Merington sends this letter of greeting:

535 Massachusetts Ave.,
Buffalo, N. Y., March 25, 1908.

To the Class of 1911:

MY DEAR FRIENDS AND CLASSMATES:—Do you realize that the sun has been wheeling his course to the north these many days and that before long summer will be close upon us? Up to this time our class has done but little towards making itself the strong organization that it ought to be. Our name is decided, we are the Longfellow Class; but we have no motto, no flower or emblem, no design for our banner, and not as much money in the treasury as there should be, considering our excellent registration.

Won't you who are scattered all over the world, unite yourselves more closely with us who are privileged to live near the fountain-head? Even if you cannot meet with us to drink of the clear, cool Chautauqua springs this summer, you can identify yourself with the class by helping in the choice of motto, emblem, and banner; and if you have a spare dollar our treasurer would be delighted to receive it. We have a banner to buy and a room in the C. L. S. C. building to maintain; not heavy responsibilities but requiring cash to meet them.

And members who are within traveling distance, do not wait until August to make your preferences known. Let committees hear through me what you want for our legend, our flower, and our flag, and something of your summer plans. Many of our classmates will meet at other Chautauquas and if you who gather before the first of August, will take time to hold a class meeting or two and send a message of advice and greeting to the class at Chautauqua it will be greatly appreciated. The members assembled there will feel their responsibility and will try to live up to it. We shall have delightful 4 o'clock teas, and informal talks, and even better class-meetings than we held in 1907.

Greetings and good wishes to you all from

MARY E. MERINGTON,
President Class of 1911.



A QUERY.

A member who has been looking over the C. L. S. C. Special Courses and has been attracted to their possibilities asks if she may borrow the books from a neighbor, or must they be bought of the Institution. The answer to this question is that all members everywhere are at liberty to get their books wherever they can do so most conveniently, whether they buy them or borrow them. The

Chautauqua Press at Chautauqua, New York, aims to serve such C. L. S. C. members as have no opportunities to secure books through local dealers or who feel that Chautauqua's familiarity with the various editions suitable for different C. L. S. C. courses gives the Press special facilities for filling such orders. The Press will at any time look up prices or secure special editions of any books in which C. L. S. C. members may be interested.



C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

*"We study the Word and the Works of God."
 "Let us Keep Our Heavenly Father in the Midst."
 "Never be Discouraged."*

C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

OPENING DAY—October 1.	SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.
BRYANT DAY—November 3.	INTERNATIONAL PEACE DAY — May 18.
SPECIAL SUNDAY — November, second Sunday.	SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.
MILTON DAY—December 9.	INAUGURATION DAY — August, first Saturday after first Tuesday.
COLLEGE DAY — January, last Thursday.	St. PAUL's DAY—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday.
LANIER DAY—February 3.	RECOGNITION DAY—August, third Wednesday.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.	
LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.	
SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.	
ADDISON DAY—May 1.	



OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING FOR MAY.

FIRST WEEK: APRIL 28-MAY 5.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "As Others See Us." Chapter 16; "Signs of Progress" to page 191.
 In the Required Book: "Provincial Types in American Fiction." Chapter V-VIII; "Types in the South."

SECOND WEEK: MAY 5-12.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "As Others See Us." Chapter 16: "Signs of Progress," concluded.
 In the Required Book: "Provincial Types in American Fiction." Chapters IX and X: "Types in the South."

THIRD WEEK: MAY 12-19.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "American Painting." Chapter VII: "Figure Painting."
 In the Required Book: "Provincial Types in American Fiction." Chapters XI-XIV: "Types in the Mississippi Valley."

FOURTH WEEK: MAY 19-26.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "American Painting." Chapter VIII: "Mural Decoration."
 In the Required Book: "Provincial Types in American Fiction." Chapters XV-XVII: "Types in the Far West."

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLES.

FIRST WEEK.

Review and Discussion of first half of "As Others See Us," Chapter 16.

Reading: Selections from Durland's "Jewish Farm Colonies in America," in this magazine.

Study of "Colonel Carter" and one of Thomas Nelson Page's stories. Bliss Perry in his "Study of Prose Fiction" suggests the following points which circles and readers may find it interesting to work out:

The Plot: 1. What are the main lines of action in the story? 2. How many leading characters are there? 3. Note the incidents which are introduced simply to inform the reader, either as to what is going on, or give him further insight into the nature of the characters? 4. Discriminate between such explanatory incidents and those which really develop the characters themselves. 5. What stage of the story marks its climax? 6. Is the climax seemingly brought about by some trifling incident as often happens? 7. Has the story a subordinate plot? If so, what is its character? Does it simply reflect the main plot, or is it necessary in order to justify some feature of the main plot, or is it merely introduced to give variety?

The Setting of the Story: 1. Have the incidents of the story a historical background? If so, how far is this background true to the facts? 2. Is the "local color" faithful, that is, true to conditions characteristic of the locality where the scene of the story is laid? 3. Do the characters and incidents deal especially with a certain general class, i. e., the rich, the poor, the army, some special racial group, etc. 4. What is the relation of natural scenery to the story? Is it given much prominence? Has it close connection with the action of the story? Has it any direct effect upon the characters themselves? 5. Is the setting of the story so important as to give a unity to it?

The Author: 1. Who is the author? 2. What has been his experience of life? 3. What sort of people has he known? 4. Does he impress you as a thinker? 5. How does he compare with some of his contemporaries in this respect? 6. How does he express emotion? 7. Is he skilful in describing actual scenes and events? 8. Is he equally so in depicting personalities? 9. Has he a tendency to represent the world of mystery? 10. Does he strive to show a connection between natural phenomena and spiritual forces? 11. Has he a sense of humor? How shown? 12. Has he sympathy?

Roll Call: Answered by quotations from the Uncle Remus Stories.
Readings: From "Uncle Remus."

SECOND WEEK.

Review and Discussion of remainder of "As Others See Us," Chapter 16.

Review with reading of selections of article on John Fiske in this magazine.

Roll Call: Significant quotations from different works by John Fiske.

C. L. S. C. Round Table

Study of Typical works by George W. Cable and Charles Egbert Craddock. The Circle may if desired be divided into two groups each taking up the work of the two authors mentioned according to suggestions in previous program. Three members of each group may be appointed to report on the "plot," "setting" and "author," each report being followed by discussion.

THIRD WEEK.

Roll Call: Answered by definitions of the following art terms: value, tone, chiaroscuro, genre, luminarist, texture, composition, atmosphere, perspective.

Review of Chapter on "Figure Painting" with study of pictures supplemented by any additional copies that may be secured from magazine articles.

Paper: Mark Twain. (See numerous Magazine Articles in recent years.)

Study of one or more of the stories illustrating Mississippi Types of American Provincial Life. (See suggestions in previous program.)

FOURTH WEEK.

Brief talk on the principles of Mural Decoration.

Brief survey of History of Mural Decoration in this country. (See articles by R. Sturgis and W. Walton in *Scribner's Magazine* for January, 1899, and November, 1906.)

Roll Call: What subjects are especially suitable for American Mural Decoration? Each member should be assigned in advance a certain type of building in a given city and decide what subject he or she would use in decorating the building. Among the typical buildings might be taken churches, libraries, banks, department stores, a building in a city park, juvenile court building, chamber of commerce, high school chapel, college gymnasium, a hospital, orphan asylum, etc. The character of the city assigned as well as that of the building might enter into the decision. Secretaries of circles are asked to note the suggestions offered by members and send them to the Round Table Editor.

Study of all available illustrations of American Mural Decoration. In the magazine articles listed in the bibliography many pictures supplementing THE CHAUTAUQUAN series will be found. Note especially how these paintings are treated. Have they Academic characteristics? These are indicated in: careful drawing, exact balance, use of symbolism, lack of touch with American life, absence of personality.

Paper: Life and Work of John LaFarge. (See bibliography.)



REVIEW QUESTIONS ON "AS OTHERS SEE US."

CHAPTER XVI: "SIGNS OF PROGRESS."

1. Why are we unable as a country to prove our progress in terms of happiness? 2. What does our author consider "the most impressive fact in the South?" Compare his view with those of foreign critics. 3. What signs of industrial progress does the South show? 4. What may be said of the best side of the colored race? 5. What real benefits have come from our increased facili-



The Outlook Circle's snap shot of Mr. Burroughs, Miss Arnold, Mr. Rowland, and Rover at Slabsides.



Members of the Outlook Circle of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., en route for John Burroughs' home on the Hudson.



"Slabsides" from the celery patch.

ties for traveling? 6. Give instances of the discomfort and danger incident to travel before the war. 7. How does our present attitude toward the dangers of travel show social progress? 8. Show how wages have increased and also how standards of living have improved. 9. What comments of foreigners show the former low state of health of the average American woman? 10. What relation does this seem to have to the quality of our voices? 11. What influences are likely to bring about further improvement in the American voice? 12. How did our earlier visitors regard our democratic government in its effect upon the growth of our higher faculties? 13. What examples of our progress in sculpture, science and music may be given? 14. Why, in spite of child labor and poverty, may one still speak of progress?

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. Who were the Borgias? 2. With what famous journal was E. L. Godkin connected? 3. Who is Walter L. Page? 4. With what great achievement is John Hay's name associated?

AMERICAN PAINTING. CHAPTER VII: "FIGURE PAINTING."

1. What is meant in general by figure painting? 2. What subjects did our earlier artists choose for figure painting? 3. The influence of what countries appeared in their work? 4. What are the elements of the language of painting? 5. What are some of the things to be noted in the study of the art of figure painting? 6. What can be said of the "values" of the European masters upon whose work our early American painters founded their methods? 7. What change in methods came in with French training? 8. What qualities have given the title "Academic" to the French school? 9. Give some distinguishing traits of the work of Dewing, Thayer, Brush and Kendall. 10. Why is the work of Miss Cassatt worthy of special attention? 11. Why does the work of Elihu Vedder take high rank among American painters? 12. What is true of the position held by Gari Melchers?

CHAPTER VIII: "MURAL DECORATION."

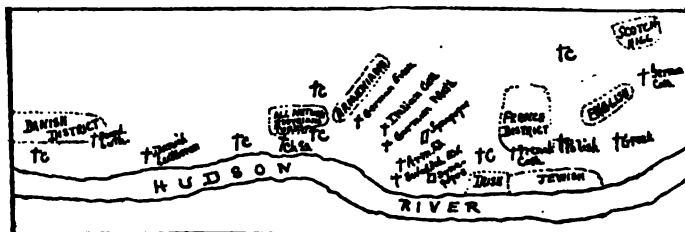
1. Why is the work of William M. Hunt of great importance in the history of American art? 2. Why is the date 1876 significant in our art annals? 3. What great achievements has Mr. LaFarge already accomplished? 4. What are some of the principles underlying the art of mural decoration? 5. What great mural paintings have been executed by Sargent? 6. By Abbey? 7. Why is Puvis de Chavannes to be mentioned in this connection? 8. Describe the recent growth of the movement for mural decoration? 9. What men have done notable mural work and in what buildings?

(For answers to Search Questions see end of Round Table.)



NEWS FROM READERS AND CIRCLES.

A large blue print map posted conspicuously on the wall attracted the attention of the delegates to the Round Table as they took their places. The blue print proved to be the chart of some city, the presence of the Hudson River indicating that it repre-



Race map of Troy, N. Y., xc indicates Irish Catholic Church.

sented the habitat of a circle in New York State. "I will satisfy your curiosity at once," said Pendragon, "by introducing the delegate from Troy, New York, who will explain the map. I suppose that Troy is in some respects a typical American manufacturing town. It is certainly a striking illustration of the conglomeration of races and religious beliefs which is becoming more and more characteristic of our population." "You will observe from our map," responded the delegate, Miss Roach, "that the different nationalities are pretty well scattered through the town. Our city engineer made the map for us and we looked up the race distribution and marked it as you see. There are only a few sections of the city which are almost wholly given up to a single nationality, as for instance the Danish, Armenian, French, English, and Hebrew quarters, but we have indicated the churches attended by foreigners and these give an idea of the various groups which are sufficiently strong to have churches of their own. Two of the members of the Circle teach in the Y. M. C. A. night school and among the sixty or more foreigners registered there we find in addition to the nationalities indicated on this map, Maltese, Russian, Dutch, Syrian, Austrian, Bohemian, Swiss, Turkish, Hungarian, and Norwegian students. It really seems as if all the world had come to us. We are very glad to make this investigation of our community as suggested in THE CHAUTAUQUAN and should like to see the charts of some other towns. Our circle really had a desperate time getting started this year, not for lack of interest but on account of conflicting events. Now we are having delightful meetings with the poets and since January have been diligently making up for lost time."

"While we are studying the Hudson River region," commented Pendragon, "you may like to see these additional photographs sent by the Outlook Circle of Mt. Vernon, giving a glimpse of the famous river and one or two other views taken on the Circle's trip to Slabsides."

"The Troy Circle's analysis of their town recalls an analysis of occupations recently made in our circle," remarked the delegate from Warren, Ohio. "Our Robert Browning Circle is as you know one of the largest of the Chautauqua Circles. We have twelve men among our active members. Two of these are ministers, two are mail carriers, and the other eight represent the following trades and professions: machinist, butcher, fruit vender, musician, dentist, electrician, student, and editor. We have tried to make our circle an educational influence in the community and call attention to its work constantly in the newspapers. We also try to foster class spirit and at a recent meeting we assigned to the members of the Class of 1910 in the circle a review of the 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table' which was conducted with much spirit. On the fourteenth of February we were delighted to have a lecture from Dr. George E. Vincent, the President, as you know, of Chautauqua Institution. He spoke in the First Methodist Church on 'Phases of Chautauqua Work.' A section of the church was reserved for our circle and for the Chautauqua Alumni Association, but the lecture was free to everyone. At its close we held a delightful reception for we had a fine audience in spite of the fact that the rain fell in torrents."

The president of the C. L. S. C. Alumni of the two Kansas Cities handed Pendragon a program of the C. L. S. C. Alumni Banquet held in Kansas City, Missouri, in February. "We are still alluding to the time when Dr. Vincent spoke at our annual banquet," she said. "We couldn't have him with us this year but we had greetings by letter from his father, the Chancellor, from Dr. Vincent himself, and from Miss Kimball. It proved to be a most enjoyable occasion. Seventy-five plates were set, the decorations were pink and white carnations and the toasts were all exceptionally good and spicy! We feel that we were honored in having with us five members of the Pioneer Class of '82. Our Alumni association takes a good deal of pains to cultivate the local circles and get them to come into closer touch with each other and with the literary club life of the city. It also aims to give its members an opportunity to meet some of our prominent Chautauqua educators. We are now planning to entertain Bishop Warren."

"I may mention just here," said Pendragon, "a recent letter from the Altrurian Circle of Kansas City in which they say 'Our Circle is growing in interest and enthusiasm. We have now about eighteen members.' You will all regret to learn," he continued, "that the Brooklyn, N. Y., Alumni, one of our oldest and largest organizations has recently lost its president, Mr. John A. Straley. Mr. Straley was also for some years president of the Brooklyn Chau-

tauqua Union which has done much to make the C. L. S. C. work effective in that city. Next month we are to hear more fully from our Alumni organizations. They are a very important influence in the C. L. S. C."

"I think the Round Table may like to know how our two circles closed our study of Races and Immigrants," said a delegate from Pacific Grove, California. "It was a social gathering and we experimented with the old adage 'put yourself in his place.' We divided our members into national groups and arrayed ourselves in appropriate costume. Each group had a leader who introduced his or her countrymen in appropriate fashion. A paper on the Mayflower and its history introduced the English group, a Swedish song and a lullaby, the Swedish members. The Scotch program included a song and the music of bagpipes rendered most acceptably by a graphophone. You would have laughed to hear our Irish member bringing forward her contingent. As for the Southern Italians they relapsed into monosyllables referring all questions to their leader while an organ grinder, consoled for the absence of his monkey by a teddy bear, poured forth vocal melody in broken English! We had a Dutch member who knitted indefatigably all the evening, and a group of eight young women who made most fascinating Japanese maidens while perhaps the most picturesque of all was the group of gypsies. Dr. Goodell, pastor of the Mayflower church, who received these representatives of the incoming millions, made the happiest informal talks and comments and gave unity to the whole program."

Brief reports were next heard from many of those present. The Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Circle delegate referred to their peculiar advantages in being able to meet in the club-room of the public library. At Ashland, Kentucky, sociability and hard work are combined in judicious proportions; Ashland, Oregon, has also a very wide awake circle known as the East Side Circle; the Tarentum, Pennsylvania, Chautauquans carry out a system of competition under appointed leaders to see which half of the circle can do the best work. They reported animated discussions following the papers read on various topics.

In Boise, Idaho, the possibility of a joint meeting of all the Circles in Canyon county has been considered. One of the leading educators of the State was heard to remark that the women of Canyon county are better posted on history and current events than those of any other part of the state and this was attributed to the influence of Chautauqua. The Hyde Park Circle of Chicago started anew in the fall with excellent prospects and discussed with much spirit the question of applying the educational test to immigrants.

The circle of Alliance, Ohio, numbers each program. Its long and interesting career now records some seventy-five meetings. The Melioro Circle of Jamestown, New York, celebrated St. Valentine's Day with a 6 o'clock dinner, suitable preparation being made for this occasion by an afternoon of study devoted to "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" and Emerson's essay on "Self-Reliance!" The Henderson, Kentucky, 1911's took special pride in celebrating on February 27, with an appropriate program, the birthday of their class poet.

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS ON "AS OTHERS SEE US."

1. A riotous outbreak in California on the part of white laborers against the Chinese. 2. A Russian critic who resided for some years in Paris; author of a very able work entitled "Democracy and the Organization of Political Parties." 3. It is said by some jurists to be based on the well-known clause in Magna Charta "No freeman is to be deprived of his life, liberty, and property except by the judgment of his peers and the law of the land." 4. An English socialist and novelist educated at a private school at Bromley, Kent, Midhurst Grammar School and the Royal College of Science; author of a number of books among them "Anticipations," "When the Sleeper Wakes," "In the Days of the Comet," etc. 5. The gift of \$2,500,000 and a park to his native city. 6. Vulgar, abusive language so called from the Fish market women of London who were notorious for scurrility.



AMERICAN MURAL PAINTING. By Pauline King. Curtis & Cameron, Publishers of the Copley Prints. Boston, Mass. 1902. \$3.00. 264 pp. 110 illustrations.

Probably few Americans, aside from students of the fine arts, realize how remarkable has been the progress of the art of mural decoration in this country within the past fifteen years, so that the attractive volume on "American Mural Painting" by Pauline King will be a most surprising revelation of American achievements in relation to the beautifying of our private and public buildings. One feels indebted to the author of this admirable book for gathering up present day results and showing through what influences they have been produced. After tracing the early beginnings of mural decoration under the leadership of Hunt and LaFarge she shows the immense influence exerted by the Columbian

Exposition upon artists who here for the first time tested their powers in this new field. The American public also began to perceive something of the national possibilities of mural painting. Miss King's comments upon the decorations in the Boston Public Library, the Library of Congress, the Walker Art Gallery in Brunswick, Maine, the Mendelssohn Glee Club and Appellate Court Buildings in New York, aided by the abundant illustrations, give the reader some perception of the different qualities of the artists whose work is beginning to occupy such an important place in the estimation of the public. Since this book was published the unique decorations of J. W. Alexander in the Carnegie Library at Pittsburg and other important commissions must be added to the list. It is a surprising record, one worth careful study for it suggests possibilities of still greater things in the future of American Art.

ON THE TRAIL OF THE IMMIGRANT. By Edward A. Steiner. Pp. 360. \$1.50 net. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.

A rarely interesting and picturesque volume is this book by Dr. Steiner. It is true also that no book on the immigrant question gives one so strongly the feeling of having seen the whole situation for one brief space under the clear illumination of a searchlight. Dr. Steiner, who is an Austrian Jew by birth, entered the Congregational ministry. He has had years of experience as a preacher and as a lecturer on social questions. He has crossed the ocean in the steerage many times. He understands the home life and appreciates the possibilities of the immigrant. The book analyzes the different types of foreigner with a wealth of fresh and picturesque illustrative details. It shows the tragedies which await many of the immigrants in the industrial conditions in this country, and the need for intelligence on the part of older Americans in their treatment of the newcomer. As we read the record one almost wonders that these foreigners are not hopelessly disillusioned, but the chapter entitled "In the Second Cabin" shows that with what seems scarcely half a chance they are ready to give their new homes all possible credit. No American can follow the trail of the immigrant without a sense of humiliation at his own provincialism, more respect for his new fellow countrymen and a greater realization of the grave nature of the many industrial and social problems which confront America.

THE SOCIAL IDEALS OF ALFRED TENNYSON. By William Clark Gordon. The University of Chicago. Press, 1906. 257 pages. Net \$1.00.

This is a readable book though originally written as a thesis for the degree of doctor of philosophy. It is written from a point of view which should be more generally adopted, the point of view

which shows its interest in literature by studying its social genesis. One should expect to find chapters which reveal this, on Tennyson's time, Tennyson's idea of man, of the work and worth of women, of the family, of society and social institutions, of democracy, and progress. No one who reads the modern poets with attention but has felt the lack of some scientific work in pursuing just these lines of thought.

THE HEBREW LITERATURE OF WISDOM IN THE LIGHT OF TODAY. Synthesis by John F. Genung. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.00 net.

The work of Professor John F. Genung as an expounder of literature has been gratefully received by many modern readers. Those who did not know that he was a clergyman before he became a professor will be surprised at his latest book. It is a welcome addition to the Biblical study which has been made of general interest by the recent work of Professor R. G. Moulton among other lay writers. Professor Genung's title is well chosen. "In the Light of Today" he discusses the Proverbs, Job, Ecclesiastes, the wisdom of Solomon, the discourses and parables of Jesus, and in a charming concluding chapter the substance and thought of James "as between brothers."

Professor Genung has a faculty for getting at the heart of things and the gift of making his conclusions plain. These are the reasons why his last book should be widely read.

AN ATLAS OF EUROPEAN HISTORY: Earl W. Dow of the University of Michigan (Henry Holt & Company, 1907). \$1.50.

This compact little atlas promises to fill a need felt by students of history who want to be able to refer readily to one country or another without the necessity for consulting many small volumes or one unwieldy atlas. Mr. Dow's book includes some thirty maps which are not unduly cumbered with details, yet are so carefully classified that the student can trace clearly important historical developments.

WAGE EARNERS' BUDGETS. Louise Bolard More. Pp. 280. 8½x5½. Henry Holt & Co.

A book of interest and value to students of economic and social conditions among our working population, whether native or foreign born—not of dependents but of those who maintain themselves above that grade. It attempts to reveal, by its admirable studies, tables, etc., as much as possible of the facts bearing on "the whole question of labor and wages, housing conditions, the rent problem, the cost of living, the economies and extravagances of the poor, their provisions for the future and for death, and, in outline, the whole story of the struggle for existence under the conditions of modern [New York] city life."

THE RED REIGN. Kellogg Durland. Pp. 533. 8¼x5½. The Century Company. \$2.00 net.

Truth sometimes has an exaggerated sound. The things that this book relates, if they were first intimations of the state of Russia under its autocracy, would be received with utter disbelief. They are, however, the report of an investigator whose mission was to verify or prove false the declarations of former witnesses. He had the recognition of such publications as *Harper's*, *Collier's*, *The New York Evening Post*, *The Boston Transcript*, *The Review of Reviews*, *The Independent*, all of which gave space to his letters or other writings. He tells what he saw with no effort to influence sentiment unduly, nor to harrow the feelings; yet tells things which are almost unthinkable. Mr. Durland enjoyed most exceptional opportunity to travel throughout the Russian Empire, to meet intimately with prominent reactionaries, revolutionary leaders, and simple peasants. He went with open eyes for the really significant things and gives them in the manner of a faithful investigator, though betraying human sympathies which are inevitable to writer and reader alike. He finds the system of restraints "peculiarly effective" and the position of the autocracy therefore "tenable for a surprising time," but declares that "a trifling incident might turn the scales in a night."

AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY. I. Woodbridge Riley. Pp. 594. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$3.50 net.

The author of this volume, the first in a proposed series, is "Johnston Research Scholar in Johns Hopkins University. Some Time Professor in the University of New Brunswick." He has here covered the period from the landing of the Pilgrims to the advent of Emerson, his thesis being to disprove de Tocqueville's remark that Americans not only "had no philosophical school of their own" but "cared little for the schools into which Europe was divided." The work, original in its canvassing of large masses of material, cannot but be of value to those who, interested in Philosophy generally, are prompted to inquire what reflections of European speculation have prevailed in this country, and what native philosophy, if any, has been produced in America.

MAY

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THE MAGAZINE OF SYSTEM IN READING

CONTENTS FOR MAY, 1908

The Late Augustus Saint-Gaudens.....	Frontispiece
Highways and Byways.....	323
National Political Developments. Foreboding the Party Issues. Labor, the Law and the Courts. Esperanto Congress at Chautauqua. The New Michigan Constitution. State Rights and Federal Power. Prohibition and Interstate Commerce. Woman's Labor and the State. Note and Comment.	
As Others See Us.....	John Graham Brooks 342
XVI. Signs of Progress (Concluded).	
American Painting.....	George Broad Zug 369
IX. Contemporary Landscape Painting.	
William James.....	403
Some Great American Scientists.....	Garrett P. Serviss 407
IX. Luther Burbank.	
Child Labor and Vagrancy.....	Philip Davis 416
How Connecticut Got Her Woman Factory Inspector.....	Della Lyman Porter 425
Augustus Saint-Gaudens.....	430
Library Shelf.....	438
Some Nature Poetry.	
Q. L. S. C. Round Table.....	Conducted by Kate F. Kimball 446
Talk About Books.....	462

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The late Augustus St. Gaudens.
(See "Augustus St. Gaudens," page 430.)

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THE most interesting development in the national political situation that the last few weeks have brought forth is the formation of the Independence party by Mr. W. R. Hearst and his followers. Mr. Hearst has had municipal and state leagues and tickets, and in some places he has had considerable success, whether of the positive or the negative sort. He has elected his candidates, and has defeated candidates who might otherwise have been successful by dividing the radical and Democratic vote. But this year he for the first time in his career attempts political action on a national scale. And it is widely admitted that he and the Independence party may prove an important factor in the presidential campaign and election.

The need of another party does not seem great. Indeed, few outside of the Hearst following admit that it exists at all. The Republicans are led by men like Roosevelt, Taft, and Hughes, and there is no danger that any reactionary will be nominated by that organization. In the Democratic party Mr. Bryan is the strongest candidate and the probable nominee, notwithstanding the movement in favor of Gov. John A. Johnson of Minnesota, who has been indorsed for the presidency by the Democratic committee of his state, and whose boom has been gaining strength in some sections. The platforms of the two great parties will certainly be advanced and progressive. The average man will have no occasion for "bolting" this year, and if any element needs a new party, it is the ultra-con-

servative element, that finds little comfort in either of the great parties.

As to the smaller parties, they will be neither few nor insignificant this year. The Populists will have their ticket and platform, the Prohibitionists will make an aggressive national campaign, the Socialists will be in the field and expect an increased vote. What place, then, it is asked, is there for the Independence party?

This question must be left unanswered. But the party has been called into existence, and it will nominate its own presidential ticket. Its platform is eclectic; it draws from Republican, Democratic, and Populist principles with equal freedom. It is intended to appeal to "Lincoln Republicans" as well as to "Jeffersonian Democrats," according to its framers. How many votes it will attract, and from which party it will draw most of its strength, time will tell. The feeling is that it will injure the Democrats, especially in the doubtful states, more than it will the Republicans, but much will depend on the progress of the campaign henceforth.

Here are some of the things which the new party favors:

Tariff revision along liberal but protectionist lines; an income tax; immediate nationalization of the telegraph lines and gradual progress toward nationalization of all other public utilities, including the railroads; wide use of the referendum; the eight-hour day; national incorporation laws; postal savings banks; popular election of federal senators and judges; ship subsidies; a strong navy, and canal and river improvement on a generous scale.

On the whole, the platform is considered rather "moderate" for its authors, but Mr. Hearst has been urging care and political conservatism of late in the interest of the industries and commerce and credit of the country. His attitude has been a subject of much speculation, and the nominations of the Independence party will intensify the interest and uncertainty of the next national campaign.

Foreshadowing the Party Issues

The feeling has been very strong and general that nothing really substantial now divides the Republican and Democratic parties. The humorous talk of the press regarding the "stealing" of Bryan's "clothes" by Mr. Roosevelt, or vice versa, gives superficial expression to this feeling. What, then, will be the issues of the next campaign? Will they be purely personal, or will they have some reference to material differences of party view and position? Of course, such questions as these will be largely answered by the national platforms of the parties. Those declarations will necessarily bring out all the differences, as well as the points of agreement, between them. But it is not necessary to wait in complete uncertainty and suspense for the answers.

By common consent the Ohio Republican platform and the Nebraska Democratic platform foreshadow and forestall the respective national platforms. The Ohio platform had been submitted to and approved by Secretary Taft, whom the Republicans of that state indorsed for the presidential nomination (the Foraker faction having been defeated in advance of the convention), while the Nebraska platform had received the sanction of Mr. Bryan. Moreover, nothing is likely to change the political situation between now and the dates of the national conventions. Party doctrine today will be party doctrine in June. From this point of view it is well to compare the platforms just named—at least as regards the major planks.

THE TARIFF.—The Ohio platform favors revision along protectionist lines and the elimination of excessive and unreasonable rates of duty that oppress the consumer without legitimately encouraging industry or helping labor. The Nebraska platform declares flatly for a revenue tariff and for placing on the free list of all products that are controlled by American trusts.

TRUSTS AND RAILROAD CONTROL.—The Ohio platform approves the Hepburn railroad act and demands "the

strengthening of the supervisory powers of the interstate commerce commission, the prosecution of illegal interests, monopolies, and evil doers, both in the public service and in the commercial world." The Nebraska platform demands legislation suppressing all private monopoly, and by private monopoly is meant any combination or corporation that controls more than fifty per cent. of the products it deals in. It also favors federal licensing of all corporations that control over twenty-five per cent. of such products, but the federal license is to be added to, not substituted for, state control and regulation. The railroad plank in the same platform is explicit and drastic. It reads as follows:

We demand such an enlargement of powers of National and State railway commissions as may be necessary to give full protection to persons and places from discrimination and extortion. We believe that both the Nation and the various States should first ascertain the present value of the railroads, measured by the cost of reproduction; second, prohibit the issue of any more watered stock or fictitious capitalization; third, prohibit the railroads from engaging in any business which brings them into competition with their shippers; and, fourth, reduce transportation rates until they reach a point where they will yield only a reasonable return on the present value of the roads—such reasonable return being defined as a return sufficient to keep the stock of the roads at par when such roads are honestly capitalized.

FINANCE.—The Ohio platform favors cautious currency legislation along the lines of the now familiar proposals for emergency credit circulation properly secured. The Nebraska platform condemns both the Aldrich and the Fowler bills and demands that the government itself shall issue whatever emergency currency may be needed from time to time. This is called "greenbackism" by the anti-Bryan organs and by the Republicans.

PHILIPPINES.—The Republican platform approves what has been done in and for the islands and contemplates gradual extension of self-government. The Democratic platform is "for an immediate declaration of the nation's purpose to recognize the independence of the Philippines as soon as a stable government can be established."

The Democratic platform favors income and inheritance taxes, an eight-hour day, restriction of injunctions, a law

against gambling in stocks, direct election of federal senators, an employer's liability law, postal savings banks, restriction of Asiatic immigration. The Ohio platform does not mention income and inheritance taxes, eight hours, and election of senators, but indorses employers' liability legislation and restriction of the use of the injunction.

The general feeling is that the differences between these platforms are by no means negligible, though by no means as vital and marked as those which divided the two parties in 1904 or in 1900, to say nothing about the campaign of 1896 on the free silver issue.



Labor, the Law and the Courts

We have referred on various occasions to the influence of British court decisions on the political action of the English workmen and the growth of the independent and "semi-socialistic" Labor party. In this country the conditions are such, owing to the form of our government and the division of powers, that it is much more difficult to create a labor party or even to bring about concerted political action of workingmen in the interest of this or that legislation. Yet significant developments are observable in the world of organized labor. There is much outspoken dissatisfaction with Congress and the courts, and a vigorous demand has been made on the former for prompt attention to certain grievances of union labor. The failure to secure anti-injunction and additional eight-hour legislation is now a minor ground for this discontent, the major ground being found in the recent decisions of the Supreme Court, which have been heretofore discussed.

One of them annulled the employers' liability act, another annulled a section of the labor conciliation act which prohibited the railroads from discriminating against union workmen as such. A third declared that a combination to boycott an employer who sells his goods in more than

one state is an illegal "restraint of trade" and punishable under the national anti-trust law.

The labor leaders complain bitterly against these decisions. They call them "ironical" and unfair, and complain that the intent of Congress was disregarded by the court in holding the anti-trust act applicable to unions and the methods employed by officers and members of unions. They are demanding amendments of the law expressly exempting labor organizations and their policies from the operation of the trust act, even when boycotting is used in the enforcement of labor's claims. They are also demanding substantial anti-injunction legislation, a strong eight-hour law for the employes of government contractors, an employers' liability act, an act for trial by jury in cases of alleged contempt of court growing out of strikes and industrial disputes, and a law limiting the jurisdiction of the courts of equity by giving "property rights" and "contract rights" a stricter and narrower definition.

That the trust law needs revision and modernization is admitted by all. But to the legalization of boycotting there is strenuous objection, as there is to limitation of the power of the courts. It is agreed that labor unions and all other combinations that are not injurious or dangerous to the public ought to be exempt from the operation of the anti-trust law, but how is the injuriousness or harmlessness of a combination to be determined in advance? Who is to apply to combinations and agreements the tests of reasonableness and utility?

A bill that attempts to meet these difficulties and to legalize proper combinations and agreements under safeguards calculated to prevent abuse has been introduced in Congress with the approval of the President, leaders of opinion and party chiefs. It embodies the ideas that were developed and indorsed at the second trust conference held under the auspices of the national civic federation. It provides a system of registration for all unions and combinations that choose to take advantage of it; it provides for

the examination and approval by the government of all contracts and arrangements as to business dealings entered into by registered associations; it modifies the trust law in such a way that only unreasonable restraint of trade would be an offense under it in the event of its adoption.

The labor organizations do not think the bill goes far enough in protecting their rights and interests, although it expressly exempts them and recognizes the right to strike in concert and the right to collective bargaining with employers. The business interests favor the measure in spite of some unfamiliar features introduced by it into our scheme of administration and government—registration, publicity as to corporate affairs, etc. What Congress will do with the bill is decidedly uncertain. The President, however, indorses its substantial features and would welcome action by the national legislature along its lines, as he would other legislation designed to reassure and remedy grievances of legitimate corporations and trade unions.



Esperanto Congress at Chautauqua

Esperanto, the language evolved by Doctor L. Zamenhof of Warsaw, Russia, is not a theory but a fact. It exists. It is growing steadily, increasing its momentum as it proceeds. At the beginning of this year over one thousand books had already been published, ranging from a small sixteen-page pamphlet to a three-volume historical novel. Forty-five magazines are spreading the doctrine of Esperanto in every land, for every purpose. Tens of thousands of Esperantists are engaged in active propaganda work. One New York magazine having published articles about Esperanto is now selling an average of three hundred text books a day. Among the last two hundred successful candidates who obtained their Esperanto degrees from the British Association, fifty were Americans. Several of the States already possess an organization of their own and a young

apostle of Esperanto, Mr. Edmond Privat of Geneva, is now touring the country with great success, awakening enthusiasm and uniting the scattered forces which are laboring to spread Esperanto.

The foremost Esperanto book written by Doctor Zamenhof, "La Fundamenta Krestomatio," contains a long article about Chautauqua in which the wonderful advantages it would offer for the spread of Esperanto are set forth, and Chautauqua will have, next summer, the first national convention of Esperantists and conduct, throughout its session, courses of all grades as well as grant the official degrees of the International Esperanto Institute under the personal supervision of Mr. Edmond Privat, its founder, who was requested to remain in America for this purpose.

Chautauqua should be the place for the next International Congress to follow the Dresden Congress and the united Esperantists of America will strive to obtain this honor. The first international congress of Esperantists which was attended by 900 persons was the result of the unsupported efforts of a French lawyer, Mr. Michaux. The second congress, in 1906, gathered 1,200 Esperantists in Geneva, Switzerland, and was due to the initiative and efforts of Mr. Edmond Privat. The third congress, in Cambridge, England, was attended by 1,500 persons and was backed by several thousand dollars which had been subscribed by Indian Princes. The fourth congress in Dresden, Germany, is in charge of the German National Esperanto Association. It is in these congresses that the immediate application of Esperanto for personal benefit becomes chiefly apparent for, far more interesting than the great open meetings are the small congresses which hold meetings during the interval.

Esperanto, it is said, can be learned in one-tenth of the time required to learn another language and by people who would not be able to learn another tongue. At the present moment there are Esperanto courses in the public schools of 200 French cities—and there are over 950 Esperanto



M. Edmond Privat, young Esperanto Propagandist, now touring the United States.



Dr. L. Zamenhof, the Inventor of Esperanto.



American Esperanto Delegates to Cambridge Congress, 1907.



The Esperanto Congress at Cambridge University, England, Summer of 1907.

Associations in the world. Esperanto has now over 1,000,000 adepts and the fifth International Congress, which should be in America, will doubtless be highly influential.

Beginning with the September issue *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* will in its pages conduct a course in Esperanto for the benefit of those readers of the *Modern European Year* who may become interested in this new international language with its great possibilities as an aid to international peace.



The New Michigan Constitution

Oklahoma's constitution is generally regarded as the most radical in the United States. It includes many of the latest ideas in political science and in the art of government. It is democratic and replete with checks on the legislators and courts. After its adoption and ratification many predicted that it would serve as a model for other states—and not only new ones, but of old states that find it necessary to overhaul their constitutions.

Michigan has just revised her fifty-seven-year old constitution. A referendum had resulted in a vote of the people favoring revision, and a convention had accordingly been called to undertake the task. The convention was representative of all classes, and while agents and representatives of corporations were prominent in it, it is agreed that its deliberations and debates were worthy of the state. A few weeks ago it completed its work, at the last moment making certain concessions to progressive and democratic sentiment. The people are yet to pass upon it, and there is apparently no certainty of its ratification. But it is interesting to compare this new constitution with that of Oklahoma.

To begin with, Michigan has adhered to the plan of limiting the organic charter to general principles and broad provisions, as against this "new" idea of forestalling the legislature in many directions and accomplishing by constitutional

provision what is usually left to the ordinary lawmakers. The tendency is toward more elaborate and ample constitutions, but Michigan has resisted it.

With regard to the courts, the executive, and the legislature there are no great innovations in the Michigan charter. A concession has been made, however, to the equal suffragists. Women are enabled to vote in local elections on propositions involving bond issues and like matters of finance and taxation. The referendum and initiative movement has received very moderate recognition. Local questions shall be submitted to the people of the communities affected if a certain number of voters petition therefor, and general statutes may be submitted to the people at the discretion of the legislature. Even constitutional amendments may be initiated by the people by petition. But all these provisions are hedged about by restrictions that are supposed to preclude hasty and emotional referendum legislation or a too frequent use of that device. Not only Oklahoma but Oregon has far broader referendum provisions.

Even the tendency to municipal ownership of public utilities was not wholly ignored by the Michigan convention, but here too it showed its conservatism. It was proposed to permit none but taxpayers to vote on proposals involving the purchase or ownership of utilities, but this was denounced as reactionary, and might have caused the rejection of the constitution. Fear of such result led to the adoption of a provision to the effect that no utility shall be municipalized without a referendum and the consent of three-fifths of the voters. Elsewhere a mere majority suffices in such cases.

On the whole, the new constitution reflects considerably "the spirit of the age," though its industries, population, and traditions tend to make Michigan one of the conservative states. Whether the majority of the people are in advance of the convention, their votes will tell.

State Rights and Federal Power

It will be remembered that all through last fall and winter controversies raged in southern and western states over the right of inferior federal courts to suspend state laws reducing railroad rates and even to enjoin state officers from attempting to enforce such laws by criminal and civil actions in state courts. The situation at the time was very chaotic. Some federal judges freely issued injunctions of the most sweeping character against officials and shippers to suspend the enforcement of the two-cent fare acts and similar statutes, while others ordered temporary tests of such rate-reduction acts and refused to assume without positive proof that the acts were unfair and confiscatory.

Many appeals to the Supreme Court were taken at that time, both on essential and incidental or preliminary issues, and the decisions of that tribunal have been awaited with the deepest concern.

In two of the cases, one from Minnesota and the other from North Carolina, the court rendered important decisions late in March. The cases involved several issues of moment—the right of states to discourage resistance to their laws by severe and excessive penalties; the right of complainants to appeal to federal courts, where they believe their rights under the federal constitution to be menaced, without first taking their cases to state courts; and the power of federal judges, where jurisdiction has been assumed, to issue injunctions restraining sheriffs, attorneys general, and other state officers from seeking to compel obedience to state law.

The decisions are said by many to be revolutionary and destructive of state rights, though the court stood 8 to 1 in both cases and the only dissenter was a Republican judge, Mr. Justice Harlan. The opinion was written by a Democrat, Justice Peckham, and none of the other Democrats on the bench took exception to its reasoning.

In substance, the decisions are as follows:

That where a state act is believed to be invalid and subversive of constitutional rights the aggrieved need not go to the state courts, but may at once appeal to the federal court of the district.

That the federal court may assume jurisdiction and issue an injunction to suspend the law under attack, so as to prevent injury and injustice pending the litigation. That even attorneys-general and other state officers may be thus enjoined from enforcing a violation of the constitution, because a suit against them for such a purpose is not a suit against the state itself, but against individuals acting in its name.

That any act that imposes enormous fines and other excessive penalties in order to discourage litigation and appeals to the courts is invalid on its face, since it tends to deprive citizens of their right to a hearing in court, to the equal protection of the laws.

The court denies that any of these propositions are startlingly novel or epoch-making, but Justice Harlan, though a Republican, agrees with the critics who hold that the decisions introduce a change into the relations between the states and the federal government. There is a demand for an act depriving inferior federal courts of the power to suspend laws and enjoin state officers from enforcing them. Congress can pass such an act, it is believed, without our first amending the constitution. The agitation in the name of state rights will thus continue as to questions of policy and expediency whatever the law may be today.



Prohibition and Interstate Commerce

In view of the remarkable growth of the prohibition sentiment in the United States, especially in the South, where the low saloon patronized by illiterate blacks has been a menace to order and security, the congressional treatment of the question of prohibition has assumed great im-

portance. There are many anti-liquor bills pending. Some would establish prohibition in the Territories and in the District of Columbia, both for the sake of the welfare of the localities and as example to the states, counties and cities. Others deal with the very difficult legal question of interstate commerce in liquor.

The question is difficult because the Supreme Court in a series of decisions has extended what is known as the "original package" doctrine in such a way that the constitutionality of much of what is proposed is admittedly in doubt.

The problem is this: The states may, of course, regulate and even prohibit the manufacture, sale and distribution of liquor within their own boundaries. They may adopt local option laws and enable cities, counties and even wards and precincts to vote for or against the liquor traffic for themselves. But states cannot obstruct or hamper interstate commerce, and liquor is as legitimate a commodity under national law as any other. If, then, liquor is shipped from a license state into prohibition territory, the latter may not confiscate it or injure it in any way, nor may it punish those who receive and distribute it. What can it do? It must wait until the liquor reaches the consignee. The consignee may not sell the liquor or give it away contrary to state law. He may consume it, and serve it to friends at family or social functions, but that is all. This is the present law, as defined by the Supreme Court. The dissatisfaction with it arises from the fact that liquor is shipped C. O. D. into prohibition states, that express companies carry and distribute the packages, and that many of the consignees never order the liquor, but are simply notified that it has been sent in their names to claim it at their discretion and pay for it. This has converted some express company offices into saloons and violates the spirit of the state prohibition laws or policies.

What the bills referred to seek to do is to render liquor thus shipped liable to seizure the moment it enters the

prohibition state or district, before it reaches the individual consignee, actual or imaginary. They limit the conception "interstate commerce" and give to the state some power that has been exercised by the federal government.

Are they constitutional? A Senate subcommittee has, 3 to 2, reported that they are not—that is, that the courts would not be likely to sustain them. But many good lawyers profess the contrary opinion, and the matter will not be dropped. However, it is clear that no matter what Congress might say or do, the question whether any given case of shipment to or of seizure of liquor by a state was an interference that was justified by the laws governing interstate commerce would ultimately have to be decided by the courts.



Woman's Labor and the State

Is a statute limiting the labor of women in factories and laundries constitutional in the United States? Is it a proper regulation, or an arbitrary infringement on the personal and property rights of those affected?

Some years ago the Illinois Supreme Court annulled a law limiting the hours of women's labor. It saw no difference between such legislation and an attempt to limit the hours of work of adult men. Last year the courts of New York annulled a statute prohibiting the employment of women in factories and like establishments at night, after six in the evening and before seven in the morning. They based this decision on the apparently sweeping principle that woman is a full-fledged citizen, enjoying equal civil rights with man, and not in any sense "a ward of the state" to be protected and watched over specially. A closer study of the judicial opinions, however, disclosed many "obiter dicta" therein, and justified the inference that the law would have been upheld if its relation to the health, morals, and welfare of the community had been made more clear. The courts said that there was nothing before them to show that

it was injurious to woman to work in a factory at night, for much depended on the hours, conditions, etc. Would an hour's work at night be bad for the health of any woman under any circumstances? What of the work of women in the homes; what of social entertainments and late hours at opera, balls, etc.? It appears that the statute was considered too loose and too general to be sustained as a health regulation. The decision, however, created much anxiety among humanitarians and social reformers and organized women workers.

Recently the federal Supreme Court passed on the constitutionality of the Oregon law limiting woman's labor to ten hours. The case had attracted national attention and aroused much concern, for in many of our states laws limiting the labor of women have long been in force, unchallenged, and an adverse decision as to one would have invalidated all of them. Very full and elaborate briefs had been submitted to the court, that for the State of Oregon having been prepared by a progressive Boston lawyer after an exhaustive study of scientific, medical, and industrial reports and books bearing on the subject.

The decision was favorable to the law and unanimous. The opinion, by Justice Brewer, is acknowledged to be a masterly discussion of the issues. Its gist is contained in the following lengthy quotation, which we reproduce on account of its deep significance and probable effect on future American legislation:

Differentiated by these matters from the other sex, she is probably placed in a class by herself, and legislation designed for her protection may be sustained, even when like legislation is not necessary for men, and could not be sustained. It is impossible to close one's eyes to the fact that she still looks to her brother and depends upon him. Even though all restrictions on political, personal, and contractual rights were taken away, and she stood, so far as statutes are concerned, upon an absolutely equal plane with him, it would still be true that she is so constituted that she will rest upon and look to him for protection; that her physical structure and a proper discharge of her maternal functions—having in view not merely her own health but the well-being of the race—justify legislation to protect her from the greed as well as the passion of man. The limitations which this statute places upon

her contractual powers, upon her right to agree with her employer as to the time she shall labor, are not imposed solely for her benefit, but also largely for the benefit of all. Many words cannot make this plainer. The two sexes differ in structure of body, in the functions to be performed by each, in the amount of physical strength, in the capacity for long-continued labor, particularly when done standing, the influence of vigorous health upon the future well-being of the race, the self-reliance which enables one to assert full rights, and in the capacity to maintain the struggle for subsistence. This difference justifies a difference in legislation and upholds that which is designed to compensate for some of the burdens which rest upon her.

This decision makes all existing state laws limiting the labor of women safe. It also insures vigorous efforts in Illinois, New York, and elsewhere to re-enact, with needful modifications, the statutes relating to such labor that were declared null and void by the state courts under erroneous theories as to freedom of contract, woman's alleged equality and limitations of the police power of states.

It is now established law in the United States that the labor of women and children may be regulated and limited, not arbitrarily, but to whatever extent the health and welfare of the society and the race may render necessary and proper. The labor of adult men, apparently, is not subject to such regulation, except, perhaps, in extreme cases. Adult men are supposed to be able to take due care of their interests and needs.



NOTE AND COMMENT.

In *Putnam's and The Reader* for March, Mr. Henry Holt begins a series of articles entitled "A Foreign Tour at Home." The first paper narrates the impressions received in Kansas City, Denver, and Colorado Springs. Some excellent illustrations add much to the interest of the account.



Charities and The Commons in its issue of March 7 makes announcement of a series of special numbers to appear next autumn embodying the results of an exhaustive survey of the "living and social conditions" of Pittsburgh, a typical industrial center. The reports promise to be not only a scientific collection of facts but the live story of the conditions under which a large percentage of our countrymen spend their days. A foretaste of the series is to be found in a readable article entitled "What Bad Housing Means to Pittsburgh," well illustrated with photographs of existing conditions.

An article in a recent number of the *Illustrated London News* tells of an expedition organized by Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn to investigate fossil remains in Egypt. The expedition was highly successful and brought to light evidence supporting Professor Osborn's theory that the remote ancestor of the elephant originated in Africa, whence his descendants spread to the other continents. Extraordinary as it may seem the most remote ancestor of the elephant was found to be closely related to the ancestor of the sea-cow.



The National Society of the Fine Arts of Washington has recently appointed a committee to prepare a plan and issue a call for a convention to organize a federation, the object of which is, generally speaking, to improve art conditions in this country. Thirteen specific purposes are enumerated:

1. The organization of art clubs and societies.
2. The establishment of art schools and local art galleries.
3. To encourage American artists; to secure their recognition, and to increase their compensation.
4. To secure the removal of the duty on works of art and books and other publications devoted to the fine arts.
5. To improve national, state, municipal and private architecture.
6. To extend public parks and playgrounds and to encourage individuals to beautify their own property.
7. To promote all movements for village improvements and plans for beautifying cities.
8. To assist in preserving natural scenery from destruction and desecration, and to extend the national park system.
9. To assist in the protection of the forests and streams; to encourage the planting of trees, the planting of flower gardens and decoration of door yards, and everything that will embellish the public streets of our cities, towns and villages.
10. To assist in the publication of a magazine devoted to news concerning art and kindred topics. The proposed magazine is to be the organ and exponent of the federation as "Science" is the organ of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and the Geographical Magazine is the organ of the National Geographical Society.
11. To support and advance the National Gallery of Art, which has already been established under the Smithsonian Institution by bequests of important collections from the late Harriet Lane Johnston of Washington, Mr. Evans of New York and Mr. Freer of Detroit.
12. To assist in securing the erection of an appropriate building for the National Gallery corresponding at Washington to the Congressional Library and the new National Museum.
13. Finally, to make Washington the art center of the United States, as it is already the political center and is rapidly becoming the scientific and educational center of the country.



A Century of Foreign Criticism On The United States---A Study of Progress.*

XVI. Signs of Progress

(CONCLUDED).

By John Graham Brooks

IN a lecture on this coy subject of Progress, I sat beside an expectant stranger who listened with lessening attention for about twenty minutes. Then, with visible irritation, he reached for his hat, saying, "I'm too busy to listen any longer to this infernal pig-iron theory of progress."

It was a true description of the discourse. It was progress in terms of pig-iron and kindred material products, and yet this waspish auditor was not altogether fair to the lecturer. His figures had a kind of poetry of their own, as one watched the graphic tables through which the story was told. It yet seemed to me to stand for progress, that

*This is the concluding article of Mr. Brooks' series. The articles by months were: September: I. "The Problem Opened;" II. "Concerning Our Critics." October: III. "Who is the American?" IV. "Our Talent for Bragging." November: V. "Some Other Peculiarities;" VI. "American Sensitiveness." December: VII. "The Mother Country as a Critic;" VIII. "Change in the Tone of Foreign Criticism." January: IX. "Higher Criticism;" X. "Other French Visitors;" XI. "Democracy and Manners." February: XII. "Our Monopoly of Wit;" XIII. "Our Greatest Critic." March: XIV. "A Philosopher as Mediator;" XV. "A Socialist Critic." April: "Progress."

this impatient hearer was unfed by all the dazzling accumulations. He had heard the tale of our material greatness so often, that he wanted other proofs. Is the time never to come, he seemed to ask, when we can safely take the pig-iron side of our civilization for granted? We have heard the critics find a deal of fault with our harping on all manner of bignesses and rapidities. If social movement has a right direction in America; if there is the movement of growth and improvement, appeal has to be made to something besides bigness or swiftness. Questions mainly about the quality of things have to be asked, and not alone about the quality of *things*, but about the quality of whatever constitutes the moral and intellectual temper of our people and institutions. For example, is there among our citizens increase of public spirit as against sectional narrowness? Is there improvement in the public taste and manners? Is educational opportunity broadening, and the standard of education rising? Are we more ashamed of bluster and pretence? Is the public quicker to condemn the turpitude in business and public office? Is there a growing decency in our politics? Is the Press—"that test of democracy"—better or worse?

These are some of the hard questions that must be raised and in some way answered before the case for progress can be made out.

Several of these questions have already been hopefully answered by our critics. For more than half of the nineteenth century, the best of them are full of doubts about our future, so far as all ideals of mind and heart are concerned. Decade by decade the tone has changed until toward the close of the century, we have from them ungrudging admission that the institutions and the people of the United States have far outstripped expectations, so far as education, science, and many of the arts are concerned. The last quarter of a century has revealed other hungers and

other capacities that are classed in every country among the things of the spirit. In successive chapters, we have seen how ungrudgingly these higher attainments have been recognized by the ablest men and women who have told their story in all sorts of "Impressions of America." About two things they hesitate,—our politics and our press.

Let us look first at the press. It would have disheartening significance if this were failing us; if it were, as one often hears, becoming a meaner rather than a nobler influence; if taken as a whole, it were on the devil's side. For a hundred years it has been singled out as an object of vituperation. It was "The Daily Bulletin from the sick bed of civilization." It has, says another, turned us into the "Gehenna of the United States." In 1898 a foreign scholar wrote, "I ask but one proof that civilization in the United States is a failure. Her press alone gives you more proof than you require." Let us accept the test, and allow the critics, with a little nudging, to answer the question.

The above tone against the press continues until a few exceptions begin to be noted near the middle of the century. But the press in general gets little quarter until very recent times. Even now, nothing except our politics excites more critical condemnation. The average visitor buys a batch of the more notorious journals. On the headlines and brawling sensational features he makes up his little budget of comments. One of them writes, "If I wished to convince any rational being that the ruin of democracy is certain, I should see that he spent a few evenings reading these sheets." This is as if one were to test the excellence of the Dresden Gallery by the dozen worst canvasses on its walls, or a people's health by visiting the hospitals. Just above this type of observer is one who discriminates so far as to select in the East and West a group of papers that are admitted to be admirable and, to this extent the judgment is qualified. Matthew

Arnold and Professor von Holst found certain journals in the United States as able as any printed in Europe, but scarcely before the twentieth century has anyone attempted to study our Press *as a whole*. A simple incident shows what this more careful and discriminating study produces in way of criticism.

Two years ago an author and editorial writer on one of the London papers came to investigate this subject. I begged him to include in his examination not alone the dailies, but the weekly, the fortnightly and the monthly products, *The World's Work*, *McClure's*, *Review of Reviews*, *The Outlook*, *Collier's*, *The Ladies Home Journal*, *The World Today*, *The Youth's Companion*, *The Independent*, and a dozen others. Many of these summarize news and cope with every besetting problem as the older magazines that do us so much honor could not attempt. They are as integrally a part of our Press as a sheet with five daily editions. Some of these magazines are said to be given to muck-raking and to sensations. If the charge is true, it is a use of the rake that we need as sorely as the crippled or the sick need surgeons and doctors. The *few* have always known the existence and the nature of our real social perils, but methods of secrecy, created by the winners in our competitive system, have prevented the people as a whole from having the least intellectual grasp of ills from which they most suffer. One by one these eating sores, with the secrecy which sheltered them, are being laid bare to us all.

In this initial work of regeneration, the best of our dailies have had their influence immeasurably increased by periodicals of the type partially named. The cheap magazine is unhampered by local influence. It speaks to the nation. No one pretends that the magazines named are on sale to any capitalistic influence. If one were "bought," young fellows with ideals still burning in them would put another in its place. So incalculable has been their service



Backwoodsmen and a Steamboat Pilot of Frontier Days.

in making the millions see the danger-spots in the Republic; seeing them so clearly as to bring the question of remedies within the region of practical politics that they are already lively competitors in point of moral influence with the college and the church. Half playfully William James wonders if the future historian will not find young men turning from the university to the cheap magazine for help. This is already true. In every state and city where the fight for clean citizenship is really on, the achieving men get instruction and inspiration from these same sources, just as many an academic teacher goes to these same magazines to be trained for his own proper work.

When the English author above mentioned had done his work upon this inclusive journalism, he told me, "No nation has a press that should excite more pride* and en-

*Another English editor, Mr. Stead, writes, "*The Century*, *Scribner's* and *Harper's* are three periodicals the like of which we may search in vain through the periodical literature of the world. The *American Review of Reviews* is much superior in price and general get-up and advertisements to the English *Review of Reviews* from which it sprang. We have no magazine comparable to the *World's Work*. Neither have we anything comparable to the *Youth's Companion*, *The Ladies' Home Journal*, or *Success*."

couragement than yours. Nowhere is a part of it worse; nowhere is the other part so good. No other people *dare* to take the lid off as you do, and that is your safety."

Like every other issue with which we have dealt, the question of press influence is one of comparison and of tendency. Is the *collective* influence of the press greater for good in the twentieth century than it was in 1800 or in 1825? Anyone who cares to spend two days upon the dingy files of those older organs, will see that they resemble the worst or the weakest of our present-day press, but bear little resemblance to the best of our press today. The temper of the time may be shown in a single incident in 1812. It concerns the *Federal Republican*, published in Baltimore. For years it used against the Government and the democracy a personal bitterness so extreme that the building in which it was published was destroyed together with the type and presses. Against all warnings, a plucky attempt was made by Editor Hanson to continue the publication. The author of "Home, Sweet Home," gave what proved to be most costly advice. A score of brave men promised to defend the new building from which the paper was to reappear. It was attacked with such fury that the public authorities were helpless. They got the men into jail to protect them, but this was attacked. Half the prisoners escaped, but nine were clubbed to death, after which their bodies were treated with insane brutality which only Indians on the war path could have matched.

Our stomach is still strong for literary enormities in every variety, but the billingsgate and vituperation of a century ago, we should not tolerate. It is only the "submerged tenth" of our press that equals it. It was not alone the famous Editor Duane, of whom it was written:

Law, order, talents, and civility,
Before your worshipful mobility,
Must bow, while you their thinking man,
Lead by the nose your kindred clan.



Stage Coach Days.

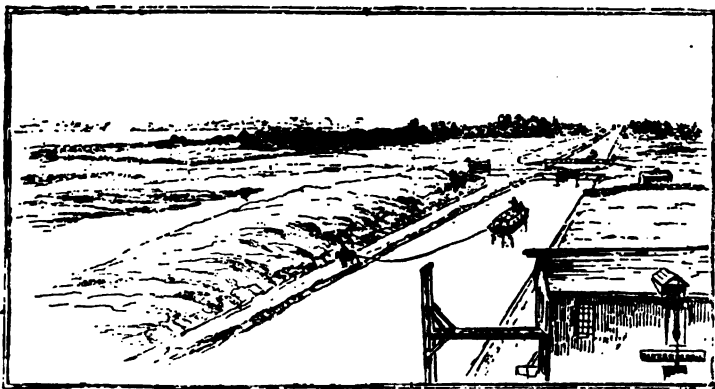
Thou art indeed a rogue as sly
 As ever coined the ready lie
 Amongst the Catilines of faction,
 None calls more energies in action.
 With impudence the most consummate,
 You publish all that you can come at,
 To make for discord's sake, a handle,
 Of private anecdote, or scandal.

This editorial shyster is often singled out as an exception, but our ablest historian of that quarter of a century says he was but one among other "scurrilous libellers."

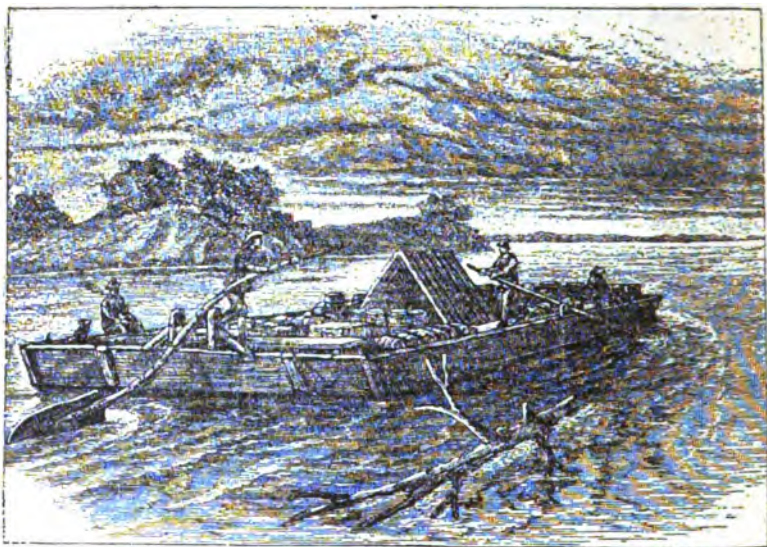
"William Coleman, who in 1801 became editor of the *New York Evening Post* under the eye of Alexander Hamilton; 'so was the refined Joseph Dennie, who in the same year established at Philadelphia the *Portfolio*, a weekly paper devoted to literature, in which for years to come he was to write literary essays, diversified by slander of Jefferson. Perhaps none of these habitual libellers deserved censure so much as Fisher Ames, the idol of respectability, who cheered on his party to vituperate his political opponents. He saw no harm in showing 'the knaves,' Jefferson and Gallatin, the cold-thinking villains who lead, 'whose black blood runs intemperately bad,' the motives of their own base hearts.'"

*Adams, Vol. I, p. 119.

But if democracy's chief educator—the Press—has improved; if the *totality* of press influence is now more effective for good; if the best of it is arousing the people first to a consciousness, and then to a new sensitiveness and shame about our national vices, can any comparable word of hope be spoken about our *Politics*? Very tardily we have learned that no answer can be given to this inquiry about politics unless we include in the question the chief commercial activities; especially those that have a monopoly character. Our more powerful business interests give both shape and color to politics. Politics does not improve unless business methods also improve. Especially in a democracy, the morals of business and of politics will rise or fall together. If leading business enterprises are as lax and reckless as they were after our Civil War, nothing could prevent scandals as gross as those in Grant's administration. Aaron Burr's sinister political influence was neither greater nor less than the corrupt business support that was behind him. The politics of Pennsylvania and Rhode Island are today largely what the chief local business methods of monopoly character have made them. The task, then, is no less formidable than this: to show that



Western end of the Erie Canal. From an old drawing made by Captain Basil Hall.



Flat-boat on the Mississippi in the early days.

standards have risen alike in business methods and in political activity. The story of New York and Chicago street railways, the story of St. Louis, Philadelphia and San Francisco are fresh in our minds. What at any time could have been worse than these tabulated histories? The fleecing of the public in these and a score of other industries is on a scale so immense that the wiles of the older time seem in comparison like the naughtiness of children. Yet nothing stands out in our record with greater clearness than the rise of business and political standards, *if the temper of the community is taken as a whole*. The only sure test of a rising standard must be in the increased popular sensitiveness to social evils. If we are quicker to smart under them; if we are more ready and alert to oppose them, the spirit of improvement is astir among us. Whenever a community becomes conscious and sensitive about an evil, progress so far has begun. It may be cruelty to children

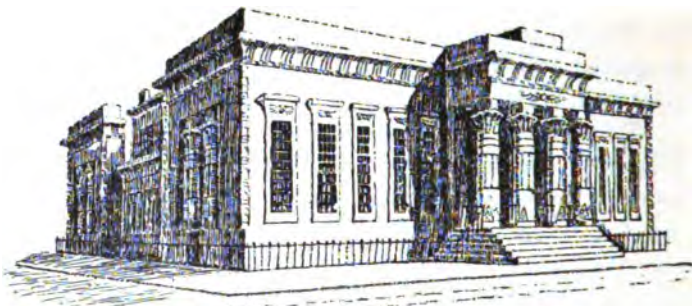
or to animals. To get a new social feeling as to what this cruelty means, then to organize the feeling into a recognized standard, so that it may be penalized and put under ban, is progress.

This forward social movement may be seen in almost every phase of life noted by our critics. It is hard now to picture a community in the nineteenth century which tolerated a set of toughs who let their nails grow long in order to gouge out other men's eyes and to maim each other in ways still more hideous. Yet this was an amusement which never failed of an audience. As indications of callous inhumanity, those brutalities are little if any worse than the miscellaneous savagery against those who fell into debt, often by mishaps that should have excited only pity, or than the prevailing treatment of the insane which few of us can now read without a physical shrinking. The prisons where these atrocities went on were openly accessible to public observation in the very pick of New England communities.

Here are examples vouched for by our historian Mc-Masters:

"The face of the land was dotted with prisons where deeds of cruelty were done in comparison with which the foulest acts committed in the hulks sink to a contemptible insignificance. For more than fifty years after the peace, there was in Connecticut an underground prison which surpassed in horrors the Black Hole of Calcutta. This den, known as the Newgate Prison, was in an old worked-out copper mine in the hills near Granby. The only entrance to it was by means of a ladder down a shaft which led to the caverns underground. There, in little pens of wood, from thirty to one hundred culprits were immured, their feet made fast to iron bars, and their necks chained to beams in the roof. The darkness was intense; the caves reeked with filth; vermin abounded; water trickled from the roof and oozed from the sides of the caverns; huge masses of earth were perpetually falling off. In the dampness and the filth the clothing of the prisoners grew mouldy and rotted away, and their limbs became stiff with rheumatism."

"At Northampton the cells were scarce four feet high, and



The old New York Tombs, Modeled after the Egyptian Style of Architecture.

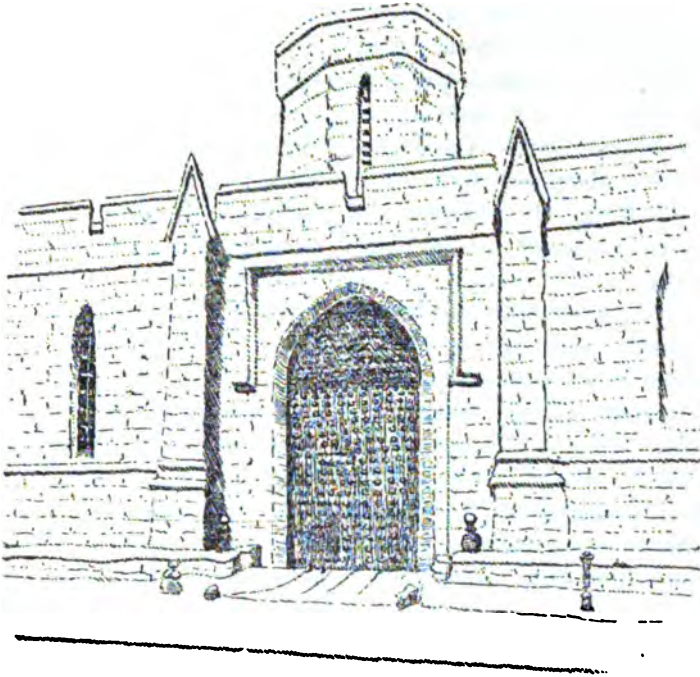
filled with noxious gases of the privy vaults through which they were supposed to be ventilated. At the Worcester prison were a number of like cells, four feet high by eleven long, without a window or a chimney, or even a hole in the wall. Not a ray of light ever penetrated them."

"Modes of punishment long since driven from prisons with execrations as worthy of an African kraal were looked upon by society with a profound indifference. The tread-mill was always going. The pillory and the stocks were never empty. The shears, the branding irons and the lash were never idle for a day."

From a report of the committee of the Humane Society (New York, 1809) we get a glimpse of prisons that were in still more ghastly condition. In one, it was the occupation of a burly negro to strip and flog the inmates. The committee found those in chains who had been in these foul quarters so long that no one connected with the prison could throw the least light on the cause of imprisonment. One of these victims was found to be both insane and blind. He was in such tatters that the visitors, who called special attention to him, are told that it does no good to give him clothes because "*the rats will eat them off him.*"

That these abominations could exist; that they could be so widely known to the public, represents an indifference to suffering which we have put a good way behind us.

The atrocities committed against a large part of those



Entrance to the Philadelphia Bastille, one of the Prisons denounced by Dickens.

who could not pay their debts may be seen in the fact that the Embargo of 1808 caused a business depression so sharp that thousands of hard working and honest people could not meet their liabilities. They were not to blame for the panic, but in 1809 the prisons were choked with men and women who owed sums of less than ten dollars. For the very poorest of these there was in many instances actually no provision made by state or city even to feed them. There was no attempt made at ventilation, nor was there the slightest sanitary care. There seems never to have been room enough, so that damp cellars were usually crowded. Sickness and an appalling death rate were, of course inevitable.

In the United States of today those barbarities would excite a riot of moral revolt. We are still very dense in dealing with crime but our advance in humaneness and in solicitude for suffering is so great that we seem to be in another world. But it is very evident that this improved feeling about *one* form of evil cannot long be confined to that alone. It will slowly assert itself in revolt against other forms of evil as their social harmfulness becomes clear.

This is what has happened also in the business and political world. We have at last begun to be sensitive about innumerable transactions that were accepted by our ancestors as they tolerated the atrocities of the prisons. When Marryat* reports the saucy unconcern with which an official tells him openly that his salary is so much, and his "stealings" so much besides, it is not merely a facetious stroke, it represents a condition that we have outgrown to the extent that public opinion is now stung into criticism and into action.

The head of one of the best known commission houses in New York City has in his library documents which record accurately the methods of his branch of business for two generations. He tells me that no one familiar with business can study that record without seeing that the "market tone" has risen. It is not merely that a relatively larger and larger part of business is done on credit that *assumes* a prevailing trustworthiness in the trade, but he adds, "We are compelled today to be a great deal more solicitous about the entire moral side of our dealings."

As high a type of citizen and large business man as New England has produced in our time—the late John M. Forbes—said openly that in his earlier business career

*"I asked how much his office was worth, and his answer was six hundred dollars, besides *stealings*. This was, at all events, frank and honest; in England the word would have been softened down to perquisites. I afterwards found that it was a common expression in the States to say a place was worth so much besides *cheatage*." Marryat, (I), p. 194.

"things were done by trustees that the public would not for an instant stand today, and they were done *without a thought of their being wrong*."* As one moves from city to city toward the West, the same reply is almost invariably given. For a good many years I have sought evidence on this point. As older inhabitants will illustrate by their personal observation, the solid improvement in drinking habits; in social refinements; in more varied and wholesome pleasures; in all that touches public and private health; they will also tell you that the political and business trickeries, common in the older time, would today excite more instant criticism.

The sickening details of business and political corruption that followed our Civil War led the late Senator Hoar to examine the old records of our "idolized days"—the days of Washington, Adams, and Jefferson. The honest Massachusetts senator had been made half ill by the magnitude of revealed corruption in General Grant's administration (chiefly the whiskey frauds and those under Secretary Belknap). It was from this low ebb that he made his comparison. His judgment is unequivocally this, that the politics of those admired days were not only more corrupt than today, but more corrupt as compared to the worst of Grant's regime.†

In the chapter on "Our Greatest Critic" it was asked if there were anywhere in the pages of Mr. Bryce actual *evidence* for his sustained and buoyant spirit of hopefulness about this country. We may believe as a matter of faith, never so stoutly, that all is to come right, but Mr. Bryce's volumes scarcely contain the reasons for his optimism,

*In speaking of the scandals after our Civil War, the historian Rhodes describes the popular feeling as severe against the bribe-taker but not against the bribe-giver. "In business ethics the man who took a bribe was dishonorable, the man who gave it was not." Vol. VII, p. 11.

†The reader who wishes to refresh his mind on the degree of corruption that came after our Civil War, may find it in the calm wise pages of Rhodes' History of the United States, 7th volume.

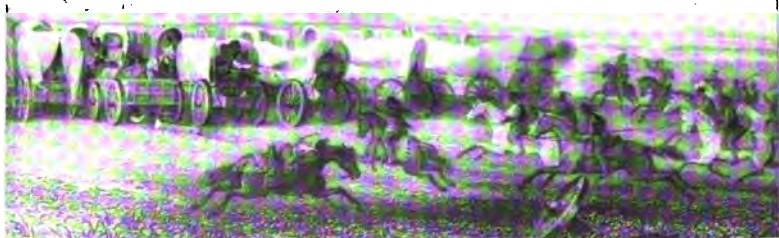
apart from his faith and good will. After he has disclosed some staggering political evil, we are often left speculating just why the flame of his good cheer loses neither light nor heat. It burns on undiminished and we too feel that he is right. We too cling to our faith that all will turn out well with us and our institutions; but are there *proofs* that our movement and direction are right?

In the open record covered by our list of critics, there are substance and material in abundance to answer the question. Bad as we now are and indefensible as our iniquities may be, our ancestors acted upon the whole with less political and business scruple than we now act. But a word of warning is necessary.

It would be most disreputable work to "show up" the infirmities of these ancestors, if it were to leave us with added self-complacency. Our sins are relatively and for our times as great as theirs, and we shall not wash them out except by suffering and by struggle. If this is our spirit, we do those ancestors no wrong in telling the truths of progress and of growth.

We have to go back hardly more than two generations before our first critic, to see many illustrious American families accepting undisturbed a goodly portion of their income from very murderous piracies on the high seas. They took the blood money without a shiver. It was the wont and usage of the time. There was no conviction of sin about partnership in such robberies. This degree of callousness is left behind as we approach the nineteenth century. But in the year 1800 and long after it, there were business and political practices widely current that excited far less shame and protest than those practices now excite. This new sensitiveness, coupled with immense organized energies to curb the evils, is itself a definition of Progress. But are we making headway?

Let us look at the one State where we can best see the interaction between politics and privileged business early



Emigrants of the early days attacked by Comanches.



A Prairie Fire.

in the last century, the State of New York. The work of transcribing events authentically from the journals of the Senate has been so far done, that we know accurately what happened. It was long thought that New York was the one unhappy exception. We now know that it stood fairly for methods that were very general throughout the country. In 1816 the aldermen were stealing the city land and by tricks inconceivable in that city to-day. The great number of state licensed lotteries were not alone a source of debauchery in themselves, they had a political use which was even worse. The history of favors secured by the Exchange Bank in 1818 was rank with venality. To buy legislative aid with Bank or Insurance Company stock was a system. The frauds of the insurance companies were far more openly gross than any we have known in our day. From 1805, the relation of chartered business to political scandals continued with regularity and notoriety. In 1812 the Assembly compelled its members to pledge themselves not to sell their votes, though this pledge was of short duration. The story of the Brooklyn Ferry Monopoly, of the Commercial Bank, of the Chemical Bank, of the capitalization of the State Bank, and of the Manhattan Bank which the politicians controlled, are one and all of the same character.*

*Let the reader turn to McMaster (vol VI., p. 405) and note what banking methods were in use twenty-five years later.



When the contest for full manhood suffrage came in 1820, the richer class was shocked because "corruption would come in *with the people*." It is true the people were used to this end, but the essential evil in its worse form was all there and never more gluttonously used, than when the suffrage was confined to "the safe property interests," to the genteel and the well-nurtured. Why, then, should the blame have been heaped alone upon the poor political goat, as if he alone were the sinner? Why should the business partner get off so easily? Not until within ten years has this union between business and politics had a popular and convincing explanation. We see at last that if a great mining area like Montana develops a fierce competitive and gambling spirit, the state politics will merely reflect that spirit, and the richest man who wants it will buy his place in the Senate. If the chief industry is lumbering and the competitive passion connives at the organized robbery of public forests, the same type of man takes his seat in that body. The cry was always heard, "Politics must be reformed!" The cry should have been, "Those business methods which *create* politics must be reformed!" To have made this discovery; to see what it means with the railroads, forests, grazing lands, mines, and all forms of chartered privilege, is more important than any mechanical discovery of our age. To go straight on in the way we have at last set out, to bring this whole group of privileges under social control; to stop once for all private persons from using these immense values as mere dice in their game; to stop the interception of unearned wealth that has made our craziest inequalities, is the kind of progress that puts justice and fair dealing into our business and *therefore* into our politics.* The whole renaissance of ardor and interest in civic decency that is now alive in the nation;

*We shall sometime wake out of our drugged condition to see that the excesses of our tariff (as in Pennsylvania) have sunk the political tone and method to depths from which it will require the moral valor of a generation to lift and free us.

that pulses in the best of our press; that gives us a score of books each year and has created hundreds of active organizations in the country, is largely due to the new confidence that we see what the evil is and how to measure our strength against it.

Again and again, our best critics have noted a sinister "fatalism" in our attitude toward these evils. "You cannot get your American to kick unless he is threatened by some dramatic disaster," is said of us for a hundred years. The kicking has set in, and the altered experience through which the talent has developed is full of hope. Two generations ago Abdy was in despair about slavery because "the people I meet will not admit it to be evil." The second phase of this despair was that "even if it is an evil, nothing can be done about it." We have passed through both those phases as they concern a great many social perils.

In 1830 a writer records this about tuberculosis: "What they call 'consumption' kills the Americans as if they were perpetually in battle; but they speak of it as if it were in no way their concern, rather as if God sent it for some reason of His own." We are now assured that "simply to use the knowledge" at our disposal is to check tuberculosis as effectively as has been done in the case of small-pox.

But this new consciousness of power over evils that had been accepted as fatal, is no longer confined to diseases of the body. We are learning that political and industrial diseases are no more a necessity than yellow fever. A new shame has come to Americans throughout the land because they were so long and so cheaply fooled by common rogues in the shape of party bosses created and backed by privileged interests. East and West so many of these creatures have been put to rout and the tawdry tricks exposed, that the question rises why we were so long lulled into this fool's submission. It was largely because we did

not see straight. It was largely because the deeper causes of bad politics were hidden from us. To leave privileged monopoly in private hands with only a pretence of regulation, is an open and direct premium upon organized bribe giving and bribe taking. Every special vice was protected and encouraged by the methods of secrecy which these favored monopolies were permitted to use. The public gave outright every chartered condition on which monopoly rests. These indispensable grants gave rights to state and city which we clean forgot, until the abuses became so topping and outrageous that the close of the nineteenth century saw the beginning of a revolt which another generation will count quite as revolutionary as the uprising against slavery after 1830. If less desperate, the struggle before us will be as long as that against the other slavery. It will weigh men in the balance, even as it did then. It will call forth noble heroism and, alas! also the cringing cowardice which selfish idolatries always engender. None of us will escape the test. The Church, the College, the Press, will no more avoid it than the politician or the man in the street.

It is progress to be awakened to the facts. To have begun the struggle is further progress. The one hope of it all is to realize that the main work has yet to be done. It lies there before us solely as opportunity; opportunity for large and disinterested citizenship.

Not a tittle more democracy can be ours than that which is measured by our freedom from these pampered monopolies which we created by our common negligence and our common ignorance, and have so long permitted as to leave very few of us without consenting guilt. As the mass and extent of this lawlessness has been laid bare so that the people could see how deep and dangerous a pit we have been digging for popular government, the revolt has come. It has for the first time in our history shown vigor enough to frighten the lawbreakers. They are now

crying for relief. In the words of another classic law-breaker,

"I'm a quiet Old Cove," says he with a groan :
"All I axes is—Let me alone."

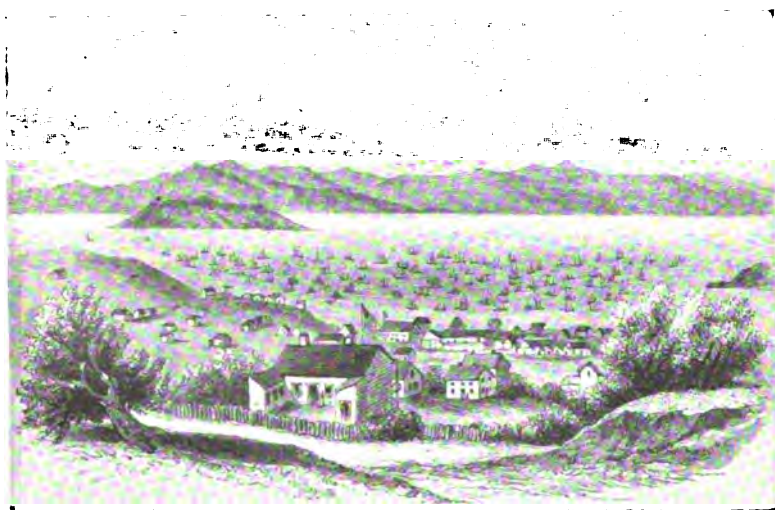
But why "let alone?" "Because," says the Cove, "money incomes will be endangered. We have been corrupting and breaking the laws of the people. That is true of us; but to make us obey those laws will injure business and it will, moreover, hurt a great many innocent people."

This in its nakedness is the answer. The shabby excuse appears unashamed in scores of our papers. Yet, there is nothing less than the Nation's honor and health at stake. Will the people continue to tolerate the corruption and the lawlessness for the sake of these stock-exchange estimates? For the entire people and for a larger future, this cash-box reckoning is false. It is true, if at all, only for the few and for the immediate present. Political and business honesty must surely be best in the long run for the great body of our people. We shall go on struggling and caring for the money income, but we must learn also to care greatly and with some passion for business straightness and political cleanness. This nobler solicitude will prove the one unavoidable test of our democracy. We have begun now to compel our money kings to play a fair game and obey the law. This is well and necessary, because they have so *conspicuously* disobeyed. They have caused more havoc than lesser folk. They have rifled the people's wealth. But most of them have also organized, built up, and immensely developed our national resources. This shall go down to their credit. There is no unpleasanter fact about "us common people" than the desire, old as it is new, to have a scapegoat upon which to pack our own sins. We are now forcing "the rich" into this service. They must be made to act legally; but so must all of us be made to act legally.

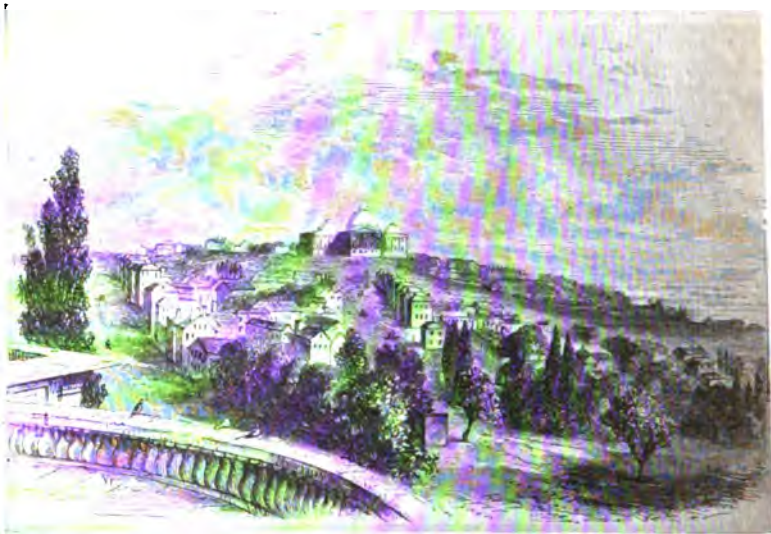
To get this sense of law-abidingness into our minds *as a people*, is the duty above all others now before us. To



Detroit in 1815.



Site of San Francisco in 1848.



Washington, from a sketch made about 1830.

look the dishonors straight in the face; to flay bribe-sanctioning at the top, as we flay bribe-taking at the bottom; to see that the corrupting of a legislature is a darker and a meaner sin than the slugging of a scab; to ask for "law and order" among the mighty as we ask it among the obscure; to set ourselves grimly and a little sadly—as if with a sense of common frailty—to the great task of national house cleaning, is the solemn beginning to which we are committed in these early days of the twentieth century.

It will not pass as a spasm of moral irritation because a deep and sustaining popular sentiment has at last been aroused and instructed. Men with stout hearts willing to fight on the outer lines may now count on this support. It is a sentiment that cannot lessen because the causes out of which it sprang are multiplying in the community. Where the people have suffered most, there the flame of the new feeling is at its height. From Oregon to Los Angeles the uprising is most clearly felt.

It was on that fateful Pacific coast that the people came first to see the whole lying farce of "representative government." Monopoly-made politics had there a stalking affrontery which was all the swifter to carry its convincing lessons to the people.

The ringing cry for direct primary, referendum, initiative, recall, and popular election of senators which fills that freer air is the challenge to monopoly privilege. It is the cry for that measure of economic and political equality which has long been our theory, but never our practise. It is the cry that democratic government shall now *begin* in the United States.

This hardier spirit is everywhere alive in the great West. It is alive in the East, but the sanctities of precedent and privilege lie heavier upon us. If any genius had a gift to compare deeply and truthfully Philadelphia with San Francisco, the story would enlighten us like a message from the gods. Yet the new moral reckoning is of no section; neither is it of any party, sect or nationality.

In the long list of the century's critics there is scarcely a volume which does not directly or indirectly, willingly or unwillingly, bear witness to this slow rise in social sensitiveness, and in social purpose to free ourselves from industrial and political tyrannies. Twenty years ago, one of these censors used words with which I gladly close this study. Though they apply to other nations, we can well afford to take the hint they offer.

"If the American should once become possessed of a little genuine humility, a humility without loss of courage or self-respect; if he lost a little hardness in his self-confidence and became more teachable, his mastery in the art of self-government would easily lead the world."

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The Story of American Painting*

IX. Contemporary Landscape Painting

By George Breed Zug.

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of Chicago.

IN other chapters of this series accounts have been given of our first group of landscape painters in whom certain technical and intellectual traits were found to be common and who were accordingly considered as constituting a "school." The members of the Hudson River School were serious artists with high ideals and praiseworthy patriotic sentiments, but, however worthy they were as men, and however noble their art in purpose, they worked on what now seem to have been false principles in that one of their great objects was not so much good painting as the slavish imitation of nature and the inspiring of supposedly elevated thoughts by the representation of supposedly noble themes. Many of these painters had been engravers and their faults result partly from the detailed manner of work in engraving, but still more from their primitive conception of nature and of art;

*This is the last article in the series recounting the history of American Painting. The articles heretofore printed were: "Foreword" and "Painting in Colonies" (September); "The Period of the Revolution" (October); "The Years of Preliminary Growth" (November); "Formative Influences" (December); "The Development of Landscape and Marine Painting" (February); "Modern Portrait Painting" (March); "Contemporary Figure Painting," and "Contemporary Mural Painting" (April).

and, finally, from the influence the niggling drawing, muddy painting and ambitious subjects of the German artists.

It has also been pointed out that William Morris Hunt was extremely influential in the final reaction against the chromo-like effects of the Dusseldorf school and in favor of the introduction of French methods and ideals. (For landscapes by members of the Hudson River School, see *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, November, 1907; for analysis of this school, the issue for February, 1908. Accounts of the varied activities of William Morris Hunt and reproductions of his works, will be found in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* for December, 1907, February, 1908, and April, 1908.) Not only Hunt but also LaFarge* was a reactionist. They may be taken as the two great artists who most helped to change our conservative and conventional methods and ideals to an untrammelled observation and interpretation of nature. They represent a transition from our elder artists of the early nineteenth century to our contemporary painters. These two men are our most versatile artists, for the range and variety of their art have been immense. While both were masters of landscape there is no doubt that their greatest influence was exerted as teachers and as masters of figure painting.

The corresponding position of transitional painters among the landscapists is held by three men—George Inness, Alexander H. Wyant, and Homer D. Martin. It was they who showed American painters and people the larger view of nature and of art which they had themselves in part discovered, and which was coming to the fullest expression in the works of the Barbizon School. Although Martin and Wyant were perhaps as great in their work and character as Inness, the latter had more influence and was the senior of the other two by eleven years. We shall consider him as the representative of the newer ideas.

George Inness was born on a farm near Newburgh,

*For brief account of LaFarge see *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, April, 1908; and bibliography.

N. Y., in 1825 and was taken to Newark, N. J., when but a child. At sixteen he studied drawing with a teacher in Newark; at eighteen he began to learn the trade of engraving but soon had to abandon this because of ill health. When little more than twenty he studied painting for a few weeks only with Gignoux, a young French painter, resident in New York. This was the sum total of Inness's training under teachers. For the rest he was self-taught. His apprenticeship was made slow and toilsome by his unfavorable surroundings. For years he was struggling to do unaided and alone what the French painters of the Barbizon School were doing with every advantage of tradition and coöperation. His work may be divided into three periods which correspond roughly to the time before, during, and after the civil war. His work of the first period was painstaking and analytical; he was learning nature at first hand and also laying the foundation for his broader and more imaginative manner. His second period is characterized by greater breadth and freedom of handling, less pettiness, and still more reverent study of nature in her larger aspects. The logical outgrowth of his second period is his third period with its greater sureness of technique and of purpose. This third stage of growth may be said to begin in the late seventies. In it he became more synthetic and more careless of form, more intense in expression by means of color and chiaroscuro. As a result he becomes more stimulating to the imagination. He is best known by his great paintings of his middle and later periods. His well-named "Peace and Plenty" (THE CHAUTAUQUAN, Feb., 1908, p. 373,) is of the year 1865; "Delaware Valley" (THE CHAUTAUQUAN, same, p. 372), is of 1867, while the noble "Autumn Oaks" is, to judge by its broader manner, a somewhat later work.

Important in his development were his visits to Europe in 1847, 1851, 1854, and his longer visit from 1861-1864. Greatly formative were his impressions of Italy, and, above all, the influence of the Barbizon men,—Corot, Rousseau,

and Daubigny. In no sense their imitator he was unquestionably of their spiritual kin. For he has their sensitiveness to the moods of nature and something of their gift of poetic interpretation.

Inness loved and painted the "civilized landscape" and in this his chosen field he was most various. He painted nature in all weathers and seasons, yet he seemed to prefer stormy skies, evenings, and early mornings. He loved the richness of the midsummer and the autumn coloring and especially those times when the sun diffuses a golden glow over all. He has not been so generally appreciated by his countrymen as he deserves, but by connoisseurs and critics he has long been considered the father of the naturalistic movement in landscape in America. He had, to be sure, decided limitations. He is an uneven painter, sometimes spotty, and often does not render the texture of the clouds, rocks, or earth so well as Wyant, and not nearly so well as some of the Barbizon painters. In his late period especially he is frequently vague and lacking in definiteness in the rendering of form. But frequently he is entirely successful, and perfectly adapts his means to his end. He is greatest, perhaps, in his color, his composition, and in his imagination. He is our great, perhaps our greatest, poet of landscape. Like the true artist he was, he was never content with his accomplishment, but was altering and amending up to the time of his death in Scotland in 1894. Many years before this he had adopted the Swedenborgian faith and this faith ennobled his art. It is recorded that he said, "The true use of art is, first, to cultivate the artist's own spiritual nature, and, second, to enter as a factor in general civilization. The true artistic impulse is divine."

Alexander H. Wyant (1836-1892), the "Poet of the Adirondacks," lacked Inness's imagination and his wide range. He devoted his art chiefly to the interpretation of restricted portions of the Adirondack and the Catskills regions. Different as he was both as a painter and a man from his friend Inness, he resembles him in the earnestness

of his endeavor and in the steady progress of his art. That he was a great painter with a fine feeling for the forms of nature and for the poetry of atmosphere may be seen from scores of his tender yet virile interpretations of woodland scenes, such as his "Broad Silent Valley" (THE CHAUTAUQUAN, Feb., 1908, p. 369), or his "Glimpse of the Sea," which we reproduce.

Homer D. Martin (1836-1897) was an equally important, though a very different kind of a painter, and resembled his two great contemporaries in the gradual development of his artistic gift. His changes of style are greater than Wyant's and almost as various as Inness's. He started with a manner very similar to that of the best Hudson River men, though more tender and sympathetic. Afterwards, during what may be called his second period when he visited Europe repeatedly, he was strongly affected by the contemporary movement in France. His beautiful "View of the Seine" (THE CHAUTAUQUAN, Feb., 1908, p. 376) while strikingly reminiscent of Daubigny is representative of but one of many phases of his art. In his latest period he was again in America painting much the same subjects as in his early career,—mountains, forests, and rivers, but with increased freedom and mastery of the brush, and usually with something of the tender melancholy which nearly always characterizes his art.*

That the modern movement in landscape in America is still young is proved by the fact that these its pioneers passed away but yesterday. In another chapter of this series (see THE CHAUTAUQUAN, Feb., 1908, p. 379,) the names of a number of contemporaries of Inness, Martin, and Wyant were mentioned. It will, therefore, not be necessary to

*A sympathetic biography written by his wife is mentioned in our bibliography. It will be found especially useful for the account of his very interesting personality, and for its many illustrations which show his development.

A number of important works by American artists, among them Martin, Wyant, and Inness have recently been presented to the National Museum at Washington, D. C., and are on view in the Corcoran Gallery in that city.

dwell upon the other elder painters,—the Hart brothers, the two Giffords and others,—who carry the story of American landscape down to our own time. Just as the great trio were taken as standing not only for a generation of artists, but also for a whole tendency towards greater breadth, deeper truth, and more poetry in painting, so in the same way, since it is impossible here to study the scores of recent landscapists of distinction, the few painters of our own day who are chosen for comment must be taken as typical of various phases of the later modern movement.

The modern movement of the last fifty years has been one of realism. Now realism is a relative term, for what seems realistic to one age or one person has not that character to another age or another person. Moreover, there are in painting several kinds of realism,—realism of form, of local color (that is of tints and textures of earth, sky, and foliage), and of light and atmosphere. In order better to understand some tendencies in modern art the layman may well observe certain things in natural landscapes and compare them with painted landscapes. Let him observe in the real world the shape of clouds, earth, and rocks, the forms and appearance of trees, their branches, twigs, and leaves. When he observes a tree from a short distance he knows that the details are there, but what he actually sees is a mass of various greens shot through with light and shade. The older masters painted what they knew made up a tree. The modern painters strive to render appearances. Of this we have an excellent example in Inness's "Autumn Oaks" with its broad masses of foliage which well indicate the largeness and the vigor of the oak.

In nature as in art we find "modeling," as well as texture in foliage, sky, and earth. In nature the earth looks solid, water appears liquid, and clouds seem as light as air. One of the painter's tasks is to paint so as to suggest the evanescence of the cloud, the liquidity of the water, the solidity of the earth, and the luminosity of the sky. Besides this he must try to render the brightness and trans-

parency of shadows, and the amount of light or dark in the sky as related to the amount of light or dark of the earth. His task is the more difficult because nature is never at rest. Lights, shadows, and hues change constantly. This last too he must somehow subtly suggest in his picture. But of course the artist does not attempt to reproduce all he sees. Instead, he must eliminate, combine, synthesise, in a word, he must compose.* He is to produce unity, harmony and beauty. The moderns have simplified in composition as they have in light and shade. That a painter may modify a shadow to heighten an artistic effect is admissible. In Inness's "Glimpse of the Sea" the darks of the foliage and of the foreground emphasize the brightness of the distant sky and its reflection in the water. This relation of lights and darks, of "values," has become a special study of the moderns. Note, for instance, how beautifully C. H. Davis in his "Twilight" succeeds in making the ground stretch away from the spectator, and the glowing sky bend to the horizon. This he accomplishes by his delicate use of values. Just so does Ranger in his "Docks of Noank" make the sea spread away to the horizon and Redfield in his "Fallen Tree" persuade us that the river lies below and that the hill is in the distance. There is the same subtle usage in Tryon's "New England Farm" and in the works of Schofield and Metcalf which are here reproduced.

Color is another element in nature that cannot usually be the same in painting. Here too the artist has to select and arrange. Beauty is the end to be gained, therefore the colors must not only be beautiful, but they must also be harmonious and properly related to one another. Finally, many modern artists are interested not only in rendering the forms of nature, its values, its atmosphere, its local colors, and its passing moods, but also in the harmonious result of all these, in what is called "tone." The difference between a painting without tone and one with tone is

*See H. R. Poore's "Pictorial Composition and the Critical Judgment of Pictures" (The Baker & Taylor Co., N. Y., 1903).

like that between a piece of gaudy calico and a Persian rug.*

Many American artists have interested themselves in the handling of paint, in its quality, its color and its beauty of surface without regard to what it represents. These men form a group known as "Tonalists." This title does not stand for an organization or a concerted movement, but, rather, for individuals who have been led by temperament and surroundings to employ somewhat similar artistic methods. One of the greatest of this group is Henry W. Ranger. Born about fifty years ago he received but little direct training. He first used water colors, but no sooner had he mastered this medium than he took up oils. Though he has studied the methods of one painter after another, he is of too vigorous a nature to be a mere borrower, and, as his development has been slow, he has now the more surely come into a period of great fruition. In such a painting as his "Spring Woods" (*THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, Feb., 1908, p. 370,) the reader must imagine in place of the blacks and whites of the half tone a miraculous sparkle of the sun on tremulous twigs and leaves and grass,—a quiet corner of nature alive with glowing light and air. Here, as in his "Wood Interior" and the "Docks of Noank," there is evidence of his love of repeated horizontals and verticals in his composition. Yet his arrangements never become monotonous. They are as various as his subjects, and their range and variety are amazing. Surely if versatility and subtlety are characteristics of modern painting, Ranger is modern. And all his multitudinous variety is made one by his color harmonies, his glowing tone, and his dominant personality.

A name no less important than Ranger's among recent American landscape painters is that of Dwight W. Tryon. The two men have very few points in common except that they are both emotional interpreters of nature's moods by

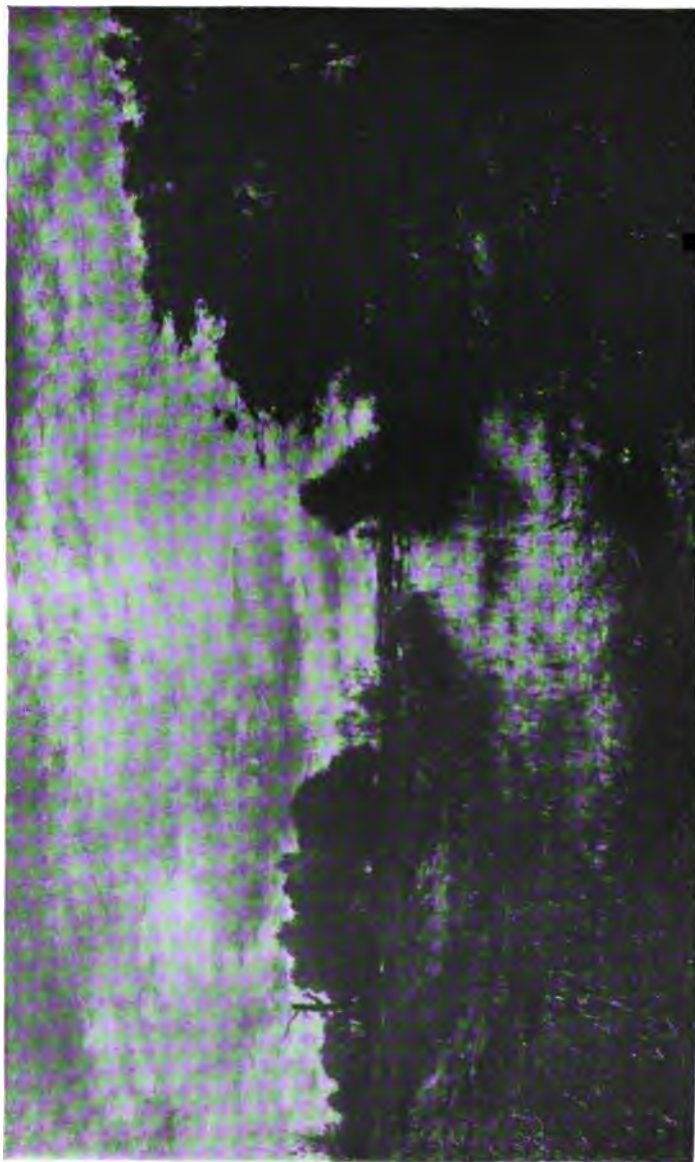
*See "Brush and Pencil," vol. XVI, No. 2, August, 1905, p. 42, in an article on Henry W. Ranger by Paul Dougherty. For three meanings of the word see VanDyke's "Art for Art's Sake," Lecture III.



"Autumn Oaks," by George Inness. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



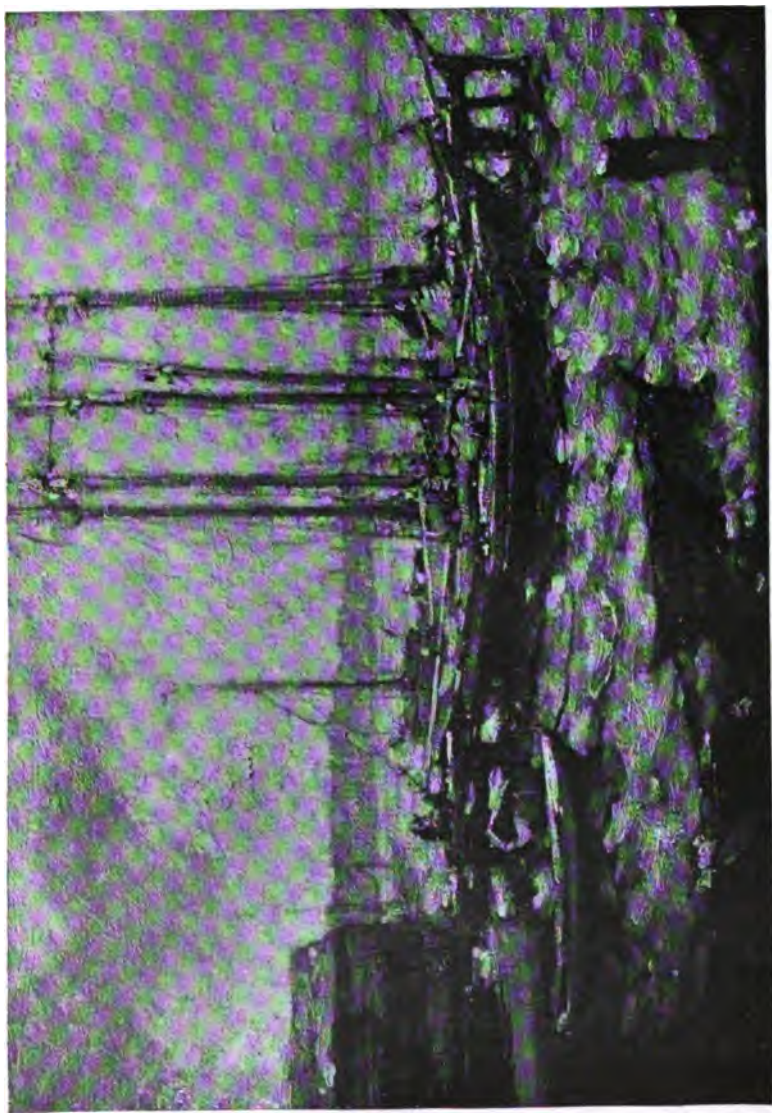
Easton, J. H. "Forest Path," 1880. Oil on canvas. The Art Institute, Chicago.



"A Glimpse of the Sea," by A. H. Wyant. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



"Wooded Interior," by Henry W. Ranger.



"Docks at Noank," by Henry W. Ranger.

(Courtesy of Young's Art Galleries, Chicago.)



"New England Farm in Winter," by D. W. Tryon.
Copyright, 1900, by N. D. Appleton.



"Moonlight on the Lagoons," by Alexis Fournier.

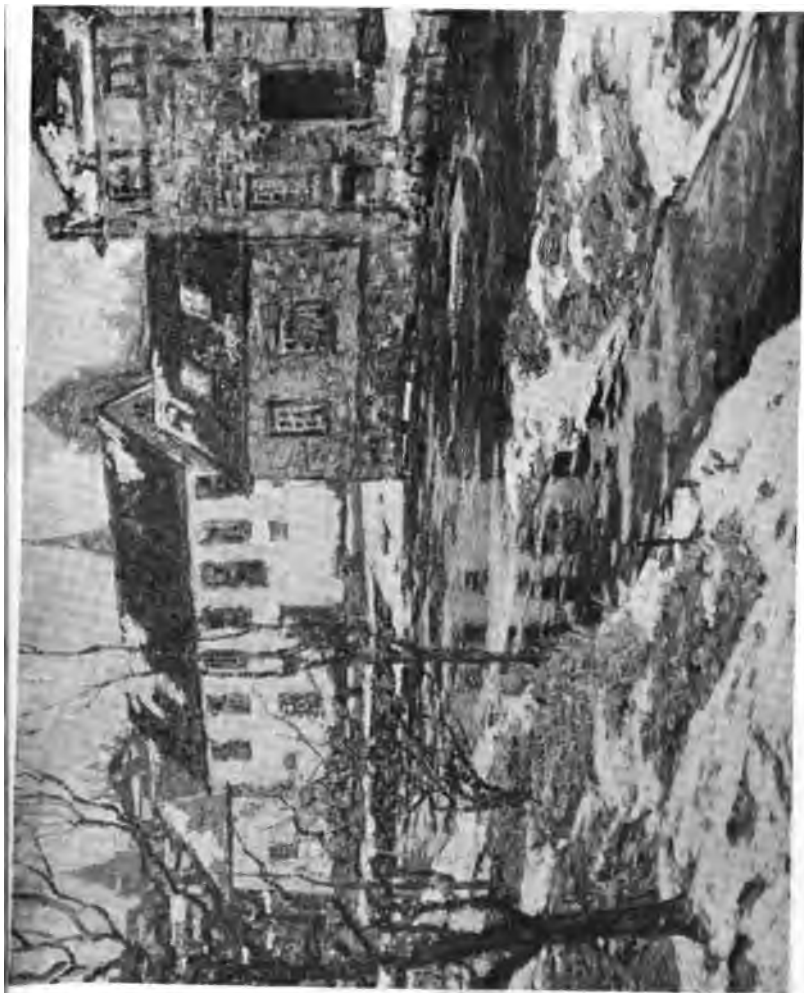


"Church Nocturne—Old Lyme," by Childe Hassam.
Copyright, 1906, by N. E. Montross.



"Lorelei," by Childe Hassam.
Copyright, by N. E. Montross.





"Winter in Picardy," by W. E. Schofield.



The Old Woodshed, by H. W. Wadsworth. In the Art Institute, Chicago.



"The Fallen Tree," by E. W. Redfield.



"The Blue Gables," by Paul Dougherty.



"The Cleft," by Paul Dougherty.
(Courtesy of Young's Art Galleries, Chicago.)



"Mid-Winter," by W. L. Metcalf.

(By permission of N. E. Montross.)

means of color and tone, that they both wield a very versatile brush, and that Tryon also was slow in reaching his maturity. Born in Hartford, Connecticut, a few years earlier than Ranger, Tryon began life as a stationer's assistant, and only by dint of careful saving and management was he able to carry out his desire to go to Paris. Having settled there with his wife he was fortunate in his masters, for he studied under Daubigny and Harpignies, two of the greatest French landscape painters. The simple love of rural nature of Daubigny and the sound and methodical teaching of Harpignies must have been both an inspiration and a help to the young artist. As early as 1881 Tryon opened a studio in New York and he has ever since been adding to the world's store of poetic interpretations of nature. One is accustomed to identify with his art such a scene and such treatment as "An Evening in May" (THE CHAUTAUQUAN, March, 1908, p. 62,) in which the budding branches of slender trees make a delightful pattern against the reddening sky. Very delicate are the greys, and greens, while not less delicate are the values in the bending sky and the receding earth. Many a time has this master painted scenes like this but such is his subtle skill in composition that each new result becomes a new creation. Equally refined as these poems of early spring are his moonlight scenes and his snowy landscapes. Nor are all his subjects thus delicate, for he has interpreted sunsets, storms, mountains, and rugged nature with as forceful a brush as any painter.

No account of contemporary landscape painting would be complete without mention of Leonard Ochtman, one of our best painters and most charming interpreters of the moods of landscapes. Other men who gain their desired effects by color and tone as a means of emotional expression are Robert C. Minor, R. A. Blakelock, Frank de Haven, and Charles Melville Dewey.

Another group of men seem to accept nature as it is and strive to render with exactness her forms and her local color. In the work of Charles H. Davis, H. Bolton Jones,

Bruce Crane, and others of their kind one admires the precision of drawing and the exact coloring of a tree trunk, a spreading lawn, or a plowed field. But too frequently painters with the temperament which leads them to this kind of expression are too lavish in detail. As an example of this see Bolton Jones's "Spring" (THE CHAUTAUQUAN, Feb., 1908, p. 371). In this and other paintings he insists on such careful rendering of the foreground that he loses the effect of unity. This is a mistake which one never finds in C. H. Davis; one marvels at the semblance of reality which he attains by careful elimination and apparently unstudied arrangement. He did not, however, remain a realist in this limited sense. As early as 1892 when he painted "Twilight" he was beginning to show that fine appreciation of out-door ("*plein air*") lighting which has proved him an accomplished master of the effects of color and atmosphere.

Nothing has, perhaps, made so distinctive a contribution to modern landscape art as has that frequently misunderstood movement, Impressionism.* The chief innovations of this school of Frenchmen are the extremely high key in which the pictures are painted, the attempt to give the actual values of nature, and a peculiar "broken handling composed of touches of pure color, which suggests at once the vibration and the brilliancy of sunlight." Add to this a special study of the color of shadows which are, so we at last know, full of color. An impressionistic picture must, above all, be filled with light, and painted in the peculiar "mosaic technique" with juxtaposed dots of pure color. Perhaps the

*For the best critical account of the limitations and characteristics of Impressionism see W. C. Brownell's "French Art," Chapter III, Sections 6 and 7; and D. S. MacColl's "Nineteenth Century Art," pages 1-16 and 161-168. These passages have to do with the French Impressionists but are most helpful for the understanding of the work of the American Impressionists.

The best book for explanation of the influences of the various European schools which have formed American painting is Caffin's "The Story of American Painting" already referred to in these articles. This book cannot be too highly recommended.

best of this kind of painting by Americans is that of Mr. Childe Hassam of New York. In looking at our illustration of his "Lorelei" the reader should remember that the original is even brighter in tone than it here appears; that in the sparkle of the sea, in the pinks, and greens and violets of the rocks and verdure, and in the circumambient atmosphere the artist represents a bit of nature palpitating with light and color. His "Church Nocturne—Old Lyme" is not such a perfect example of the peculiar methods of the school, but it is a delicate study in values. How save by subtle relation of light and shade could the artist give the impression of the cool moonlight on the church front and the transparent shadows within the porch?

Other artists who represent this movement are Theodore Robinson (see his "Girl and Cow," *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, Dec., 1907, p. 65); J. H. Thwachtman, Miss Cassatt, Mrs. Frederick MacMonnies, Mr. J. Alden Wier, and Mr. Willard L. Metcalf. Mr. Metcalf's "Midwinter" is not a perfect example of pure Impressionism, but it distinctly shows its influence.

Work of a very different character from this is that of Edward W. Redfield and W. E. Schofield. Both were students in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and under Bouguereau and other French Academicians. It is difficult, however, to find anything of the latter's influence in their delightfully naturalistic paintings. Redfield frequently paints winter scenes with a snow covered foreground or the trunk and branches of a nearby tree executed in so vigorous and naturalistic a manner that by contrast the low-lying river and hills beyond take their place beautifully in the distance. Redfield's is perhaps the more unstudied art; Schofield's pictures are more respectful of conventions in their quiet harmonies and careful balance. Both men paint broadly and vigorously.

Another of the younger men who seems to enjoy painting for its own sake, and to express his pictorial ideas manfully is Mr. Paul Dougherty of New York. His work

shows more finish, perhaps more elaboration than Redfield's but it is none the less vigorous and assertive. He seems to try to do for trees and rocks, for earth and sea what the great Florentines did for the human figure,—to interpret natural forms creatively. Who besides Winslow Homer so suggests the vastness of the ocean, the lift and weight of the waves, the solemn union of land and sea? But Dougherty is not only a painter of marines, he is also an interpreter of great rolling stretches of country and of wooded valleys, with something of the same elemental feeling which makes his paintings of the sea remarkable.

The last three mentioned men and the artist whose work is about to be noticed are wholly unrelated by outward circumstance, yet they all show in one way or another a certain tendency in recent art: a tendency which may be designated as the painter's "reverence for his material," his love of good painting for its own sake. These men know how to handle pigment, how to lay it on the canvas in long brush marks, or thick impasto which tells to a distance. They do not thinly tint their canvases, they do not glaze and scumble till the appearances of nature are disguised. They paint directly. Mr. Charles Francis Browne of Chicago may be taken to represent the landscape art of the West. Educated in Boston, Philadelphia, and in Paris he produced for many years careful transcripts of nature, realistic in form and color, and based on the most approved methods of the schools. But a visit to Europe in 1904 after an absence of fifteen years brought him in contact with the painters of the Glasgow school, with Israels and other modern masters. These influences led to a rapid development of his art until he has now attained to a style of great individuality and expressiveness. Whether he paints the castles of Scotland, the rivers of France, or the pastoral scenes near his Illinois summer home, he has always an original point of view, he makes a personal use of color, and shows an appreciation of the truths of nature, all of which place him among the foremost interpreters of nature in the west.



"The Haunted House," by Charles Francis Browne.
Owned by Mr. Wallace Heckman, Chicago.



"November," Oregon, Illinois, by Charles Francis Browne.





Stewart Castle, Fife Coast, Scotland, by Charles Francis Browne.
Owned by Mr. Harry Pratt Judson, Chicago.

In the present discussion of some tendencies in contemporary painting, the story cannot be half told. A most important factor in modern art is the subjective or personal element; our best landscapists interpret not only the moods of nature but also the moods of man. Whether a painter aims realistically to reproduce the forms and colors of nature, to treat her with the tonalists more abstractly and decoratively, or with the impressionists to suggest her gaiety, her brilliancy or any one of her thousands of moods is a question, the answer to which depends on each artist's way of looking at nature, his point of view and his temperament. It is not too much to say that there are as many tendencies as there are painters of distinction. We have, perhaps, strained the truth in trying to fit into groups certain of the artists who have been mentioned. And there are others of equal importance who, in reality also stand alone. Space forbids more than mention of such individual masters of landscape art as J. Francis Murphy, Albert L. Groll, and Louis Paul Dessar. Nor may adequate account or proper praise be here given to Mr. George H. Leonard and other Americans now resident in Paris; to Mr. Hugh H. Breckinridge and the painters of Philadelphia; to Mr. L. H. Meakin and the Cincinnati group; to Mr. Fournier, Mr. Wuerpel, Mr. Wendt, Mr. Frederic C. Bartlett and other distinguished painters in the East and West.

In a country as vast as ours there is a great field for individual endeavor, and an infinite variety in the aspects of nature. Nature appears haughty and reserved to one painter; austere and grave to another; tender and responsive to a third; her aspects and her moods change with every fleeting cloud and every passing shadow. And now our painters have attained to such mastery and knowledge, such technical skill and sensitive vision, that at last they may be said to form in the truest sense a great school of landscape painting. Why need we longer look to the past? What occasion is there now for explanation or apology? There are at present working in the United States

a score or more of skilled and gifted interpreters of nature who may be compared with any similar group of any period or country. It may, indeed, be boldly declared that this group of contemporary painters form a school of landscape painting which is as great as any other in the history of art.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

"Homer Martin: A Reminiscence" (illustrated). Published by William Macbeth, 450 Fifth Ave., N. Y. \$1.50. This charming memorial is written by the artist's wife, although her name does not appear on the title page.

"George Inness: A Memorial of the Student, the Artist, and the Man," by Alfred Trumbull. New York. 1895.

Isham's "History of American Painting," C. H. Caffin's "American Masters of Painting," and the latter's "The Story of American Painting" all contain brief but excellent accounts of the great trio of early landscapists, Inness, Wyant, and Martin, and also chapters on the later landscape painters.

The International Studio has published from month to month for some years many illustrated articles on various landscape painters. This is the best magazine in America to help the layman to keep in touch with what is being accomplished in contemporary American painting.

A few illustrated magazine articles may be specially mentioned:

"Henry W. Ranger," by H. W. Bromhead, article in the *International Studio* for August, 1906.

"The Art of Henry W. Ranger," by Paul Dougherty, article in *Brush and Pencil*, August, 1905.

"Leonard Ochtman, Landscape Painter," by Frederick W. Morton, article in *Brush and Pencil*, November, 1901.

"Impressionism: The Nineteenth Century's Distinctive Contribution to Art," by Henry G. Stephens, article in *Brush and Pencil*, January, 1903.

"Charles Francis Browne, Painter," by James William Pattison, article in *The Sketch Book*, December, 1907.

SEARCH AND REVIEW QUESTIONS UPON THE REQUIRED READING WILL BE FOUND IN THE ROUND TABLE SECTION AT THE BACK OF THIS MAGAZINE.

(End of C. L. S. C. Required Reading for June.)

· William James

Someone has said that "Henry James is a novelist who writes like a psychologist and William James a psychologist who writes like a novelist." The epigram pays the greater compliment to the psychologist for it is much more difficult for a man of science to write charmingly of his specialty than for a literary man to acquire a mannerism and become obscure. Certain it is that William James is the most popular of philosophers and Henry James not impossibly the least popular of novelists.

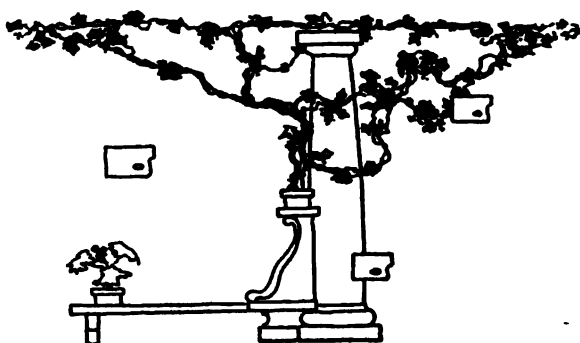
The causes of the influence and fame of William James are not far to seek. They are first and chief a sense of humor. Not without reason the average human being regards philosophy and particularly metaphysics as dreary and forbidding exercises, like certain calisthenics, difficult to perform but entirely devoid of charm, and having no real connection with the practical things of life. With William James philosophical speculation is never divorced from humor, nor is it without its practical application to human thought and action. He thinks in terms of the concrete. A passage from a delightful appreciation of William James by George Hodges affords an excellent illustration of this combination of qualities: "When he is tempted to follow his arguments into regions where logic takes the place of life, 'I hear,' he says, 'that inward monitor of which W. H. Clifford once wrote, whispering "Bòsh."'"

To the qualities of humor and concreteness may be added a freedom from dogmatism. Mr. James does not attempt to formulate a final system of philosophy. He is too openminded, too much interested in the vast and unexplored fields into which modern research is, for the first time, entering. Thus he is an enthusiastic student of all bizarre phenomena,—spiritualism, Christian Science and the like. These as well as the most orthodox and conventional realms of thought excite his interest and demand his investigation.

William James

Mr. James entered psychology by way of medicine and thus has the necessary groundwork of physiological knowledge upon which to base his psychological theories. He has held a chair of philosophy at Harvard University since 1872, recently becoming professor emeritus. He was born in 1842.

Mr. James' published works include: "Principles of Psychology," "Briefer Course" (of the same); "The Will to Believe and Other Essays in Popular Philosophy," "Talks on Psychology and Life's Ideals," and "Pragmatism."





William James.



Luther Burbank at Home.

Some Great American Scientists*

IX. Luther Burbank

By Garrett P. Serviss.

LUTHER BURBANK, "the wizard of the flowers," who has unquestionably introduced more new fruits, new blossoms, and new trees to the knowledge of mankind than any other man in history, was born at Lancaster, Massachusetts, March 7, 1849. He was a farmer's son, and a lover of nature from the start. The wonder of the vegetable world especially impressed his young mind, and made him thoughtful from his earliest years. All children love flowers, but few understand them. Young Burbank was born a botanist, and he showed not only a fondness for the flowers and the fruits of his mother's garden, but a comprehension of them rather beyond his years. His mother was a person of remarkable character, and from her he probably derived his bent for the intimate study of nature. When I visited his experimental farms in 1905 she was still living with him, hale and beautiful, with the beauty of peaceful, contented old age. In spite of her ninety-two years she still took pleasure in sitting out of doors, under the shade of the trees that her son had created—trees of a kind that would not have existed but for him, and enjoying the fragrance of the strangely beautiful flowers that owed their existence to his genius and his fostering skill. His father died early and in 1875 young Burbank, famous at twenty-

*The first article of this series, "Asa Gray," by Prof. Charles Reid Barnes, appeared in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for September; the second, "John James Audubon," by Prof. Samuel C. Schmucker, in October; the third, "Simon Newcomb," by Prof. Malcolm McNeill, in November; the fourth, "Louis Agassiz," by David Starr Jordan, in December; the fifth, "Samuel Pierpont Langley," by William F. Magie, in January; sixth, "Thomas Alva Edison," by George Iles, in February; seventh, "Edward Drinker Cope," by William Hosea Ballou, in March; eighth, "John Fiske," by Thomas F. Perry, in April.

six years, for he had already produced the "Burbank potato" in his mother's garden at Lunenburg, Mass., removed to the Golden State and chose his residence in the fertile Santa Rosa valley, some seventy-five miles north of San Francisco.

The soil and the climate were almost providentially suited to the career that he had worked out for himself. The valley is geographically new. It follows a long hollow in the land, much of which was formerly occupied by an arm of the sea extending from San Francisco bay. It is a region where volcanic phenomena have been active in the past, and where even yet, as the experience of 1906 proves, severe earthquakes are not unknown. It is the universal experience of mankind that such places are favorable to the vegetable world. The occasional upheaval of the underlying strata brings to the surface fresh mineral constituents to enrich the soil and stimulate the growth of plants.

The climatic character of the region is equally suited to the development and perfection of plant life. It is warm without the enervating excess that is to be found farther south during the hotter months, and lying between parallel ranges of mountains, at no great distance from the tempering influence of the sea, the land is well protected against atmospheric disturbance.

Here Mr. Burbank, with the memory of what he had already accomplished in bleak New England to encourage him, and with the stimulation of unfamiliar varieties of plants, flowers, fruits, and trees to lead him on, began his work of transforming the world of vegetation.

He had the enormous advantage over most of his competitors that he was emphatically a thinker. Not a college man, he had received the rudiments of a good education, and he had early fallen under the influence of Emerson's writings. Emerson has stimulated many writers; in Burbank he stimulated a worker and a discoverer. He remains, to this day, Mr. Burbank's favorite author, and Emerson's books constitute a kind of second Bible for the

botanical wizard of Santa Rosa. Mr. Burbank's mind is poetical, one might almost say dreamy, in its operations. The imagination plays a great part in all that he does. He pictures to himself a new and more delicious fruit, or a more brilliant and more graceful flower, and then he sets to work with complete confidence in the undeveloped capacities of nature, to bring his new fruit, or his new flower into existence. He does not pretend to create. He does not think that the power of creation resides in man. He knows that all that man can do is to discern, choose, select, encourage, foster, and develop tendencies already existing in nature. But he has limitless faith in the efficiency of human superintendence and control over these tendencies.

Once started in his career Mr. Burbank gave himself up to it with perfect singleness of purpose and of heart. That is, perhaps, the greatest secret of his success. Nothing has ever been able to distract his attention from his work. He has even remained unmarried, content with the sympathetic companionship of his mother, and a few members of his family.

All day he is in his gardens or on his experimental farm, laboring with his own hands and directing his assistants. His manner, when he is showing the few visitors that he will permit to interrupt his work about his estate, exhibits so much tender regard for the delicate and beautiful forms of inarticulate life which surround him, that one is strangely moved by it. His touch upon a flower is like a caress. These things are, to him, his children, and he unquestionably loves them as children. He will embrace the trunk of one of his trees—trees that have not their like anywhere in the world—with the delight of a child, showing his visitor what the girth is, telling him its age, recalling its history, descanting on its excellences and its future, and regarding it all the while with the loving glances that one would bestow upon a dear friend.

In one sense there is no history in a life like that. It seems to run along quietly without events. But in another

sense it is intensely dramatic. A hundred wonders are developing at once, but often it requires the eye and the knowledge of a trained botanist to appreciate them. When Professor De Vries, the celebrated Dutch botanist, visited Santa Rosa in 1904, he could hardly credit what he saw. He beheld things which science had pronounced to be practically impossible. He saw the supposedly impossible chasm between different species and different genera of plants completely bridged. In front of Mr. Burbank's modest house, bordering the street, and shading the roadway, is to be seen a row of trees, perhaps fifty feet tall, which in less than a score of years have sprung up from seed produced by the crossing of two distinct kinds of walnut, and these trees are unlike either of their parents. The story of these new trees, brought into existence by Mr. Burbank's skill, is truly wonderful. And the wonder is increased when we learn that he has made two separate species by simply changing what he calls the "father" tree. Taking the pollen from the flower of an English walnut he dusted it upon the stigmas of a California walnut. Then he waited until the impregnated flowers, carefully guarded, had developed into nuts, and these he planted. In thirteen or fourteen years, trees thirty or forty feet tall had grown up from the nuts and these trees were unlike either of their parents. They were a new species, and Mr. Burbank named them the Paradox walnut. It is asserted that these are the fastest growing trees known in the temperate zone. But, unlike other fast growing trees, their wood is as hard and firm as *lignum vitae*. It is beautifully colored and admirably suited for the uses of the cabinet maker. The trees, moreover, are very umbrageous, spreading their shade far around, but, virtually, they are not nut-bearers.

An ordinary experimenter might have remained satisfied with this achievement, but not so Mr. Burbank. He repeated the experiment in another way. He chose the same "mother," the California walnut, but this time he impregnated its flower with pollen from the stamens of an

eastern black walnut, and again he waited. This time, the planted nuts grew up into slow-growing trees, utterly different both from the others and from their parents, and remarkable for their nut-bearing capacity. These trees Mr. Burbank named the Royal walnut. Thus, as he is fond of pointing out, from the same mother, but different fathers, two species of trees, new to botany, have been developed—one a walnut that may well take a high rank both as a shade tree and a producer of the most excellent cabinet wood, and the other not less remarkable as a bearer of nuts. And both of these new species are fixed. They reproduce their own kind. They are new additions to the vegetable wealth of the world.

Some of Mr. Burbank's experiments in breeding new forms of nut trees have their amusing side. They show that nature often knows better than man what ought to be done. For instance, it occurred to him that the shells of walnuts might be improved by making them thinner and easier to break. So, after his usual manner of proceeding, he watched for nuts with unusually thin shells and planted them. They produced plants bearing nuts with shells of varying thickness, and again he planted the thinnest shelled nuts. Eventually he obtained a variety of walnut with shells so thin that simple pressure would break them. But he had forgotten the squirrels and the birds! They were as glad as he could be to find nuts so easily broken, and they took complete possession of the prize. The result was that he had to abandon this thin-shelled walnut experiment.

It will be observed that Mr. Burbank does not confine his operations to one line. Some of his varieties are the result of crossing, as the new walnut trees; others arise from selection. He sees a tendency in a plant to variation in some special direction. Then he chooses specimens in which this tendency is particularly strong, and puts them aside, gives them every opportunity and every advantage for development, protects them against competition and

adverse influences, and encourages them, by all the devices he can contrive, to continue their course. Thus he leads them on to astonishing lengths, which would never have been attained under natural conditions. For nature usually frowns upon departure from her customary lines. She stamps out independence. She has chosen her course and as long as the general conditions that govern her remain unaltered, she has little mercy for the nonconformist among her children. She is, in general, rigidly conservative, although she contains, locked in her bosom, an almost infinite store of latent tendencies to variation. The genius of Luther Burbank resides in his marvelous ability to discern these tendencies, and his matchless skill in bringing them out, putting aside the restraining hand of nature, and compelling her to give her unruly children a chance to show what is in them.

A beautiful example of Mr. Burbank's wonderful insight into these hidden capabilities is furnished by his crimson poppy. The fields of California frequently glow as if sprinkled with gold on account of the presence of a wild yellow poppy. On one occasion, Mr. Burbank found one of these wild poppies which showed a delicate crimson line in the corolla. Instantly his imagination set to work. That touch of crimson revealed to him a submerged life tendency in the flower, which he knew needed only a little artificial aid to become strong and prevail. His sympathetic nature was stirred. He would be the friend of this friendless child of nature; he would bring it out of its obscurity and neglect; he would give it the chance that nature denied it. He took that flower and guarded it. He planted its seed apart, where it could not be choked out by the merciless competition that had hitherto kept it down. From the seed grew poppies with more crimson in their flowers. He selected and planted again. Every generation blushed redder, until in a little while he had produced a magnificent new blossom, a true crimson poppy, now recognized as one of the most beautiful of flowers. Evidently there had been crimson poppies at

some time in the past but they had grown out of fashion with nature, the influence of environment, or some adverse fate had driven them out of existence, but the tendency remained latent, and an expression of that tendency having caught the eye of Luther Burbank, he helped it upward to renewed strength.

On another occasion, Mr. Burbank's inspiration revealed to him a surprising thing lying hidden in the acrid, useless, inedible little knobs growing on potato vines. There were appearances about these "potato balls" which convinced him that if they had the chance, they would become fruits, fit for human consumption. He followed the process of selection as he only knows how to do it, and the result was the appearance of a new garden fruit, the "pomato," thus named because it grows on a *potato* vine and resembles a *tomato*. His "Bartlett plum" is yet another example of the same curious results of selection and encouragement applied to almost invisible tendencies in plants, or tendencies which reveal themselves clearly only in the case of those rare phenomena which gardeners and fruit cultivators call "sports." Mr. Burbank happened to find a plum which had the characteristic flavor of a Bartlett pear. That plum, or rather its pit, went into the ground under the eye of the master of such "sports," and when it had produced a tree, the characteristic flavor was discernible in its fruits. Again selection was exercised, and the final result was the production of a species of plum tree whose fruit tasted so much like Bartlett pears that it has been said that the eater who closes his eyes could never be persuaded to believe that it is a plum and not a pear that he is devouring.

As has already been sufficiently hinted, these marvels are simply marvels of development and not of original creation. Mr. Burbank himself avers that he is able to do these things only because the world is so very, very old, and so very, very full of life. Plant life has existed in varying forms for untold aeons, and during that almost limitless expanse of time it has developed thousands upon

thousands of forms, the majority of which have now become little more than memories. Yet these remain, they are never entirely extinguished. They are hereditary impulses which will occasionally manifest themselves, and which are capable of astonishing development when encouraged. They exist in the underworld of life, and only appear fitfully and for a passing moment on the surface, unless a helping hand seizes them when for an instant they partially emerge. The face of nature bears but a temporary expression of the infinite life that throbs deep within her bosom. In her long history, nature has made millions and millions of experiments, she has had her moods and her fashions, and although these things appear to have passed, they have not been forgotten, and though latent, they retain the potency of life.

The results of crossing also often exhibit the recrudescence of latent tendencies. When Mr. Burbank crossed the plum and the apricot and produced the new fruit called the "plumcot," a fruit of a flavor unlike that of any of nature's own fruits, it was not merely a combination which he produced, but in the combination he brought out latent tendencies from one or from both of the parents which would otherwise have remained submerged. The same is true of his "Primus berry" which he made by crossing the Siberian raspberry with the California dewberry. This is said to be the first fixed species of the family *rubus* ever produced. It seems an absolutely new fruit, but its newness does not consist merely in a combination of the qualities of the raspberry and the dewberry, but also in the development of a tendency in nature which, but for the crossing, would not thus have manifested itself. These new fruits themselves show the most amazing tendencies to variation at times, giving in that way a hint of the wonderful store of varying life forces locked up in them. Thus the "plumcot," already spoken of, although a new fruit, and known for only a few years, shows as many varieties as the apple. Some of the fruits have a yellow, some a pink, some a white, and some a red pulp, and there are corresponding

differences of flavor, although the general character of the fruit remains the same.

Occasionally, Mr. Burbank encounters experiences that are almost appalling to an imaginative mind. He summons up, unexpectedly, from the deep of the past, strange monstrous forms, some of which are so useless, so repellent, so horrible even, that instantly he destroys them as things unfit to live. For nature's past, like that of a human life, is not made up entirely of beautiful and desirable elements. She has had her tragedies and her sins and the memory of these can never be eradicated, and occasionally they will show themselves when her depths are stirred, when the curtains of ancestral night are lifted. When Mr. Burbank crossed the raspberry and the strawberry, he had not imagined the thing that showed itself—not a shapely plant loaded with delicious fruit, but a cluster of tall, ungainly stalks ablaze with strange flowers, but producing no fruit whatever!

Among ornamental flowers, Mr. Burbank has worked wonders no less than those pertaining to useful fruits, trees and grains. By crossing and by selection, he has enriched the garden with varieties of beauty in form, color, and perfume hardly dreamt of before. In this direction, his taste is almost euphemistic. He will breed and select and breed and select, season after season, to develop a particular tint of color, predetermined in his own mind, or to give to a nodding poppy a special carriage of the head, or a certain droop of the stem, which seems to him desirable. And the marvel of it is that he can produce these foreordained results. The variety of tendencies at his command is so inexhaustible that as long as patience and skill do not fail, almost any desired form or color or flavor or perfume can be brought out.

It is no wonder that in 1904 the Carnegie Institution set aside an annuity of \$10,000 a year for ten years to enable Mr. Burbank to continue, on an enlarged scale, his wonderful experiments in his gardens at Santa Rosa and

in his neighboring experimental farm at Sebastopol, for truly his dream that he may be able to point out to mankind the way to transform the whole world of plants to suit its needs and its pleasures, is not altogether a dream.

Child Labor and Vagrancy

By Philip Davis

Of Civic Service House, Boston.

IN England, curiously enough, child labor in its relation to the factory system, where it is at its worst, had a philanthropic as well as an economic origin. At the close of the seventeenth century, England found herself "barely able to hold her own against new continental rivals." Child labor, for which the factory system, by its rapid development in every direction, opened new fields, came to the nation's rescue, as it were.

"The noticeable feature of our history," says B. K. Gray,* "is the adoption of this tendency [the working of little children] as an instrument of philanthropy. Whereas in the early years of the seventeenth century the philanthropic policy was to find employment for adults, at the close of the seventeenth century this policy had given place to the working of little children." The dangers of child labor, thus auspiciously inaugurated on a national scale, soon became apparent, and quickly roused the thinking men to action. As early as 1796, the Manchester physicians, constituted into a Board of Health, recognizing that "the large factories are generally injurious to the constitution of those employed in them, from the close confinement which is enjoined, from the debilitating effects of hot and impure air, and from the want of active exercises which nature points out as essential in childhood and youth to invigorate the system, and to fit our species for the employments and for the duties of manhood," passed the following resolu-

*"A History of English Philanthropy," p. 103.

tion: "the untimely labor of the night and the protracted labor of the day, with respect to children, not only tend to diminish future expectations as to the general sum of life and industry, by impairing the strength and destroying the vital stamina of the rising generation, but it too often gives encouragement to idleness, extravagance, and profligacy in the parents, who contrary to the order of nature subsist by the oppression of their offspring."

In other words, England was warned, ere it was yet too late, by men best qualified to speak, that if its little children are allowed to work prematurely, it may soon have to reckon not only with a class of worn-out, worthless workmen on the brink of vagrancy but with an increased vagrant and pauper class recruited from the children's own parents whom they were meant to subsidize by premature toil.

England paid little heed to the solemn warning. Its whole body of child labor legislation from 1796 (when the Manchester Board of Health wisely demanded a "general system of laws") to the Boer War, presents a series of palliatives which trimmed the evil but never uprooted it.

What was the result? "The blow that the wise men had foreseen fell with the Boer War. In a day, it seemed the nation awoke to the fact that its physical vigor was sapped. It had no material for soldiers. The percentage of rejection at the enlistment stations appalled every reflective mind. A London newspaper asserted that of 11,000 men examined in Manchester, 10,000 were rejected. The standards were lowered, the tests were made easy; the rejections continued to be most alarming. Regiments were patched together of boys and anemic youths. They were food for hospitals, not for powder. Once in South Africa enteric swept them off like flies; they were only the shells of men. . . . The English had always trusted so implicitly in their traditional physical stamina."* But a change, "tremendous but unnoted had gone on in the habits and

*A. J. McElway. *Annals*, 1906, p. 322.

stamina and physical type" of Englishmen, the cumulative results of which the Boer War at last made plain to the whole nation.

Had not the Manchester physicians foretold these results in 1796? Had not Lord Macaulay prophesied the same results in 1846 when he told his countrymen "your overworked boys will become a feeble and ignoble race of men, the parents of a more feeble progeny?"

It is contended in this paper that this country, which, according to Emerson, always imitated England, often at its worst, as in this matter of child labor, may yet awake some day to a similar situation, if the well-being of its "overworked boys"—and girls—is not attended to. We are just beginning to count up the cost of child labor, particularly its effects upon the health of the children and their future in industry—to take no higher ground. The conviction is growing upon the minds of those that are grappling with child labor problems that many a vagrant is either the father of the working child or the child itself, "gone to seed," as it were. In the latter sense, the toiling child and the vagrant, too often, represent the beginning and end of an unwise industrial career of one and the same person,—the two faces of the same coin. Not that every vagrant of today is necessarily the child worker of yesterday, nor that every child worker of today will necessarily be the vagrant of tomorrow, but a deeper study of the causes of vagrancy on the one hand, and of the effects of child labor on the other would show that the two sets of phenomena which we have always considered apart are better understood when considered together. They prove to be not only casually related but essentially complementary.

I. CAUSES OF VAGRANCY.

All vagrants look alike to the knowing police-officer whose business it is to keep an eye on them. And the officer's policy is everywhere the same: to "vag 'em," *i. e.*, arrest them on a charge of vagrancy and commit them if

possible. But to sustain his charge, under the law, the officer must know his man, at least enough to prove that he belongs to one of the following classes of vagrants covered by the statutes:

(1). "Idle persons, who, not having visible means of support, are living without lawful employment; (2). Persons wandering abroad and visiting tippling shops, or houses of ill fame, or lodging in groceries, out-houses, market places, sheds, barns, or in the open air, and not giving a good account of themselves; (3). Persons wandering abroad and begging, or who go about from door to door, or place themselves in the streets, highways, passages, or other public places to beg or receive alms."

This feeble attempt at classification of vagrants in American statutes of today marks the entire advance made since the passage of the old English statute where vagrants were poetically described as "persons who wake on the night, and sleep on the day, and haunt customable taverns and ale houses and routs about and no man wot from whence they come nor whither they go." The naive confession of ignorance of the subject frankly expressed in the last few words of the quotation is not found in modern statutes but one suspects both the law and the officer equally guilty of it if one judges either by any standard of efficiency. Vagrants have been dealt with en masse. All studies in print with a few worthy exceptions, deal with them in terms of figures and percentages, much as our immigrants are handled in the present literature on immigration. Yet vagrants, too, are human. Every one of them has a past which throws more light on his present than any sets of figures based on averages. A study of every vagrant's past, if such a thing were possible, would inevitably bring us to the conclusion that the roots of vagrancy may be traced back to childhood.

Here are the stories of flesh-and-blood vagrants. One of them is a young man, the other a middle-aged man, the third an old man. They represent three distinct stages of vagrants, also approximately the three classes of vagrants outlined in the statutes:

Child Labor and Vagrancy

First case: One who is tramping in search of work with the intention of finding it—a vagrant in the making.

Second case: One who is "looking for work" with no intention of finding it—a full fledged vagrant.

Third case: One who "won't work" and frankly admits it—an incorrigible vagrant.

It is natural, as in the present instances, that the first one should have his "home," so to speak, in an employment office, the second one in a municipal lodging house, the third, in a pauper institution.

CASE I.

P. B. Aged 18, Italian, born in New York, only child; parents died when he was eleven years of age; promptly quit school, sold newspapers and lived in the Newsboys' Lodging House until he was sixteen, then entered a mill, had his "thumb smashed;" was in the hospital four months, worked as a farm-hand off and on, began tramping from town to town in search of work without success; beat his way from Providence to Boston on a freight train one cold night last January, found himself locked in a box car which was side-tracked, and left over night, enjoyed an all-night freeze; arrived in Boston penniless, hung around employment offices by day, and slept in Wayfarer's Lodge at night, glad to saw wood for "hard tack and soup" in the morning—his only meal often; presently turned out of the Lodge and reduced to begging for food as well as shelter in which condition I found him.

CASE II.

J. K. Aged 27, Irish, born in Hudson, Mass.; large family, father died when he was eight months, entered school at five, felt continuous eyestrain, turned blind at thirteen, operation restored sight to left eye only, returned to school and graduated; sold papers ever since six years of age, bell boy at fifteen, traveled all over New England and later from Maine to Florida back and forth; entered pulp mill at nineteen drifting from mill to mill, came to Boston, turned

up at Lodge where I met him and on learning his story provided him with money to return home; week later found him in a Boston court—the last I saw of him.

CASE III.

M. W. Aged 60, American, born in South Boston, small family, father machinist who fractured leg, died when son was ten; boy attended school regularly, never "hooked jack" except once when Stony Brook overflowed, "went to see the sight;" graduated at thirteen, became cash boy, then bundle boy, tobacco stripper, meat cutter at \$600 a year; married at twenty-seven, meat market burned down eight months after marriage, turned common laborer, drifting from city to country, did haying and chores practically for keep, leaving wife uncared for; tramped all over New England; returned to Boston finally, "bunking on Common" and begging for food, suspected by police and later arrested in a raid on the Wayfarer's Lodge; "sent up" for vagrancy to State Farm for six months, again for twelve, again for eighteen, again for two years, is now wintering at the Lodge "washing dishes for feed and bunk;" expects to be turned out onto the street in the spring eventually to be sent up again to State Farm.

"As you look over your past," I asked him, "what do you regard the chief obstacle in your life to have been?"

"The fact that I had no trade," he answered positively. But I knew from other sources that drink had something to do with it.

What are the causes of vagrancy as revealed in these three life studies? Drink? Sexual excess? The street? or is it the common cause of orphanage? accident? or temporary unemployment? Clearly the causes are diverse and many: some primary, some secondary, and all so intricately combined that the disentanglement is almost impossible. One thing is clear: All their troubles begin quite early—at an age when they should have known abundant leisure and no labor or trouble at all. Note the following: (1) Each one began work in the strict adherence to the Ameri-

Child Labor and Vagrancy

can maxim of "starting early in life;" (2) no one was prepared for work in any educational or technical sense. I talked long with each about his particular education. It was practically the same in all cases: The three R's in various combinations. Yet one was educated more than a half a century ago and in Boston; the other less than a quarter of a century ago and in the country; the third but a decade ago and in New York. Bearing in mind the striking difference in time and place one may fairly say that each one was born in the midst of an industrial situation in total contrast with either of the other two. Yet their training for life work was exactly the same, and they all "started early." Small wonder they all failed! It would have been wonderful if they had not failed.

II. EFFECTS OF CHILD LABOR.

Now turn from the causes of vagrancy to the effects of child labor and you will see that the beginning and end of an industrial career are often very much like cause and effect.

The effects of child labor on the health and future of the child is our greatest concern. Unfortunately there is very little scientific data on this most important phase of the child labor problem—and personal impression obviously will not do. Our government through its various departments is collecting data on every conceivable subject excepting the only really important one—the well-being of our children. We have even a "Government Information Service"—an altogether new department which advertises itself as "the greatest information bureau in the world, maintained by the United States Government at Washington for the publication and distribution of everything known on every conceivable subject, such as olive oil and its substitutes, the mineral waters of the United States and all sorts of Geographic names." But if you should ask the "Government Information Service" for information on the effects of child labor on two generations of working children it could only refer you to a report of the Bureau of Labor, issued in 1904. The report—to make the best of what

there is on the subject—"relates to the employment at labor of children under sixteen years of age, their earnings, the hours of labor required of them and other conditions affecting their well-being." Fifteen thousand eight hundred and fifty-seven children, found in 215 selected establishments, located in the thirteen leading industrial States of the Union, are the subject of this report. Concerning their health the report says on page 528 (No. 52-May, 1904) :

"Many of the children seen in the establishments visited appeared to be undersized, the pinched, worn faces, the thin arms, and puny bodies of many of them giving evidence that they were of underweight. Among the children reported many were physically unfit for the labor required of them. A few who began work before they were ten years old, though not actually broken down, were at the age of fifteen so worn out, their energies so far exhausted, that advancement in productive power much beyond the point already reached seemed quite improbable unless a period of complete rest should intervene."

Again under "Conditions Affecting Children" (p. 506), the report shows in detail the sinister effects on the health of the working children due to long hours, unsanitary and unsafe factory conditions, and the danger to life and limb of certain occupations.

Next in rank to this federal report comes that excellent state report of the Massachusetts Commission on Industrial and Technical Education, issued in 1906. The report presents the result of an investigation conducted in forty-three cities and towns of Massachusetts for the purpose of determining what the working children from fourteen to sixteen were doing and what the educational and economic value of these years have been and might be to them. Five thousand four hundred and ninety-five of the 25,000 children between fourteen and sixteen at work or "idle," were followed in 3,157 homes and 354 establishments representing fifty-five selected industries. Thirty-three and one-third per cent. of these were found in unskilled industries and sixty-five per cent. in low grade industries, thus a little less than two per cent. were in high grade industries. Lack of skill and low wages are partly responsible for the

children's shifting from firm to firm. More than 1,000 children between fourteen and sixteen worked for two firms, and less than 1,000 for three or more firms during less than two years. Out of about a thousand children who left their first employment, more than half quit in less than a year. Think of the effect upon the child of this constant shifting and waywardness! Not even the so-called "habit of work," by which child labor is so often justified, will stand by the child in later life. It is therefore not at all surprising that working men of such beginnings often succumb to distaste for work in the very prime of life. The effects, then, of child labor upon the health of the working child and its stability in industry are well calculated to produce a class of men whose ill health and shiftlessness would naturally predispose them to vagrancy in its diverse forms.

Thus, whether we consider these facts in the light of the vagrant's past, or in the light of the child worker's future, we are forced to recognize that, not all, but certain causes of vagrancy almost exactly correspond to certain effects of child labor. This conclusion is sustained by the highest national authorities on all social questions, chief among them Dr. Felix Adler and Miss Jane Addams, two distinguished representatives of the National Child Labor Committee. Nor is the conclusion either surprising or new. It simply drives home the truth that you can't burn life's candle at both ends.

How Connecticut Got Her Woman Factory Inspector

By Delia Lyman Porter

IT started with the reading of a book, "The Long Day," by Dorothy Richardson. After I had read the thrilling story of her experiences in trying to get work in New York, of the vile talk and immoral atmosphere of many of the factories, I determined to find out for myself what the "long day" of the New Haven factory girl was like. And so interesting did the quest become that from that day to thus, I have been absorbed in the problem of Connecticut working girls,—how they live and what we women who have more advantages and more leisure can do to help them.

I began by visiting the principal factories of New Haven and seeing for myself the conditions of work. I mimeographed question blanks covering factory and home life, and to these, by means of the intervention of mission, settlement, and club workers, I got answers from eighty-two factory girls, throwing a flood of light on many interesting points. Then I cultivated the acquaintance of as many working girls as I could lay hold of, inviting them to my house for a cup of chocolate in the evening or on Saturday afternoon for a cup of tea, over which we discussed with absolute unreserve the conditions under which they worked. Perhaps the most illuminating talk was with a forewoman from one of the most poorly managed factories I visited, whom I asked to come and see me. She came after her day's work and I persuaded her to stay to dinner. What a revelation that talk was! The gulf between her life and mine! She had never even been in my section of the town before. And the heartbreaking stories of the vile talk to which almost every girl who works must be subjected, and of the often immoral foremen who use their power over young and innocent girls, forcing them either to accept

their plans or be discharged! I also consulted the State Factory Inspector and read inspection reports from other states.

In all these ways I got the material for my paper which was finally as long as a Ph. D. thesis. In it I portrayed the "Long Day" of the six thousand New Haven factory girls, how many of them rise at five to do house work before they start; how hard they work from seven to six with one hour at noon which is often spent in eating their lunch at the bench where they work; how poor the ventilation is; how tired they get about four in the afternoon; how un nourishing are the meager breakfast and luncheon; how they hurry home to supper, but are either so tired they soon go to bed or crave the diversion which they can usually find only in the vaudeville theater or wretched cheap dances from which come deplorable results. Their wages average from six to seven dollars a week, though often more and often less. This is spent largely on clothes. Those who do not live at home cannot pay for decent board and have any residue for clothes and other necessities on such a wage.

As a result of this study, I felt the best way to help was to get a woman factory inspector appointed for Connecticut, and to this I bent all my energies. I first got the approval of the Chief Inspector who verified all the facts of my investigation, and then read my paper to as many women's clubs as possible. Early securing the coöperation of the Industrial Committee of the Federation of Women's Clubs, I was asked to read it in many parts of the state, where I urged similar local studies. This was in the spring of 1906. In the fall and winter I read parts of my paper to the governor-elect who thereafter recommended a woman inspector in his message as did also the chief inspector. I read it to senators and representatives and people who might influence them and I wrote and instigated supporting articles in the press in different parts of the state. We got the Federated Clubs to appoint industrial committees who

should get petitions signed and should influence legislators from their district and the press.

In January, President Luther of Trinity College presented our bill in the senate. The petitions began to pour in in an avalanche from all over the state, far more than for any other measure of the session. Connecticut was apparently in an uproar to get a woman inspector (and this is what the coöperation of women's clubs can effect). At our hearing before the Labor Committee on February 6 we had not only the support of the working girls, one of whom went up with me and testified that with such an inspector to advise, the rubber strike which she had led three years before, would never have been, but we had also the support of the leading manufacturers of the State, a printed list of a hundred of whom was given to each legislator with a little pamphlet, "The Need of a Woman Inspector," which we distributed by thousands throughout the state. The committee recommended the passage of the bill, and on June 11 the bill was unanimously approved by the Senate. But after a sharp and exciting debate, for though there was no opposition to the factory inspector herself, there was much to the form of her appointment which was to be on the recommendations of a six-year commission of three women appointed by the governor. This method we had demanded because we knew, from the experience of other states, that a poor woman inspector was worse than none and we felt the appointment must be kept entirely out of politics. This some politicians did not, of course, like.

So far, all had gone as merrily as a marriage bell. At the close of the debate in the Senate even the aged door-keeper, upon seeing my evident joy, remarked sympathetically, "Want it for yourself, ma'am, I suppose." But "the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft aglee." The enemies of the commission idea worked so secretly in the House that when it came up later in June it was voted down absolutely and to all appearances finally. We had supposed the House to be all right and had not attempted so arduous

Woman Factory Inspector

a campaign of education as in the Senate. But now began our real hard work, compared to which all hitherto was as child's play. We must change the opinion of the two hundred and fifty Representatives within the three or four days which then seemed the time before the final decision. No time was lost. The next morning we were in Hartford explaining the error of their ways to the misguided Representatives of the day before. Time fails to tell of the hundreds of letters written, the interviews employed. Suffice it to say on July 16 a glorious victory was ours and the Woman Inspector Bill was passed, commission and all. In appointing me on the commission, the governor presented me with the pen with which he signed the bill.

From many candidates we selected Miss Corcoran, an ex-factory worker who has had wide experience as a social secretary in both factory and department store, and is unusually fitted for the place. She is already doing a splendid work and more than justifying all our labor. I have asked all the Women's Clubs of our State to back her up by appointing industrial committees who shall introduce her to working girls and employes as she visits each town, and so enable her to get at true conditions as she could not otherwise do.

And so because of a commission chosen and backed by thousands of interested women all over the State (two unique features in inspection work) we believe our Connecticut woman inspector will be able to do a greater work than any other has been able to accomplish. Other States may follow our example for the getting of our commission-chosen inspector bill passed has been pronounced by one of the greatest authorities in the country "to be the greatest achievement in behalf of working women for a quarter of a century."

And now if every Chautauqua Circle which reads this story might be impelled to do what it can for working girls all over our country! Do you ask how? Briefly as follows:

1. Call for a reading course on industrial conditions

and what is done to better them—as fascinating a study as can be conceived—and begin by reading “The Long Day.”

2. Have an Industrial Committee in each Circle and especially put on it any kindred of employers of women.

3. Let this committee investigate local conditions somewhat as in the New Haven study described above.

4. If the need of noon lunch clubs and evening clubs for recreation and improvement is apparent, start such clubs. Transmute the culture you are all absorbing into pleasure and profit for those who have no time or strength for reading, by imparting it at these clubs.

5. Study local and state laws governing women’s labor and, if not enforced, report to the State Inspector and to the Consumers League, and be ready to support by petition and by influencing public opinion any good new laws proposed. If your State has no woman inspector, get one, chosen by commission, and back her up by your interest.

If every member of a Chautauqua Circle and of a Woman’s Club throughout our land becomes thus interested, the threatened contest between labor and capital will never become the terrible fact which is so often foretold.



Augustus Saint-Gaudens

The tributes to the character and genius of Saint-Gaudens which have been called forth since his death a few months ago, have been a revelation to many persons of the debt which America owes to this great artist.

He was so richly endowed with the rarest artistic gifts that his interpretation of the spirit of his time, as expressed through his works, made a direct and sure appeal. Men and women of artistic training and critical habit of mind have vied with each other in analyzing and paying tribute to his remarkable powers; and multitudes of other men and women far too simple minded to put into words their understanding of his work have felt instinctively its strong human quality.

At the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, a collection of his works, more complete than those of any one artist ever before shown in America, were gathered together at the time of his birthday, the city in this way commemorating her illustrious son. During the six weeks of this exhibit, tens of thousands of people visited the Museum and illustrations of the more notable statues and reliefs were reproduced widely by the daily press. A writer in summing up the impressions made by the exhibit and in particular the sculptor's intense interest in the portrayal of character said, "It is this poignant and dramatic element in his genius that first subtly and gradually but then with a kind of thrilling force, moves the imagination as the collection of Saint-Gaudens' works is surveyed."

A lifetime of sixty years seems at best a scant allowance for a human career, yet estimated by the extent of Mr. Saint-Gaudens' influence upon the art of this country, it measures a full span.

Of French and Irish parentage, his own birthplace being Dublin, he came to New York when a very small child, and his Celtic temperament throughout his life responded sym-

pathetically to the atmosphere of the new world. Out of his Paris training and his three years in Rome he brought back to his own land the creative enthusiasm of the Italian Renaissance which sought to express individuality in true and beautiful forms, unhampered by tradition.

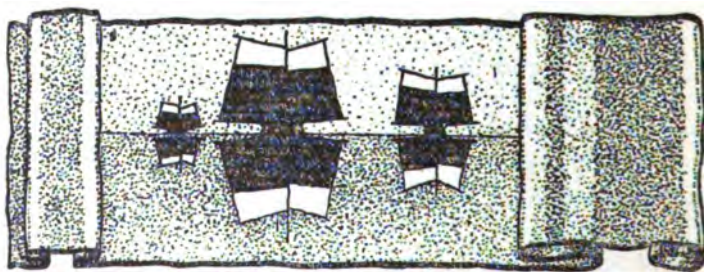
When he began his work in this country, our sculpture was in a decadent state, slavishly bound to classic models but entirely devoid of the classic spirit which spoke the message of its own time. Mr. Saint-Gaudens' work sought for the sincere expression of the highest truth and this he accomplished through the rare qualities with which he was endowed, intellectual grasp, spiritual insight, exquisite refinement combined with strength and virility of execution.

His statue of Farragut marked an epoch in the art of sculpture in this country. It was a portrait statue but how far removed from the commonplace effigies which at that period disfigured our public parks. The famous commander was portrayed in his own natural environment, so admirably adjusted to his surroundings that one almost had a consciousness of the swaying deck and the fresh breeze playing about him. Here was a beautiful work of art decorative in the highest sense, sincere in every line.

Not many years later the commission for a statue of Lincoln for Chicago brought him face to face with one of the most difficult problems in modern sculpture. Yet the result proved his capacity for the highest achievement; for his genius gathered up the manifold qualities of the great president's character and fused them into a portrait which, mere bronze as it is, conveys an extraordinary impression of personal power. The Shaw Memorial in which originality of conception is combined with lofty sentiment, the Sherman statue already classed among the few great equestrian statues of the world, and the mysterious figure of inscrutable mien which constitutes the Adams Memorial in Washington are additional evidence of a wealth of artistic gifts rare in any age or country.

In the earlier years of his work he gave much attention to portraiture in low relief, a field in which his masterly skill and refinement of feeling produced effects of the most exquisite character. Aside from his own personal achievement his influence upon the art of his time has been very great. A man of unusually winning personality, he had a vast capacity for work, and a fidelity to his ideals which would not be satisfied with anything short of perfection. Hampered with ill health so that years of labor had to be sacrificed, he yet preserved his sweetness of nature, inimitable sense of humor and generous appreciation of the work of others.

America is fortunate in her heritage of a life which has given to the art of the new world an influence which is incalculable. More than this, we may well believe that, in the words of a fellow artist, "He is destined to take his place somewhere among the few artists whose work transcends time and place and becomes part of the universal human inheritance."





Some Nature Poetry

To most of our readers Spring will have already become a welcome guest by the time this magazine is received, even to those with whom our

"Back'ard springs
Kind o' haggie with their greens an' things."

That spring is here is sufficient justification for the following quotations from three of our best nature poets. The passages selected are familiar, doubtless, to many readers but they well bear endless repetition.

The Grass--From "Poems," By Emily Dickinson

The grass so little has to do,—
A sphere of simple green,
With only butterflies to brood,
And bees to entertain,

And stir all day to pretty tunes
The breezes fetch along,
And hold the sunshine in its lap
And bow to everything;

And thread the dews all night, like pearls,
And make itself so fine,—
A duchess were too common
For such a noticing.

And even when it dies, to pass
In odors so divine,
As lowly spices gone to sleep,
Or amulets of pine.

And then to dwell in sovereign barns,
And dream the days away,—
The grass so little has to do,
I wish I were the hay!

From the "Biglow Papers" of Lowell

I, country-born an' bred, know where to find
 Some blooms thet make the season suit the mind,
 An' seem to metch the doubtin' bluebird's notes,—
 Half-vent'rin' liverworts in furry coats,
 Bloodroots, whose rolled-up leaves-ef you oncurl,
 Each on 'em's cradle to a baby-pearl,—
 But these are jes' Spring's pickets; sure ez sin,
 The rebble frosts 'll try to drive 'em in;
 For half our May's so awfully like May n't,
 'Twould rile a Shaker or an evrige saint;
 Though I own up I like our back'ard springs
 Thet kind o' haggle with their greens an' things,
 An' when you 'most give up, 'thout more words,
 Toss the fields full o' blossoms, leaves, an' birds;
 Thet's Northun natur', slow an' apt to doubt,
 But when it *doos* git stirred, there's no gin-out!

Fust come the blackbirds clatt'rin' in tall trees.
 An' settlin' things in windy Congresses,—
 Queer politicians, though, for I'll be skinned
 Ef all on 'em don't head against the wind.
 'Fore long the trees begin to show belief,—
 The maple crimsons to a coral reef,
 Then saffern swarms swing off from all the willers
 So plump they look like yaller catterpillars,
 Then gray hossches'nuts leetle hands unfold
 Softer'n a baby's be at three days old;
 Thet's robin-redbreast's almanick; he knows
 Thet arter this ther's only blossom-snows;
 So, choosin' out a handy crotch an' spouse,
 He goes to plast'rin' his adobe house.
 Then seems to come a hitch,—things lag behind,
 Till some fine mornin' Spring makes up her mind,
 An' ez, when snow-swelled rivers cresh their dams
 Heaped-up with ice that dovetails in an' jams,
 A leak comes spirtin' thru some pin-hole cleft,
 Grows stronger, fercer, tears out right an' left,
 Then all the waters bow themselves an' come,
 Suddin', in one gret slope o' shedderin' foam,
 Jes' so our Spring gits everythin' in tune
 An' gives one leap from Aperl into June;
 Then all comes crowdin' in; afore you think,
 Young oak-leaves mist the side-hill woods with pink
 The catbird in the laylock bush is loud;
 The orchards turn to heaps o' rosy cloud;
 Red-cedars blossom tu, though few folks know it,
 An' look all dipt in sunshine like a poet;
 The lime-trees pile their solid stacks o' shade
 An' drows'ly simmer with the bees' sweet trade;
 In ellum-shrouds the flashin' hangbird clings
 An' for the summer vy'ge his hammock slings;

All down the loose-walled lanes in archin' bowers
 The barb'ry droops its strings o' golden flowers,
 Whose shrinkin' hearts the school gals love to try
 With pins,—they'll worry yourn so, boys, bimeby!
 But I don't love your cat'logue style,—do you?—
 Ez if to sell off Natur' by vendoo;
 One word with blood in 't's twice ez good ez two;
 'Nuff sed, June's bridesman, poet o' the year,
 Gladness on wings, the bobolink, is here;
 Half-hid in tip-top apple-blooms he swings,
 Or climbs against the breeze with quiverin' wings,
 Or givin' way to 't in mock despair,
 Runs down, a brook o' laughter, thru the air.

I ollus feel the sap start in my veins
 In Spring, with curus heats an' prickly pains
 Thet drive me, when I git a chance, to walk
 Off by myself to hev a privit talk
 With a queer critter thet can't seem to 'gree
 Along o' me like most folks,—Mister Me.
 Thar's times when I'm unsoshle ez a stone,
 An' sort o' suffercate to be alone,—
 I'm crowded jes' to think that folks are nigh,
 An' can't bear nothin' closer than the sky;
 Now the wind's full ez shifty in the mind
 Ez wut it is ou'-doors, ef I ain't blind,
 An' sometimes in the fairest sou'west weather,
 My innard vane pints east for weeks together,
 My natur' gits all goose-flesh, an' my sins
 Come drizzlin' on my conscience sharp ez pins;
 Wal, et sech times I jes' slip out o' sight
 An' take it out in a fair stan'-up fight
 With the one cuss I can't lay on the shelf,
 The crook'dest stick in all the heap,—Myself.

* * * * *

From "An 'Ode in Time of Hesitation," By William Vaughn Moody

* * * * *

Through street and mall the tides of people go
 Heedless; the trees upon the Commons show
 No hint of green; but to my listening heart
 The still earth doth impart
 Assurance of her jubilant emprise,
 And it is clear to my long-searching eyes
 That love at last has might upon the skies.
 The ice is runneled on the little pond;
 A tell-tale patter drips from off the trees;
 The air is touched with southland spiceries,
 As if but yesterday it tossed the frond
 Of pendent mosses where the live-oaks grow

Beyond Virginia and the Carolines,
Or had its will among the fruit and vines
Of aromatic isles asleep beyond
Florida and the Gulf of Mexico.

Soon shall the Cape Ann children shout in glee,
Spying the arbutus, spring's dear recluse;
Hill lads at dawn shall hearken the wild goose
Go honking northward over Tennessee;
West from Oswego to Sault Sainte-Marie,
And on to where the Pictured Rocks are hung,
And yonder where, gigantic, wilful, young,
Chicago sitteth at the northwest gates,
With restless violent hands and casual tongue
Moulding her mighty fates,
The Lakes shall robe them in ethereal sheen;
And like a larger sea, the vital green
Of springing wheat shall vastly be outflung
Over Dakota and the prairie states.
My desert people immemorial
On Arizonan mesas shall be done
Dim rites unto the thunder and the sun;
Nor shall the primal gods lack sacrifice
More splendid, when the White Sierras call
Unto the Rockies straightway to arise
And dance before the unveiled ark of the year,
Sounding their windy cedars as for shawms,
Unrolling rivers clear
For flutter of broad phylacteries;
While Shasta signals to Alaskan seas
That watch old sluggish glaciers downward creep
To fling their icebergs thundering from the steep,
And Mariposa through the purple calms
Gazes at far Hawaii crowned with palms
Where East and West are met,—
A rich seal on the ocean's bosom set
To say that East and West are twain,
With different loss and gain:
The Lord hath sundered them; let them be sundered yet.

* * * * *

William James on International Peace

The following quotations are taken from an address made by William James at the Peace Banquet given in Boston, October 7, 1904, on the closing day of the World's Peace Congress. The entire address will be found in the *Atlantic Monthly* for December, 1904.

I am only a philosopher, and there is only one thing that a philosopher can be relied on to do. You know that the function of statistics has been ingeniously described as being the refutation of

other statistics. Well, a philosopher can always contradict other philosophers. In ancient times philosophers defined man as the rational animal; and philosophers since then have always found much more to say about the rational than about the animal part of the definition. But looked at candidly, reason bears about the same proportion to the rest of human nature that we in this hall bear to the rest of America, Europe, Asia, Africa, and Polynesia. Reason is one of the very feeblest of Nature's forces, if you take it at any one spot and moment. It is only in the very long run that its effects become perceptible. Reason assumes to settle things by weighing them against one another without prejudice, partiality, or excitement; but what affairs in the concrete are settled by is and always will be just prejudices, partialities, cupidities, and excitements. Appealing to reason as we do, we are in a sort of a forlorn hope situation, like a small sand-bank in the midst of a hungry sea ready to wash it out of existence. But the sand-banks grow when the conditions favor; and weak as reason is, it has the unique advantage over its antagonists that its activity never lets up and that it presses always in one direction, while men's prejudices vary, their passions ebb and flow, and their excitements are intermittent. Our sand-bank, I absolutely believe, is bound to grow,—bit by bit it will get dyked and break-watered. But sitting as we do in this warm room, with music and lights and the flowing bowl and smiling faces, it is easy to get too sanguine about our task, and since I am called to speak, I feel as if it might not be out of place to say a word about the strength of our enemy.

* * * * *

Not only men born to be soldiers, but non-combatants by trade and nature, historians in their studies, and clergymen in their pulpits, have been war's idealizers. They have talked of war as of God's court of justice. And, indeed, if we think how many things besides the frontiers of states the wars of history have decided, we must feel some respectful awe, in spite of all the horrors.

* * * * *

The blessings we actually enjoy, such as they are, have grown up in the shadow of the wars of antiquity. The various ideals were backed by fighting wills, and where neither would give way, the God of battles had to be the arbiter. A shallow view, this, truly; for who can say what might have prevailed if man had ever been a reasoning and not a fighting animal? Like dead men, dead causes tell no tales, and the ideals that went under in the past, along with all the tribes that represented them, find today no recorder, no explainer, no defender.

But apart from theoretic defenders, and apart from every soldierly individual straining at the leash, and clamoring for opportunity, war has an omnipotent support in the form of our imagination. Man lives *by* habits, indeed, but what he lives *for* is thrills and excitements. The only relief from Habit's tediousness is periodical excitement. From time immemorial wars have been, especially for non-combatants, the supremely thrilling excitement. Heavy and dragging at its end, at its outset every war means an explosion of imaginative energy. The dams of routine burst, and boundless prospects open. The remotest spectators share the fascination.

We do ill, I fancy, to talk much of universal peace or of a general disarmament. We must go in for preventive medicine, not for radical cure. We must cheat our foe, politically circumvent his action, not try to change his nature. In one respect war is like love, though in no other. Both leave us intervals of rest; and in the intervals life goes on perfectly well without them, though the imagination still dallies with their possibility. Equally insane when once aroused and under headway, whether they shall be aroused or not depends on accidental circumstances. How are old maids and old bachelors made? Not by deliberate vows of celibacy, but sliding on from year to year with no sufficient matrimonial provocation. So of the nations with their wars. Let the general possibility of war be left open, in Heaven's name, for the imagination to dally with. Let the soldiers dream of killing, as the old maids dream of marrying. But organize in every conceivable way the practical machinery for making each successive chance of war abortive. Put peace-men in power; educate the editors and statesmen to responsibility;—how beautifully did their trained responsibility in England make the Venezuela incident abortive! Seize every pretext, however small, for arbitration methods, and multiply the precedents; foster rival excitements and invent new outlets for heroic energy; and from one generation to another, the chances are that irritations will grow less acute and states of strain less dangerous among the nations. Armies and navies will continue, of course, and will fire the minds of populations with the potentialities of greatness. But their officers will find that somehow or other, with no deliberate intention on any one's part, each successive "incident" has managed to evaporate and to lead nowhere, and that the thought of what might have been remains their only consolation.

Tolstoy's Reply to the Tzar

Tolstoy's letter, in response to the Tzar's invitation, through a communication made by his nephew, the Grand Duke Constantin, that the aged Count become reconciled to the Russian Greek Church, from which he was excommunicated, is one of the finest bits of work in behalf of liberty, humanity and peace, which has been performed in many a year. It is a model of sincerity, loyalty to conviction, directness, simplicity and moral force. It needs no exposition and is as follows:

"Your Majesty: A few more days, weeks or years and I am gone. Some days or decades more and Your Majesty will follow my example. That is the eternal law of nature. But before that occurs I desire to direct these lines to you as the ruler of the Russian people.

"I wish you could follow and realize the words and example of Christ: 'Whoso will be master shall be a servant of the others.' To rule a people or an empire does not mean to govern them by force and violence, but to serve them with wisdom and love, and execute the highest ideals for the benefit of the ruled.

"Neither parliament nor constitutional government makes a nation happy, great or advanced, but the ideals for which they strive

and the freedom necessary to obtain those ideals. If you will be a ruler as described and realized by Christ, your first duty is to build your sovereignty upon the love of peace, liberty and brotherhood. Build your empire upon the religion of humanity and peace, and there will be not necessary either prisons or enormous military expenses. Give freedom to every man to think, worship or speak as he likes, and they will learn to rule themselves with love and wisdom. Therefore, I beg to suggest to Your Majesty these rules for ruling:

"1. To follow the example of Christ and become a servant of the nation.

"2. Abolish the army of violence and establish an army of peace and love.

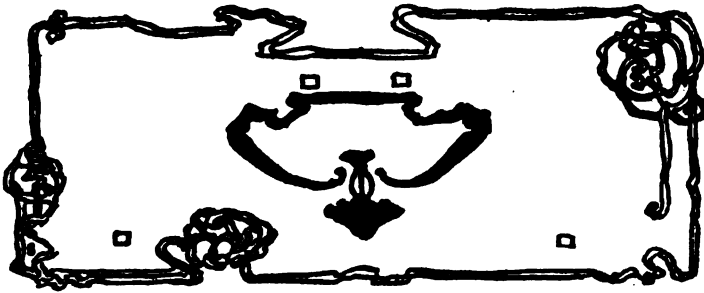
"3. Give the largest freedom to all the individuals of our country to act as they think right and proper.

"4. Renounce all the wealth and luxury, abolish all titles and particular privileges, and proclaim the religion of Christ and humanity as the fundamental constitution of our empire.

"Having done this, you will become one of the greatest rulers of the present time and your name will be blessed and worshipped by millions.

Very respectfully submitted,

"LEO TOLSTOY."





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THE TENNYSON CLASS.

Many members of the Class of 1908 are looking forward with bright anticipations to their coming graduation at Chautauqua. Alumni Hall, the class headquarters, will be the center of attraction and the cozy class room which is situated on the right hand side of the second floor at the rear, the "sunset corner," will be recognized by its portraits of Tennyson and its artistic "red rose" panel on the door. The classes of 1892 and 1900 share the room with 1908. They are good neighbors and there will be many pleasant interchanges of courtesies. Alumni Hall looks across the park, in the center of which is the '82 Decennial fountain, to the Hall of Philosophy where Round Tables are held and also the impressive exercises of Recognition Day. At scores of other Chautauquas, also, members of the class will find a cordial welcome, and an acquaintance with Tennyson's "Ulysses" will serve as a passport to good fellowship among members of 1908 who meet at these centers for the first time.

There will be many 1908's whose summer outings will not include a Chautauqua but their diplomas will find them out, and recognize their class loyalty. It may be well to remind Chautauquans that graduation does not neces-

sarily imply filling out review papers. These are the joy of the enthusiast who is working for the pleasure of testing his powers, and incidentally winning seals for his diploma. But the diploma may be honorably won by the simple reading of the prescribed books and magazine articles, and reporting these to the office at Chautauqua.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO THE CLASS OF 1908.

Each member of the class should receive by the first of June a special circular sent out by the office at Chautauqua entitled "Report Blank and Final Address to the Graduating Class." This blank provides spaces on which each member can report the four years' reading and the seals, if any, for which he has made the required returns. The blank also contains the dates of Recognition Days at all the various Chautauquas with the time limit for sending in reports, and other items of interest to graduates. Any member who fails to receive this blank by June 1 should notify the office at Chautauqua, New York.

CHAUTAUQUA IN KOREA.

In last month's Round Table an outline map indicated some centers of the C. L. S. C. in China, and Korea. The following letter from our Korean member, who, with her husband, belongs to the Class of 1910, shows how the C. L. S. C. course contributed to the varied experiences of a Korean missionary's vacation.

"Ever since I came to Korea as a bride, my husband and I planned to do some systematic reading together. It is so easy for missionaries to get into the ruts and we wanted something outside the usual line of our work to keep us awake. Last year we decided on the Chautauqua Reading Course and ordered books and magazine. . . . Mr. Moore's work keeps him itinerating in the country most of the time, and the occasional trips home are always filled with work and preparation for the next trip. But during the winter we did find time for two delightful evenings with 'Rational Living.' . . . Every month THE CHAUTAUQUAN came to us. 'Highways and Byways' kept us in touch with the doings in the homeland which seems so far away. Of course the news was a month old but we have become accustomed to that so we do not mind and only grumble when mails are delayed and two or three more weeks are added to the time of waiting. The other pages

were not read, but the magazines were put away carefully to be taken with us on our vacation.

"Pyeng Yang is on the Great East River which reaches far up into the mountains. One of our early missionaries conceived the idea of using the river, the mountains, and the long, narrow, shallow boats used by the natives, for our vacation. So we improve our opportunities in the month of August when, being the time of floods and the boat owners having no use for their boats for carrying loads up or down the river, they may be had at a low rent, and the five boatmen for little more than their food and shoes. The boats are about sixty feet long, and ten feet wide in the center. A house frame, usually 20x10 feet is made and placed over the center of the boat, leaving space at either end of the boat for the boatmen. Thatch roofs, solid floors, and canvas curtains for sides, when needed, are provided and the house is finished. A tiny kitchen is partitioned off at the rear and the remainder of the house is sitting room, dining room, or bed room according as the need may require, being easily transformed by means of the camp furniture every missionary has for his country trips.

"When we packed our books for our vacation trip, the Chautauqua magazines and books were not forgotten, and between mountain climbing and swimming we really had time to read quite a little, though there is still enough left for another summer.

"Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Dr. King helped us have a perfect rest by giving us a complete change from every day thoughts, and we came home ready for the duties of another year.

"Mrs. J. Z. Moore."

A REVIEW OF AMERICAN PAINTING.

Many of our readers will find it an advantage to detach the half dozen pages in the back of this Round Table devoted to a summary of American Painting and bind them separately in leaflet form. One of the delights of the study of art is the constant enlarging of one's opportunities for making the acquaintance of pictures. Picture galleries and art stores are becoming more widely distributed and exhibitions of works by American artists accessible to ever increasing numbers of people. To have for reference a summary of the important names and tendencies in American painting will, it is hoped, help students to use their opportunities to the best advantage.



TO THE CLASS OF 1898: "THE LANIERS."

The decennial exercises of the class will be held at Chautauqua, New York, in August, 1908. The exact date will be announced later. It will be not far from Recognition Day.



The Church at Pyeng Yang, the largest in Korea, seating 1,800.

The class, which is named for the two poets, Mr. Clifford Lanier and his brother, the late Mr. Sidney Lanier, will have the pleasure of

Clifford Lanier

who will take part in the decennial exercises. A Round Robin letter is in circulation, but it may fail to reach some members whose addresses have changed, or are not known. It is therefore desired that all members of the class communicate at once with Mrs. R. P. Hopper, 98 Annette St., West, Toronto Junction, Canada, telling something of their daily experiences, that they may be better known by their classmates. These items will be woven into a Class Chronicle to be read at the Decennial Exercises, and preserved among the Class archives.

A Chautauqua reader in Pforzheim, Germany, reports his somewhat scattering method of reading the course makes it hardly possible for him to claim a diploma but that he is a firm friend of Chautauqua and is trying to spread the C. L. S. C. idea in Germany. "In Europe," he writes, "it means sowing seeds plentifully, overcoming many difficulties, and reaping very slowly; some day we shall reap."



A Missionary Residence in Pyeng Yang, Korea.



Alumni Hall, C. L. S. C. Headquarters at Chautauqua.

Suggestions from a Brooklyn 1911: For class emblem, The Mignonette. For Class Motto: "Let us then be up and doing." Comments from other members of the class are in order.

A 1911 from Kentucky is starting out with the same sort of enthusiasm which characterized the Chautauqua readers of the early years when the novelty of the idea made an especially strong appeal. She says: "I write to say that I began the reading and study of the four books and eight magazines December first, and have completed the Brief and White seal memoranda of one hundred questions in three and one-half months, a great achievement for one so old and rusty as myself. I am proud of it. Of course they are open for correction and criticism, yet I have made a great endeavor to have them correct, by indefatigable work, studying every afternoon and night. I am boarding in the country where I have not had any advantage of a single book, but a small dictionary for reference. . . . I have enjoyed Miss Spencer's 'American Painting' so much."

For uncounted Chautauqua readers the end of the four years' course has literally been a "commencement." This is illustrated by a member from Springport, Michigan, who graduating from the C. L. S. C. in 1885 has had the books and CHAUTAUQUAN, with a few intervals, throughout these twenty-three years.

A member of the class of '91 from New York City in sending her annual fee for the year 1907-8, says: "Pardon my neglect in sending my annual fee for 1908. As this is the first time in twenty years, I feel sure you will."

C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

*"We study the Word and the Works of God."**"Let us Keep Our Heavenly Father in the Midst."**"Never be Discouraged."*

C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

OPENING DAY—October 1.	SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.
BRYANT DAY—November 3.	INTERNATIONAL PEACE DAY — May 18.
SPECIAL SUNDAY — November, second Sunday.	SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.
MILTON DAY—December 9.	INAUGURATION DAY — August, first Saturday after first Tuesday.
COLLEGE DAY — January, last Thursday.	St. PAUL's DAY—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday.
LANIER DAY—February 3.	RECOGNITION DAY—August, third Wednesday.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.	
LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.	
SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.	
ADDISON DAY—May 1.	



OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING FOR JUNE.

FIRST WEEK.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "As Others See Us," Chapter XVI, Part 2: "Some Signs of Hope." "American Painting," Chapter IX: "Modern Landscape Painting."

SUGGESTIONS FOR CLOSING PROGRAM OF THE YEAR.

Circles which are dramatically inclined will not go far astray if they present one of Howell's well-known farces. The action of these is simple and the number of characters not too numerous to make them available for a circle of moderate size. The last circle report (Carthage, Mo.) in the Round Table this month suggests a plan for an exhibition of silhouettes which may be made quite extensive and very interesting as a review of the year's authors.

An exhibition of American paintings through reproductions might be made an interesting and important contribution by the Circle to the pleasure and education of the community. A centrally located room in the Y. M. C. A. or Public Library or elsewhere could be secured where the pictures might be on exhibition for a week. A few extra copies of THE CHAUTAUQUAN would make it possible to mount all of the pictures separately. If the room has an unattractive wall, some simple frames could be made and covered with plain green ingrain paper which makes an attractive background, and on these panels the pictures could be grouped. They should be arranged chronologically in the Colonial period and later, in their natural divisions of historical, figure, portrait, landscape and mural painting. Very considerable additions can be made to the pictures by looking up some of the magazines listed in the bibliography. These may possibly be secured at a low rate by correspondence with some old book store in a neighboring city or a notice in a local paper may put the Circle in possession of many treasures in the way of supplementary illustrations. The "Masters in Art" Monographs, 20 cents each (Bates and Guild, Boston),

on Copley and Stuart and on Washington contain a large number of admirable pictures. It is quite possible that in many towns the exhibition could be supplemented by original works of American art which might be loaned for the occasion by private families or by dealers. In this way, the public would have a chance not only to study the originals but to see them in their historic connection. Arrangements might be made with some art student or teacher to give talks on the pictures at a given hour each day, pointing out the significant features in the development of American Art. If the Circle thought wise, a small fee might be charged and the proceeds used to purchase art reproductions for the public library.



REVIEW QUESTIONS ON "AS OTHERS SEE US." CHAPTER XVI. PART II.

1. What are some of the questions that confront us in our quest for signs of progress? 2. What early opinions were expressed regarding the Press in the United States? 3. What comparison may be made between our Weeklies and Monthlies and the Daily press? 4. How have the Dailies been influenced by these periodicals? 5. What example is given of the low estate of the Press in 1812? 6. How does our history illustrate the close connection between politics and business? 7. Is there any indication of progress in this direction? If so, what? 8. What low state of the public conscience is indicated by records of our prisons in the early nineteenth century? 9. How were "perquisites" regarded in official life? 10. Illustrate the changed attitude toward bribery. 11. How does the official corruption following the Civil War compare with that of our early political history? 12. What corrupt business conditions are revealed by the Senate records of New York State? 13. How is this same spirit shown in other states? 14. How does our attitude toward tuberculosis illustrate progress? 15. How are we showing a new attitude toward monopoly? 16. What excuse does it offer for its lawlessness? 17. For what achievements does it deserve credit? 18. What danger is there in our attitude toward "the rich"? 19. What are some of the principles which must rule in the twentieth century? 20. What great truth has come home to the people of the Pacific Coast? 21. With what pertinent advice does our author close his series of studies?

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. Who are the editors respectively of *The World's Work*, *The Review of Reviews*, *The American Magazine*, *Collier's*, and *The Outlook*? 2. How many daily papers are published in each of the following cities: New York, Chicago, Boston, St. Louis, Seattle, Baltimore, and New Orleans? 3. How many religious Weeklies are published in this country? 4. How many so-called socialistic publications are produced in this country?



REVIEW QUESTIONS ON AMERICAN PAINTING.

1. What were the general characteristics of the "Hudson River School"? 2. How were art ideals in this country influenced by Hunt and La Farge? 3. What men held a corresponding position in relation to landscape? 4. What changes in style are

observable in the work of Inness? 5. How was he influenced by his European experience? 6. What are his most marked characteristics? What his limitations? 7. In what respect was his work great? 8. Contrast the work of Wyant with that of Inness. 9. What qualities gave to Homer D. Martin deservedly high rank? 10. Contrast the old style fashion of painting trees with the newer methods employed. 11. What does the painter mean by "modeling" in nature? 12. How does a modern painter heighten his effects by a study of "values?" 13. What various aspects of landscape painting are made the subject of study by different artists? 14. What qualities give to the work of Ranger a peculiar distinction? 15. What artistic training had Dwight W. Tryon? 16. What are the characteristics of his paintings? 17. What are some of the other names connected with this group of artists? 18. What criticism may be made of "Spring" by Bolton Jones? 19. What are the distinctive features of Impressionism? 20. What examples of it are here discussed. 21. Discuss some of the respective merits of Redfield, Schofield, and Dougherty. 22. What striking developments have been shown in the work of Mr. Charles Francis Browne?



ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS ON MAY READING.

1. A famous Italian family of the fifteenth century among the members of which were Pope Alexander VI, his son Cesare Borgia created cardinal in 1492 and his daughter Lucrezia Borgia Duchess of Ferrara, a woman of great beauty and ability. 2. The New York Evening Post. 3. Editor of *World's Work* since 1900. Member of the firm of Doubleday Page & Co.; born Cary, N. C., 1855, graduate of Randolph-Macon College, Va., and Johns Hopkins University, editor *Forum* 1890-5. *Atlantic Monthly* 1896-9. 4. Establishing an attitude toward China which preserved the open door, and in the Russo-Japanese War assured the integrity of that nation.



NEWS FROM READERS AND CIRCLES.

A South Dakota member seemed to be the center of an inquiring group as Pendragon prepared to call the roll of the Round Table. "It's my portfolio which is exciting this commotion," explained the delegate. "And if you like, I will show it to the others. I wanted very much to get acquainted with modern American artists and so I tried working out a simple plan. My notion is that one learns a good deal from contrasts so I'm planning to keep two artists on hand all the time whose work can be compared. Just at present they are Sargent and Alexander. I picked up a number of pictures of each artist in various ways. I live in the country and have no library, so I first inquired of all my neighbors for the magazines mentioned in THE CHAUTAUQUAN's bibliography and got a few in this way—though you'd be surprised to see how few magazines many country families have. Then I wrote to the public library in a

nearby city and asked for the name of an old book dealer. Through him I secured some of the magazines I wanted and I sent to the publishers for the rest. Altogether I spent a dollar and a half and I have a fine outlay. Then I got my oldest boy to make me two bulletin boards out of pine stained a soft brown shade and finished with a narrow strip of molding around the edge. He sand-papered and rubbed down the board till it really looks quite ornamental. I selected the two spots in my house where I spend a good deal of time—the wall on one side of my kitchen opposite which I stand to wipe dishes and another well lighted corner of the living room which I face every time I drop down into the big rocker, and here I hung up my boards. With thumb tacks I mounted the Alexanders on the living room board and the Sargents in the kitchen. The Sargents have a more militant air and seem to keep me up to my best efforts. The Alexanders have a deliciously luxurious quality which fits in with my moments of rest. The children look at the pictures a great deal and discuss their favorites with enthusiasm and are looking forward to the time when they can see an original. They call the portrait of little Beatrice Goelet 'Baby Sister' and Alexander's Autumn 'the floating lady.' Now I'm working away at odd minutes on a landscape series as you will see from these in my portfolio and I shall have 'Rocky Mountain' painters in one room and Impressionists in another. You can't think what an interesting way it is to study pictures."

"Do you remember," said Pendragon, "what Agassiz said to his teachers? 'Train your pupils to be observers, and have them provided with the specimens about which you speak.' Some day these South Dakota boys and girls will go to a big picture gallery. It would be worth a good deal to see them catch their first glimpse of Sargents and Alexanders."

"The delegate's allusion to the scarcity of literature in the country reminds me," said a member from the Deerpark Circle of Port Jervis, New York, "of the good time we had this spring getting together a collection of books and magazines for the soldiers at a very lonely army post. It doesn't seem quite fair to enjoy all these opportunities and not give some one else a chance. I keep thinking of that quotation in Mr. Grabo's article on the poet Moody—

"Who has given to me this sweet
And given my brother dust to eat
And when will his wage come in?"

This winter we have twenty members and most interesting and profitable meetings and excellent attendance under all sorts of difficulties. 'Races and Immigrants' engaged most of our attention up to January 1st and one of the best things we have had was a re-

view of 'Aliens or Americans' by the pastor of one of our churches, taking part of the time for several meetings. Another very helpful feature is free discussion on all subjects. We have few formal papers, aiming rather to set ourselves thinking and talking on the most important points. We had a live debate on the Chinese Exclusion Act, and are planning for another this month on Trades-Unionism. We are also to have a review of Bryce's 'American Commonwealth' by our Free Librarian. We find the course of study so interesting, so informing, so formative, that nothing would induce us to give it up."

"We've tried rather a novel plan this year, at least it is for us," said the Clyde, New York, delegate. "In November our local Circle of twenty-five members purchased, as individuals, the thirteen books that were to be studied in 'Provincial Types' and beginning on the 13th of that month, we began circulating them among the members. We purchased enough extra books from the suggested list in the outline to make one for each family and so changed the books in regular order each week. The time was short for reading the book in addition to our regular required reading but the members have made an effort to read as many as possible. We found the plan very satisfactory and hope to enjoy our study of the required book, 'Provincial Types in American Fiction,' much more because all have had the opportunity to read so many of the books that will be discussed."



"You may consider us rather isolated," commented the delegate from Meeker, Colorado, "when I tell you that we are in a cattle country forty-five miles from a railroad and reached by daily stage, but we have a grade school and a county high school with ten teachers. In the hunting season, this region is quite a center for tourists. Our Circle of twenty flourishes. It was started by a teacher and perhaps that is the reason we use quite largely the 'quiz' method. At all events, it seems to fit our case, but as 1911's we are of course, open to new ideas."

"There seems to be great unanimity of sentiment on the point that we are 'a very busy people,'" laughed Pendragon, as he ran through a number of very terse reports. "These may fitly be called 'witty,' I think, if brevity is the soul of wit, but from an artistic point of view they lack 'color.' Nevertheless, we welcome and congratulate the Huntsville, Alabama, Circle upon its fine membership of thirty, the Beatrice, Nebraska Chautauquans who are enjoying the reading and have an average attendance of ten, and the time-honored Circle of Scranton, Pennsylvania, with an attendance of

twenty-five. The members of the Circle at Centerville, Tennessee, seem to have no chance, as yet, to investigate a foreign quarter for they have none. Four years from now I fancy that they, like many another southern town, will find some new elements in the population. Centerville has one thousand inhabitants and mining phosphate is its chief industry. They have, as yet, no public library, but the seventeen members of the Chautauqua Circle seem to have unlimited enthusiasm and of course, with their convictions, it is only a question of time when they will start a library."

"May I make a suggestion to some of these younger readers," queried a member of the class of '89. "In our class long years ago we had a very clever little book called 'How to Judge of a Picture,' by John C. Van Dyke. Dr. Van Dyke has since become famous and written many fine books. I think his 'Art for Art's Sake' now covers much of the material in the little volume which I've mentioned, and you can find it in your own town libraries, but I am thinking of the many communities where there are C. L. S. C. members who belong to the four classes of '89 to '92 who doubtless have this little book in their private libraries and would be glad to lend it. It discusses pictures in most helpful fashion, explaining art terms and applying them to well-known pictures."

"I see Dr. Van Dyke has a new book," commented Pendragon. "It is called, 'Studies in Pictures: An Introduction to the Famous Galleries,' and from a casual glance at it I should say it would be a valuable book for any of you to own. Dr. Van Dyke is an able critic and a teacher of more than ordinary skill."



"Our Circle at Bowling Green, Ohio, would like to report," remarked its secretary. "My Chautauqua experience covers many long years, for I belong to the class of '87, but there is always something fresh in the work. We have ten members, most of them 1910's. Our town of 5,000 is in the Black Swamp District of Ohio. It has been a great oil region and contains very few foreigners, but we have studied the subject of the immigrant with very deep interest; in fact our weekly meetings are so absorbing that the entire afternoon slips away before we know it. We stepped over our usual bounds on Longfellow's Birthday and had an evening celebration, inviting our husbands and brothers and friends generally. Music and quotations, recitations and some of Longfellow's poems with synopses of 'Hiawatha' and 'Miles Standish' refreshed our memories and interested both the children and the grown-ups. Many of our boys and girls are learning to look to Chautauqua for guidance and it's a good habit for them to cultivate."

"I have tried an experiment as the result of my interest in Races and Immigrants," said a member from Russelville, Alabama. "I wrote a little play bringing in the various immigrants to be welcomed by Uncle Sam and Miss Columbia with provision for introducing patriotic songs, and it is to be presented by the high school students at the close of the year. It's a good thing to have the young people establish firmly a friendly attitude toward foreigners. We have many Italians here who work in the mining plants. There are four of these plants which mine iron ore on the surface, so we already have the immigrant problem with us, and this old town has seen a good deal of American history. Some of the grave-stones in the cemetery record the ages of people who were born before the middle of the eighteenth century. I've enjoyed the whole course immensely. If only a little of Miss Addams' 'Newer Ideals of Peace' could have been put into public sentiment before our civil war, how much our country might have gained from the absence of that tragedy."

"THE CHAUTAUQUAN has been most useful to me in various ways," remarked a New York member, Mrs. Fisk. "I am chairman of the Literary Committee for the City Federation of Women's Clubs representing about thirty-five thousand women. I have found much help in the magazine and our committee has acted upon its suggestions. As chairman of the Municipal League for the Bronx I found particularly valuable the articles in the Civic number last summer. We used the material as the basis of a public meeting held early in the fall. Our 'Book and Thimble Club' have met at the homes of members for about fifteen years. For the last five years I have been their president, and as many of the ladies do not have time for really good study, I make the most interesting program possible from the Chautauqua books and magazines. It is surprising how much one can get from them and the suggestions for programs in the magazines. As our name indicates, any one wishing to do so can bring her sewing, as it is quite informal, but really delightful in its spontaneity. We had a 'Poe' afternoon recently and one of our members surprised us by bringing a carved ivory puzzle that Edgar Allan Poe had given her when they lived side by side and were young friends. We found and talked with several people who knew him well and had many interesting incidents to recount. All had visited the cottage at Fordham where 'The Raven' was written. We have had a very pleasant winter's work and if I am elected president again, I shall certainly hope to have the pleasure of continuing with your most excellent course."

The Niagara Falls delegate next asked permission to report, "if it won't be overdoing New York State," she said. "But as we are

four hundred miles away from New York City and close to Canada, our atmosphere is quite different. The 'Niagaras' are an enthusiastic circle of thirty members. 'Races and Immigrants' stimulated a lively interest among our members and we have had many brief reports on the factories in our cities and on the different county and state institutions. We have acted upon program suggestions and made use of occasional book reviews of important books. Two very lively debates on the Chinese Exclusion Act and on the Labor Union Movement served to clear up our ideas on these subjects in great measure. As a basis for social diversion we celebrated St. Valentine's and St. Patrick's days and our high school principal gave a most illuminating talk on industrial training as carried out in our city schools."



Brief reports from various parts of the country showed the influences at work in different types of community. Aberdeen, Mississippi, reported a circle of thirty-two with increasing interest. A letter was read from a lone reader in Baltimore, who, calling himself a 'Wheel-chair invalid, secretary-contractor,' proved to be also secretary of the American branch of the Shut-In-Society. He alluded to the great profit found in his first year's work as a member of the class of 1910. "I have enjoyed the English year, oh! so much; but you don't know how much that really is. Most of my books I have read three or four times and on Shakespeare I studied hard and did considerable writing."

The Wallingford, Connecticut, Circle suffered from stormy nights early in the year, and various slips prevented the realization of all of its ambitions. The town is an interesting one for the study of the immigrant, as many factories flourish and the population seems to come from all the ends of the earth. Jeffersonville, Indiana, a town without immigrants, but with quite a negro population, has an enthusiastic circle of teachers and other likewise busy people. The circle has a good library which was well utilized in the study of immigration and the members added to and tested as well their knowledge of American poets. Circles at Fostoria, Ohio, and at Buckingham, Pa., working hard and developing individual responsibility among their members, showed that they have the essential qualities of permanency. A Benton Harbor, Michigan, member reported great interest in their study of the immigrant: "We had the privilege," she said, "of hearing from a missionary who is working among the Lithuanians and Poles in the Pennsylvania mines, and later the Congregational minister gave us a full account of his recent visit to Hampton Institute showing us the negro educated and capable. My C. L. S. C. books are prov-

ing so helpful in my boy's high school work. (A Sophomore this year, he calls often for books of the English and of the Greek and Italian years.) For the first time in my nearly five years of study I am making time to fill out the memoranda, finding it a great help. I hope to keep up the Chautauqua work many years as I find that, not being able to read everything, the Chautauqua course keeps me in touch with the world, current events and social problems generally."

"The town of Creston, Iowa, offers an interesting field for study," said Pendragon as he noted the facts given in a written report. "It is a railroad center and has few immigrants except those of the second generation. Perhaps sometime the circle may make a study of these and see how their occupations compare with those of their parents. It would be an interesting analysis and a good subject to present at a Round Table at the local Chautauqua Assembly, for these Creston Chautauquans render very valuable assistance to their assembly and the town supports several flourishing circles.

"Just here we must have a report from the Carthage, Missouri, Chautauqua Social Union, a fine example of how the C. L. S. C. spirit can be fostered in a community." "Carthage also is an assembly town," responded the speaker, "the circles and assembly reacting upon each other to their mutual profit. Our union is composed of four circles, the Athenæum, the Piatts, the Local, and the Ianthe-Vincent Circles. With our members and guests we had an attendance of about one hundred and fifty at our annual reunion which was held in Odd Fellows hall. Our program was composed of tableaux, pictures, and pantomimes from the year's work, and was introduced by one of our members, Mrs. Taafe, who explained to the audience that the mental strain of thinking deep thoughts all winter long was to be relieved by a program, quite evidently one of relaxation! The Athenæum Circle then presented a charming picture of a Puritan Evening at Home, very complete in stage setting and costume. The Local Circle followed with 'Ichabod and Katrina' and a Dutch quilting bee, while two Revolutionary War scenes representing a war time tea-party and 'The First Flag' were the contribution of the Piatt Circle. The members had not spared their own or their friend's resources in the way of quaint costumes, old furniture, etc., while colored lights, burned at suitable points, heightened the effect.

"An especially novel feature of the entertainment was the showing of silhouettes of famous English and American authors. These were thrown upon a screen accompanied by suitable descriptive readings and at the close, when it was announced that some

prominent American women of today would also be shown in similar fashion, the ladies of the Ianthé-Vincent Circle mirthfully formed in procession and their profiles appeared upon the curtain. The mellow strains of an orchestra furnished an accompaniment for the tableaux and a social hour gave opportunity for many breezy comments by our friends upon the dramatic qualities displayed by the members of the Union."



"We have tried to make local applications of our studies as far as possible," said a Lexington, Kentucky, delegate. "At one of our first meetings this year we had a paper on 'What Kentucky is doing in the World of Art Today,' and later when we were considering the various nationalities in this country, we studied the negro situation in our own city. The article on Music in the March CHAUTAUQUAN reminds me that we have never told you of our closing meeting for last year when we had a most charming musical program of songs from Shakespeare. At its close we held a reception to our guests of whom nearly a hundred were present. You may like to look over this list of the songs rendered:

PART I.

Songs possibly sung in the original performance.
Take, O Take those Lips Away (Measure for Measure). Wilson.
It Was a Lover and His Lass (As You Like It). De Koven.

PART II.

Settings composed since Shakespeare's time to the middle of the 19th century:

Hark, Hark the Lark (Cymbeline). Schubert.
Who is Sylvia? (The Two Gentlemen of Verona). Schubert.
If Music be the Food of Love, Sing On (Twelfth Night). Clifton.
Over Hill, Over Dale (Midsummer Night's Dream). Cook.
Where the Bee Sucks (The Tempest). Humphrey.

PART III.

Recent Settings:

Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind (King Lear). Halley.
O Mistress Mine (Twelfth Night). De Koven.
Orpheus With His Lute (Henry the Eighth). Sullivan.

"I must read you this letter from a member of the class of 1910," said Pendragon. "People are continually waking up to the fact that the Chautauqua scheme is not merely one for literary entertainment but that it has a definite educational aim back of it:

"I learned first of Chautauqua last summer from a friend, and it is a great discovery for me. I am ambitious for an education, and although I have attended college I have never had the opportunity to graduate. I have had delight in every book of the English Year. Each was full of something necessary to me. My enthusiasm for the coming three years cannot be measured, and, though I am what is called a 'lone reader,' it is my intention to be at Chautauqua in 1910 to graduate with my class."

"A Philadelphia business man describes his sentiments in this way:

"Last evening I happened to come across several back numbers of your excellent magazine and have been so delighted with it that I couldn't rest until I had made out the enclosed check. It is just what I have been looking for."

"And the following point of view from one of our individual readers in Boston may awaken some dissent among certain members who even when well on toward the eighties have shown much ardor in the pursuit of diplomas and seals:

"Of course diplomas and seals and the rest of it does not excite the ambition of a woman "three score years and ten" plus ———, but I shall like the systematic guidance of my reading."

"I notice," he added, "allusions in these newspaper clippings to meetings of the Circles of Westerville, Ohio, Macomb, Illinois, The Ruskin of Newark, New Jersey, Centerville, Tennessee, Marion, Iowa, West Pittston, Pennsylvania, Mishawaka, Indiana, Rowley, Massachusetts, and elsewhere. These are typical circles, a few out of the great number that show how every part of the country is feeling the influence of the American Year. The Worthington Circle of Springfield, Ohio, reported that as a side light on the American Year they were making imaginary trips to parts of the country where there were striking natural features. They had explored Alaskan glaciers, made a trip down the Grand Canon, investigated the Bad Lands and cruised along the rivers of the Everglades."

Some city circles next claimed the privilege of giving their experiences. Rochester, New York, among the first: "Our city as most of you know is largely devoted to manufacturing," said the secretary, Mr. Baetzel. "It is also the market for the farm lands of this vicinity and naturally we have many foreigners. We've not mapped out our city as suggested but have discussed in a general way the character of the sections where the foreigners are settled noting the habits, thrift, prosperity, crime, etc., of these regions and the work done by the Social Settlements, churches, public night schools and the Playground League. For the regular work in the circle we take the lessons laid out in the Outline, and go over the questions. These bring out a great deal of discussion and awaken much interest and enthusiasm among our thirty-five members. We also bring in clippings from papers and magazines on topics that relate to the lesson. We meet in the Y. M. C. A. and usually have several visitors."

"As our town of Avon is not far from Rochester, though we are not a city, I may perhaps mention our circle," said the secretary. "Avon has about two thousand people and is a railroad town. We

have about twenty members at our meetings, two of whom are early graduates of the C. L. S. C. who have read every year since. You can imagine that they are like valuable books of reference to us! Our membership is varied, four high school teachers, one minister, one farmer, and five business men, so we come at our studies from quite different points of view. We have made no individual map studies, but a large map, the result of our president's skill, hangs on the wall for study and reference. We vary the program and have very interesting and profitable meetings."



REFERENCE OUTLINE OF AMERICAN PAINTING.

1. Portrait Painting in the Colonies:

The Art of America originally an imported art influenced in the beginning and throughout by the art of Europe yet evolving in its later years qualities expressive of its own nationality.

John Smybert, a Scotch painter, invited to become professor of Fine Arts in Dean Berkeley's proposed American University. Painted the "Family of Dean Berkeley" at Whitehall, Newport, in 1731. Remained in this country after the collapse of Dean Berkeley's plans and left admirable portraits of his contemporaries.

Some Later Artists: Jeremiah Theus painted in the Carolinas a number of portraits in a style somewhat similar to Copley's; Jonathan B. Blackburn in New England portraits of some of the most distinguished people of his day. *Matthew Pratt* of Philadelphia, whose uncle James Claypole was possibly America's first native artist, painted the earliest authentic portraits of Franklin and of Benjamin West. His famous picture of "The American School," West's London Studio, shows portraits of West, of the artist and of others. *Robert Feke*, ran away to sea, was carried off to Spain, and may have studied the work of the Spanish masters. Painted a portrait of James Bowdoin, founder of Bowdoin College.

Benjamin West and *John Singleton Copley* are the names of greatest distinction in our colonial art. West's influence, largely felt through his teaching in London, belongs especially to the Revolutionary period. Copley, born in Boston, 1737, of Irish parents. His stepfather, Peter Pelham, Boston's earliest engraver, fostered his early artistic tastes. His portraits of men and women of colonial times leave an impression of great sincerity and give distinction to his art. Individual characteristics were painted with astonishing truth. His work in London after he was forty resulted in improved technique and many admirable canvases. But his fame was firmly established here before he had the experience of European teaching or travel.

2. The Period of the Revolution:

New conditions. The fame of Washington and the interest aroused by the Revolution brought a number of foreign artists to America. Portraiture flourished; miniature painting prominent.

Ralph Earl (1751-1801). A Connecticut painter whose por-

traits and family groups possess a quaint dignity, very attractive. *Henry Bembidge*, a Philadelphia contemporary, the second American painter to study in Rome. Many of his portraits to be found in the South. *John Ramage*, an Irish gentleman and a notable miniaturist, depicted most of New York's belles, beaux, and military heroes, including Washington.

Benjamin West (1738), during his fifty-five years in England (1765-1820) exerted an important influence upon the art life of America. Two generations of painters owe much to his teaching, his advice, and generous help. One of the founders of the English Royal Academy. Work chiefly religious and historical. Huge canvases revolutionized historical painting by abandoning classical conventions; pictures largely conceived but not always great in execution.

Charles Wilson Peale, pupil of Copley, in 1772 painted Washington's portrait—the first of a long series. Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts founded in 1805 largely the result of his efforts. *Du Simitiere* (a Swiss) made a military profile of Washington which was engraved and published with other portraits of distinguished Americans in London in 1783. *James Sharpless* painted portraits of General and Mrs. Washington and an exquisite picture of Nellie Custis in her bridal gown. *St. Memin*, a Frenchman, came to this country when twenty-five. The Corcoran Gallery contains some eight hundred of his engravings of eminent Americans. His "physionotrace" sketch was the last portrait of Washington taken from life.

Gilbert Stuart, born at Newport in 1755 of Scotch descent. Produced a number of portraits before he entered West's London studio at twenty. An admirer of Copley, the sincerity of whose work appealed strongly to him. In 1794 at Germantown, painted Washington for the first time; later two other portraits—the famous "Athenæum" among them.

3. The Years of Preliminary Growth—1800-1850:

At the opening of century, Copley and West in London, Matthew Pratt and C. W. Peale in Philadelphia, Gilbert Stuart in his prime, painting in Boston. A new generation studying under West and some of them already in America.

Charles Fraser, *Benjamin Trott*, *Field*, *Birch*, *Wood*, and *Tisdale* represent the many miniaturists of this period of whom *Edward Greene Malbone* (1777-1807) was the most noted. Born in Boston, he spent most of his short life in Charleston, S. C. "The Hours" his masterpiece; Rebecca Gratz one of the best known.

John Wesley Jarvis, an eccentric figure in old New York and one of the best portrait painters of his day. *Thomas Sully* (1783-1872). His canvases of the Kembles and other celebrated actors, including also a portrait of Queen Victoria,—distinguished for their poetic feeling, grace and refinement. *Matthew Harris Jouett*, 1783-1827. A Kentuckian, a pupil of Stuart and the best painter "west of the mountains." His work chiefly in private collections. *Rembrandt Peale* (son of C. W. Peale), an artist of some note. He established an art gallery in Baltimore. *John Vanderlyn*, one of the first American artists to receive training in France. One of the best technicians of the day. His "Marius" at the Paris Salon

in 1808, awarded a gold medal by Napoleon. His "Ariadne" in the Pennsylvania Academy, our earliest successful study of the nude. *S. F. B. Morse* won a gold medal in London for his statue of the "Dying Hercules;" from 1815 to 1832 painted many portraits. Was the most conspicuous founder of the National Academy. *Robert Fulton* painted miniatures in New York as early as 1785 and at intervals during his long scientific career. *William Dunlap*, artist and author, was the annalist of the period.

4. Formative Influences up to 1876:

Gilbert Stuart exerted an important influence upon the art of this country throughout the early part of the century. He stimulated his fellow students by his passion for truth, his intellectual ability, his quick sympathies and power of grasping the essential features of his subject. His fresh, pure colors, their richness and brilliancy, are very marked. He was broad and liberal in his judgments and stood for the dignity and high purpose of art. By the time of Stuart's death in 1828, Earl, Pratt, Copley, C. W. Peale, and West had all passed away. London influences waned. The Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts had been founded in 1805; the National Academy of Design in New York in 1826. Painting had begun to include *genre* pictures, historical painting and the first attempts at landscape.

Washington Allston succeeded to the supremacy of Stuart. Born in South Carolina, he was educated at Newport and then under West in London. Traveled and studied in Paris and Italy. After several years of successful work in England, returned to America in 1818. His influence felt as a man of poetic temperament, spiritual qualities rather than the more intellectual ones of Stuart; of great personal charm and high artistic standards.

(A) AMONG THE IMPORTANT NAMES OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS OF THIS PERIOD ARE:

Frothingham and *Neagle*, pupil of Stuart, *Waldo* and *Jewett*, who painted portraits in partnership for eighteen years. *C. B. King* of Washington who bequeathed many of his canvases to the Redwood Library in Newport, and *Francis Alexander*, author of the beautiful portrait of *Mrs. Fletcher Webster* in Boston Museum of Fine Arts. *John Neagle* of Philadelphia has left the best likeness of Stuart painted in 1825. *Esra Ames* of Albany, a portrait of Governor George Clinton which brought him wide reputation.

Harding, *Inman*, *Elliott*, *Healy*, and *Huntington*, men whose work in portraiture extended over a large part of the century. began also to be felt at this time.

(B) GENRE PAINTING FOUND EXPRESSION IN THE WORKS OF:

William Sidney Mount, who portrayed the every-day life of the people about him; *Charles C. Ingham*, childhood and girlhood; *Eastman Johnson*, *Winslow Homer* and others life in New England, the South, negro character and incidents of the Civil War.

(C) HISTORICAL PAINTING BEGAN TO DEVELOP UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF:

John Trumbull, who returned to America in 1816. He had painted Washington several times, having been one of his aides, and had studied under West and seen diplomatic service abroad. He executed four large paintings for the rotunda of the capitol at

Washington, 1817-1824. His powers were beginning to wane and the original studies at Yale are more truly typical of his best work. *Emanuel Leutze*, famous for his "Washington Crossing the Delaware," represents the influence of the Düsseldorf school which superseded the English and Italian influence felt by our artists up to the middle of the century.

William Morris Hunt, one of the great names in American art. Born in Vermont. Studied abroad at Düsseldorf. Revolted from the German influence, worked under Couture in Paris and later met Millet who had a marked effect upon his artistic career. His efforts to promote in America the art ideals of France had a far reaching influence.

5. The Development of Landscape and Marine Painting:

From John Smybert's arrival in 1728 to Gilbert Stuart's death in 1828, our first century of American art devoted to portraiture. A new movement began with Thomas Cole's first pictures of Catskill Mountain scenery exhibited in 1828.

Thomas Cole, born in England in 1801 (died 1848), developed a taste for art in his boyhood in Ohio. A book of English engravings his constant companion. Became an itinerant portrait painter. Later in New York three pictures of Hudson River scenery brought him the friendship of Trumbull, Dunlap, and Durand. In later life devoted himself to allegorical landscape but his real fame rests upon his pictures of native scenery. *Thomas Doughty* (1793-1856) is associated with Cole as the earliest of our landscape painters. His pictures of hillside, valley, and river have a genuine charm. *Asher Brown Durand*, 1796, one of the finest of our engravers, took up landscape painting as Cole laid it down. For nearly fifty years, he produced his sincere, simple portrayals of nature.

John F. Kensett, twenty-two years Durand's junior, belonged to the "men of the fifties" who formed the "Hudson River" or "Rocky Mountain" school. The best painter of the latter was *Thomas Moran* who also belongs to a later period. *Bierstadt* painted huge panoramas and *F. E. Church* the most imposing aspects of nature. These "men of the fifties" were a power in their devotion to the portrayal of the beauties of landscape in this country, but they felt the Düsseldorf influence, a lack of spontaneity, weak and unnatural coloring, rigidity of outline, false sentiment, etc.

The New French Spirit. Hunt's return to America in 1855 marked the beginning of French influence in portraying nature, the study of masses of light and shade and breadth of execution contrasted with the old insistence upon details. He was an inspiring teacher and a sympathetic painter of landscapes in great variety. American art students went to Paris in greater numbers each year, and there and at Munich received Europe's most advanced teaching.

In Marine Painting, some of the famous men of the nineteenth century were *William Bradford*, painter of Arctic scenes; *William T. Richards*, the rolling surf; *Edward Moran*, the Bay of Fundy; and *Winslow Homer* still one of the most powerful and original of our marine painters. His sense of motion, of weight, and of force renders his studies of the ocean vastly impressive.

6. Modern Portrait Painting:

The French influence in America, already made effective through Hunt's efforts, culminated in the work of La Farge and Whistler.

James Abbott McNeil Wistler (1834-1903). Educated at West Point. Studied for two years under Gleyre in Paris. As an etcher, had few equals, ancient or modern. Painted in many mediums. Portrait of his mother an example of his most realistic art. Much of his work elusive, delicate, in low tones, seeking to interpret spiritual impressions rather than definite realities. His influence greatly felt by students of art rather than by the general public.

John S. Sargent of American parentage, educated abroad in Italy and France with a visit to Spain. Ranks among the few great artists of today. Portraits strongly individual, unerringly true; broad, sure, dextrous technique, charm and significance of accessories. Lack of spirituality. Skill in portraying *genre* effects. Mural decorations of importance.

William M. Chase, studied at Munich. Important influence as teacher and artist, has held a commanding place in all progressive art movements in this country. Admirable technique, draftsmanship, skill in color and brush work. Great variety of subjects and mediums, oils, water-color, pastel, etc. A painter "delighting in the external aspects of things" also in the "cleverness and skill of craftsmanship."

John W. Alexander. Studied at Munich. Developed peculiar methods of his own: Treatment of background, giving richness by means of a coarse absorbent canvas; omission of unessential details; each picture a color scheme of its own; long sweeping lines; a decorative wall effect as well as a picture; characterizations direct and truthful.

Among present day portrait painters a few of the many important names are *J. Carroll Beckwith*, *Irving R. Wiles*, *H. Siddons Mowbray*, *Frank Fowler*, *Wilton Lockwood*, *Cecelia Beaux*, *Benjamin C. Porter*, *George De Forest Brush*.

7. Contemporary Figure Painting:

West's Hagar and Ishmael, *Copley's* Venus, Mars and Vulcan, *Trumbull's* Death of Hector, and *Huntington's* Mercy's Dream, typical of the early period of figure painting in which the appeal was moral rather than esthetic.

Theodore Robinson illustrated in his "Girl and Cow" the wider range of subjects now regarded as suitable for the artist's brush. *Elihu Vedder*, an American long resident in Rome. Especially skilled as a draftsman, his greatest work the illustrations for Omar Khayyám; majesty in composition, precision in line and depth of mystery fully interpret the poem.

Will H. Low's "Aurora" is an example of the "academic" painting characteristic today of many of the older artists of the New York group among whom *Blashfield*, *Mowbray* and *Kenyon Cox* take high rank.

T. W. Dewing's paintings of American women in flowing evening garments show refinement, atmosphere, depth and harmony of color, marked originality. *Abbott H. Thayer* portrays American womanhood of a very dignified and noble type, broadly painted

with masterly handling of light and atmosphere. *George De Forest Brush* depicts fascinating groups of mother and children. In precision, charm of pose and delicacy of drawing, he is unique. *Sergeant Kendall*, admirable portrait and figure work. Shows especial skill in his treatment of children. *Mary Cassatt*, a resident of France, one of our most distinguished painters in her interpretation of French motherhood and her portrayals of peasant life. *Robert F. Blum*, *William T. Dannat*, and *E. L. Weeks* have found congenial subjects in foreign climes, while *F. D. Millet* has devoted himself to domestic scenes in America. *Gari Melchers*, the most accomplished of our figure painters, resident today in Paris where *Tanner*, *Hubbell*, *Van der Weyden*, *Maurer* and others are doing important work.

The Romantic School is the name betowed upon a recent group of New York painters: *J. Humphreys Johnson*, *Albert Herter*, *Bryson Burroughs*, and *Arthur B. Davies*.

The Boston Group of present day figure painters includes *Joseph De Camp*, *F. W. Benson*, and *E. C. Tarbell*, men of the first rank in their skilful and poetic interpretation.

8. Contemporary Mural Painting:

1824-1844 marked the period of historical paintings in the Capitol at Washington. A new spirit came in with *Hunt's* paintings for the Albany capitol in 1878 and *La Farge's* wall and roof decorations for Trinity Church, Boston, 1876, later work also by *La Farge* in Baltimore and St. Paul and the "Ascension" in New York City. Since the Columbian Exposition in 1893 progress in mural painting has been steady. *Abbey*, *Sargent*, and *Puvis de Chavannes* in Boston Library. Men of the Academic group, *Kenyon Cox*, *Blashfield* and others, have contributed to the Library of Congress and elsewhere. A new group turning away from Academic traditions and dealing with our own country and time includes among others *Howard Pyle*, *Miss Violet Oakley*, and *J. W. Alexander*.

9. Contemporary Landscape Painting:

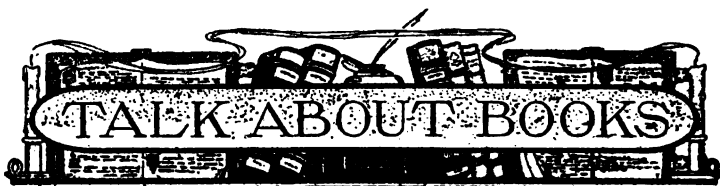
As in figure painting *Hunt* and *La Farge* marked the transition from conventional methods to untrammelled interpretation of nature, so in landscape, *George Inness*, *Alexander H. Wyant*, and *Homer D. Martin* have exerted a like influence. Closely in sympathy with the Barbison painters with fine poetic feeling for the many phases of nature. These men represent a whole generation of artists with progressive tendencies. In like manner the following names are typical of modern aspects of the rendering of landscapes.

Among the modern painters of landscape who are doing notable work, mention may be made of *H. W. Ranger*, *C. H. Davis*, *Dwight W. Tryon*, *Leonard Ochtman*, *R. C. Minor*, *R. A. Blake-lock*, *Frank de Haven*, and *Charles Melville Dewey*.

A more realistic group includes *C. H. Davis*, *Bruce Crane* and *H. Bolton Jones*. The influence of impressionism may be studied in the work of *Childe Hassam*, *Miss Cassatt*, *Theodore*

Robinson, J. H. Twachtman, Mrs. Frederick MacMonnies, J. Alden Weir, and Willard L. Metcalf.

Four other men who possess "a love of good painting for its own sake" are *E. W. Redfield, W. E. Schofield, Paul Dougherty, and Charles Francis Browne.*



CHILDREN'S BOOKS AND READING. By Montrose J. Moses. 4¾x7½. 288 pages. \$1.50 net. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

This is a distinctly useful piece of work in an important field, treating the problem so thoroughly that librarian and teacher no less than parent may profit. Mr. Moses pleads for the broadening of children's reading, and warmly advocates the inclusion in children's libraries, whether public or home, of books that are literature as well as "for children." He says "Place first upon your list the best picture-books and jingles. Let true art supplant the comic supplement sheet."

In addition to the entertaining chapters covering the history of children's books from early times to the present date, and those dealing with the general purpose of the books, there is an appendix of 67 pages of book-lists, carefully arranged and classified, including books in various languages, and music lists.

REALITIES OF CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY. By Clarence Augustus Beckwith. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1906. Pp. xiv., 406. \$2. Professor Beckwith, seeing the theological perplexity prevailing to-day, has attempted to show that from the standpoint of experience, however unsatisfactory may be the theoretical expositions of Christian doctrines, they yet represent genuinely vital interests of life, as tested by psychology, ethics, and modern science. The Book bears the subtitle, "An Interpretation of Christian Experience." The reader who comes to it from the modern point of view, however, will probably feel that it is in reality a defense of the historical doctrines of traditional theology—an apologetic which penetrates beneath the form of the doctrine in order to get at its vital kernel. The statement of the author in his preface, that there is universal agreement that "what ever the difference of past or present explanations of Christian belief, the Christian experience of today is essentially the same that it has been from the beginning" will hardly find so universal an assent as he supposes.

Leaving this fundamental criticism of the method of the book, we may express our admiration of the vital way in which Professor Beckwith, with genuine historical sympathy, has penetrated beneath the formal elements of doctrine, and has discovered the essential reality of the great spiritual issues with which theology deals. The Bible is set forth as a book of spiritual experience rather than as a compendium of finished doctrines. God is shown to be a most human-like Father, even to the extent of suffering in order to redeem His children. Sin is defined in terms of ethical delinquency, not in non-moral terms of "nature." Jesus becomes the great spiritual hero of the race, expressing in himself the character of God so that contact with Jesus brings one into contact with God. The religious life is shown to be a real experience of the potency of the presence of God in life. The future is shown to be a dynamic outcome of the processes of life here.

As an example of frankness, religious insight, and broad sympathies, the book is highly to be commended. It shows how the historical statements of doctrine may be made to express the modern religious convictions. Whether the scientific understanding of the fundamental problems of religious experience and of theology will be promoted by this method of interpretation is another question.

MACMILLAN POCKET CLASSICS. Stevenson's "Master of Ballantrae," Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare," Sheridan's "Plays." The Macmillan Co.: New York. 1907. Price 25 cents each.

Every volume added to this comprehensive and convenient series of pocket classics finds a welcome, for each is well edited, attractive in appearance, and eminently usable. Though intended primarily for study purposes and thus well supplied with notes, the volumes are equally well fitted for general reading. The new style of cover in stout gray cloth impressed in blue is serviceable and pretty and the flat backs of the volumes are an improvement over the form of earlier editions.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. A sketch of his life by Bliss Perry with selected poems. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston. 1907. Pp. 111. \$1.25 net.

This little volume was published upon the celebration of the centenary of Whittier's birth and serves to call attention to the poet's place in the great abolition movement which preceded the Civil War. Whittier is read today chiefly for his poems of New England life and we are in danger of forgetting his great service to the cause of freedom and justice. His activity as a reformer doubtless militates against Whittier's fame as a poet, for with the triumph of the cause he advocated, his political verse has become little read and the rest of his poetry is somewhat slight in quantity,

as well as uneven in quality. Mr. Bliss Perry who contributes the sympathetic biographical essay which introduces the selections from Whittier's verse duly points out the poet's limitations. But he shows as well why Whittier will retain an honored place in the affections of his countrymen by reason of his militant and unselfish patriotism and as well by reason of certain of his poems of country life which will long be cherished, particularly by New Englanders.

ENGLISH POEMS. Selected and edited with illustrative and explanatory notes and bibliographies by Walter C. Bronson, Professor of English Literature, Brown University. The University of Chicago Press: Chicago. 1907. Pp. 619. Library edition \$1.50; school edition \$1.00.

This anthology, which is confined to the nineteenth century poets of England, is attractive in appearance but not so inclusive as to satisfy all readers. Aside from the omission of some of the old favorites by the poets represented, it is impossible to overlook the entire absence of George Meredith and Rudyard Kipling from the symposium. If Swinburne is to be admitted, these too should be given some space even though scant. It is, of course, a difficult task to satisfy all tastes in making a convenient anthology for study purposes, but the general rule should be observed that selections should be made in a catholic spirit and that all poets of the first and second rank should have a place. Professor Bronson's collection is supplemented by a considerable body of valuable and scholarly notes. These include interesting excerpts from criticisms contemporaneous with the selections given.

THE AGE OF TRANSITION. B. F. J. Snell. The Macmillan Co.: New York. 2 vols. \$1.00 each.

The Age of Transition, Mr. Snell determines as 1400-1580, from the death of Chaucer to the beginning of the great Elizabethan period in literature which put forth its best early efforts in the last two decades of the sixteenth century. In this period of nearly two centuries English literature is, for the average reader, practically non-existent except possibly for the "Morte Darthur" of Malory, which is widely known. Nevertheless the period is important as a forerunner to the great Elizabethan epoch and includes a host of minor writers of more or less obscurity. These Mr. Snell brings to light in a straightforward way, devoting one of his volumes to the poets and the second to the dramatists and prose writers.

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¶ A new system will be adopted in 1908 in connection with the very important work in Psychology and Pedagogy. A two years' course has been mapped out with certain fundamental requirements and certain elective supplementary courses, on completion of which a Chautauqua certificate of work done will be regularly granted. The required courses (thirty hours in length) include (1) Educational Psychology, (2) Educational Principles, (3) History of Education. The elective courses provide for instruction in (4) General Methods in Elementary Education, (5) Primary School Methods, (6) Grammar School Methods, (7) Hand Work in the Primary Grades, (8) Methods of Rural Schools, (9) Preparatory Kindergarten Work, (10) Advanced Kindergarten Work. From the latter seven courses, selections can be made in accordance with the special grades in which teachers are doing their work. A summer session's work at Chautauqua is reckoned on the basis of ninety hours work.

¶ Two fundamental courses will be offered in the coming summer by President E. B. Bryan of Franklin College, Franklin, Indiana, who will be present from July 6 to July 24, and Prof. Charles H. Judd of Yale, who will give instruction from July 27 to the end of the session, August 14. Each of these instructors will give one double-period thirty-hour course, and they will combine in the presentation of a third course extending over one period a day for the six weeks.

¶ Courses in Elementary Education will be presented under the direction of Miss Ada Van Stone Harris of Rochester, New York, whose crowded classes in recent years have testified to the value and popularity of the work she offers. She will be assisted by able instructors whose names will be announced a little later.

CHAUTAUQUA INSTITUTION

ADVANCE ANNOUNCEMENTS

¶ **The Kindergarten courses** will be presented with distinct reference to the larger series of courses of which they are a part. Chautauqua is equipped with a complete kindergarten plant, and students of theory and method have the advantage of seeing in operation a model kindergarten with a registration of from forty to fifty children, holding its regular sessions throughout the mornings of the summer school term.

COURSES IN METHOD AND REVIEW

¶ **Among the two hundred courses** of the Chautauqua Summer Schools there are many of distinct value to teachers who wish to take work either for the purpose of studying the methods of experienced and well known instructors, or for the purpose of brushing up in preparation for a change in their own work. While all the courses under Schools I to IV are of distinct value, some deserve particular notice.

¶ **The following may be mentioned:** In the School of English, one course will be conducted in the teaching of High School English. In the modern language courses, a thorough drill is given in Elementary, Intermediate and Advanced French and German, and in Elementary and Advanced Spanish and Italian. The Classical Language courses are so divided and presented that new students and teachers can both profit from the same classes. In Mathematics and Science, definite laboratory work is offered in Physics and Chemistry, and review work in Algebra, Geometry, and the History of Arithmetic.

¶ **Other valuable courses** are those offered in Reading and the Teaching of Reading, in School Drawing and in that very important adjunct to elementary teaching, Blackboard Sketching. Any teacher can profit immensely by right use of these opportunities for special preparation.

CHAUTAUQUA, NEW YORK

PARTIAL ASSEMBLY PROGRAM

PREACHERS.

Prof. J. E. Macfadyen of Toronto	July 5-10
Rev. E. Y. Mullins of Louisville	July 12-17
Dr. W. L. Watkinson of England	July 17-23
Dr. J. W. Chapman of New York	August 2-7
Pres. J. D. Moffat of Washington and Jefferson	August 9-14
Bishop J. H. Vincent of Indianapolis	August 16
Pres. H. C. King of Oberlin	August 17-21
Dr. R. S. MacArthur of Washington	August 22-23
Prof. H. L. Willett of Chicago	August 29-30

LECTURERS.

Mr. John Davey of Kent, Ohio (Illustrated)	July 2
Pres. Wm. G. Frost of Berea College	July 3
Mr. Wm. Norman Guthrie of Univ. of the South	July 6-11
Miss Anna Barrows of Teachers College of New York	July 9
Mr. N. J. Corey of Detroit (Illustrated)	July 16, 18
Mr. Arthur E. Bestor of Chicago	July 21
Prof. J. H. Scanlon of Pittsburg	July 22
Rev. Howard H. Russell of New York City	July 23
Col. Geo. W. Bain of Lexington, Ky.	July 24, 25
Mr. Hamilton Holt of <i>The Independent</i> (Illustrated)	July 23
Mr. Norman Hapgood of <i>Collier's Weekly</i>	July 27 or 28
Hon. Everett Colby, New Jersey Legislature	July 28 or 29
Mr. H. K. Smith of U. S. Bureau of Corporations	July 29 or 30
Hon. W. A. Chanler, Lieut. Gov. New York	July 30 or 31
Mr. Chas. Wm. Burrows of Cleveland	July 27 or 28
Dr. W. S. Davidson of Washington (Illustrated)	July 28, 30
Prof. Camden M. Coburn of Allegheny College	August 3-7
Mr. Edward Howard Griggs of Montclair, N. J.	August 3-14
Rev. Alfred E. Lavell of Niagara Falls, Ont.	August 3-7
Mrs. Philip Snowden of London	August 10-14
Mr. Charles Stelzle of Presbyterian Dept. of Labor	August 3-7
Dr. J. M. Buckley, Editor <i>Christian Advocate</i>	August 10-14
Dr. Henry Zick of New York (Illustrated)	August 13
Prof. S. C. Schmucker of Westchester Normal School,	August 17-21
Mr. D. W. Howell, Gen. Sec. C. L. S. C.	August 21
Mr. Leon H. Vincent of Boston	August 17-21
Mr. Percy H. Boynton of University of Chicago	August 24-28
Hon Percy M. Alden of London	August 24-29

READERS.

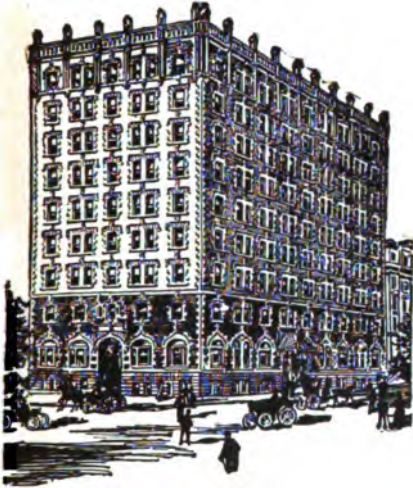
Mrs. John F. Lewis of Buffalo	July 2, 3
Mrs. Emily M. Bishop of New York City	July 6, 10
Prof. S. H. Clark of University of Chicago	July 7, 14, 20, 22, 28
Mrs. Bertha Kunz-Baker of New York City	July 11, 27-31, Aug. 12
Prof. C. Edward Neil of Univ. of West Virginia	July 20-21
Prof. P. M. Pearson of Swarthmore College	July 21-23
Mr. George Riddle of Boston	August 8, 10
Miss Jane Herendeen of New York	August 10-14
Miss Marjorie Benton Cooke of Chicago	August 24-28

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- Picturesque San Antonio.* By George Wharton James. *The Resurrection of Galveston.* By George Wharton James.
- The Relation Between Woman and Industry and the Growth of Crime.* By Maynard Butler. *India's Coming Greatness from a Constructive View-Point.* By Saint Nihal Sing.
- Concerning Compulsory Arbitration.* By Theodore Schroeder. *How to Make Commercial Panics Impossible.* By Albert Griffin.
- Emerson as Writer and Man.* By Prof. James T. Bixby, Ph. D. *The Race Track Evil and the Newspapers.* By Hon. John D. Works.
- Through the Closed Shop to the Open World.* By Horace Traubel. *Inheritance Taxes.* By Arthur B. Hayes, Solicitor of Internal Revenue.
- The Pernicious Laudation of the Rich.* By Hon. John D. Works. *Co-operation in Great Britain.* By J. C. Gray, General Secretary of the Co-operative Union.
- The Political Outlook for the Coming Presidential Election.* By Hon. George Fred Williams. *The Story of Rimini in Modern Drama.* By Prof. Archibald Henderson, Ph. D.
- How Clara Barton Became Interested in Christian Science.* By Eugenia Paul Jefferson. *Was Mansfield a Genius?* By Harry Wandmacher.
- A Socialist's Definition of Socialism.* By Hon. Carl D. Thompson. *The Ultimate Issue Involved in Railroad Accidents.* By Carl S. Vrooman.
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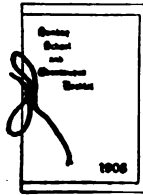
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